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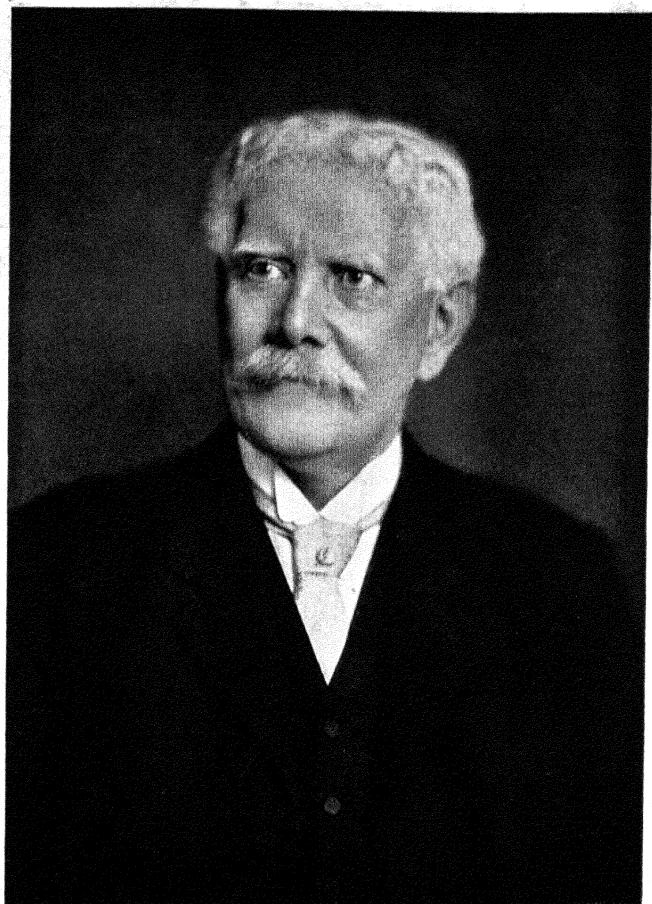
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MEMORIES OF VICTORIAN OXFORD

By Sir Charles Oman

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES
A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
ENGLAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
THINGS I HAVE SEEN
ON THE WRITING OF HISTORY~



CHARLES OMAN. AGED 80. A.D. 1940

MEMORIES OF VICTORIAN OXFORD

AND OF SOME EARLY YEARS

by .

SIR CHARLES OMAN

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FELLOW OF NEW
COLLEGE. F.S.A.,
ETC.

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MELIORI ANIMAE DIMIDIO
C. O.

PREFACE

I FIND myself at the age of eighty the last survivor among Oxford residents of a generation that has passed away, and live, perhaps a little lonely, in a transformed University. Am I not the senior fellow of a very ancient college—with all its traditions lodged in my memory? It is not for nothing that I have known and studied my predecessors as senior fellows—worthies elected in 1836 or 1843, and have realized early Victorian mentality. I think that I must now be the only person in Oxford who has 'kept' every academic term since October 1878—sometimes with no small difficulty—for when at war-work in the Foreign Office in 1914-18 I managed my statutory residence and lecturing by a sort of *tour de force*. But the obligation was discharged.

All my old colleagues and associates have gone before me—three in particular I regret—the companions of many a walk and many a discussion—Joseph Wells, warden of Wadham, William Holden Hutton, dean of Winchester, and sometime fellow of St. Johns, and Cuthbert Hamilton Turner of Magdalen, Ireland Professor of Exegesis. There is no one to replace them. Nor must I forget to mention my life-long friend from our earliest schooldays, Robert Maclagan, Colonel, R.E., and for forty years my brother-in-law. Though our lines of work lay far apart, we met often enough to exchange our views on a world which we saw from different points of view.

What the outlook of a Conservative master of arts was in those happy late-Victorian days will be sufficiently evident from the contents of the twenty-three chapters of this book: I never kept a diary but I was an inveterate hoarder of correspondence. In my work during the last year, I have opened and re-read letters going back to my earliest days at the University. But my forebears were hoarders of correspondence also, and I have turned up screeds that belong to the continental travels of my grandparents, and to the Indian experiences of my father and mother. One was an epistle from my mother to my grandmother, announcing my own first appearance to the world, at Hattowrie in

Bahar on 12 January 1860! I wish that I had my father's narrative of his adventures during the months when he was blockaded through the dreadful Mutiny years of 1857-8. But he cast his memories of them into a chapter of the one book that he published, in literary shape not as a personal record.

I have thrown into an Appendix an account of my genealogy on both sides, going back to the first discoverable paternal ancestor, Thomas Omand of Kirbister (1500-40), an Orkney 'odaller' on one side, and in my mother's line to a Sussex yeoman of Elizabethan times. My family may be more interested in these screeds than the general public of readers, so I relegate them to pages that no one is obliged to peruse. In the wild spelling of Orcadians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the name that has finally got rubbed down to Oman in my branch was spelled in six different ways!

My Oxford memories are preceded by short notes on very early days, including schoolboy life at Winchester College in 1872-8. There follow the impressions of an undergraduate who became a fellow of a college, and of a fellow who became a professor. The theme of such annals may not sound very exciting, but the times were interesting, and my own activities fortunate. I went into and came out of Winchester as head of the roll of College scholars. I sat in very good company on one of the high chairs of the old Oxford Union Society;¹ I got my double First Class in *Literae Humaniores* and Modern History, and rejected a place in the Civil Service to take a fellowship at All Souls.

After that I had to choose my career—no very easy choice as one of my chapters explains. But after much pondering I opted for the academic life, and never regretted my choice. I taught, wrote many books, and travelled far and wide. These travels were somehow timed so as to land me in some strange adventures—two revolutions, two insurrections that failed, and some lively street fighting, all of which I had happened upon with no intention of getting involved in them. I have told some of these tales in my little book *Things I Have Seen*. Interspersed with all this was a long fight as a Conservative and a Churchman in the ranks of the 'Non-Placet Society' against those changes in the

¹ My colleagues—as a faded photograph shows—were the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Salisbury, Sir Halford Mackinder, and Sir Michael Sadler. We were all under twenty-four in the year 1883.

University which we styled 'Progress falsely so called'. In the local contests we were beaten—but this did not prevent me from winning one of the University seats in the House of Commons as a pure Conservative, and keeping it for five contested elections. However, my parliamentary ventures do not come into this book, nor my war-work in 1914-18, which was on rather exceptional lines.

But I have recorded other, most incongruous, ventures, such as my explorations in very interesting company into the occult—Psychical Research—along with Frederic Myers and Andrew Lang. Yet another long-continued pursuit, not common among dons, was the organization of historical pageants small and great, for which I wrote and arranged many a scene. This sort of activity may seem rather unacademic—at least my high-brow contemporaries somewhat contemned it. But they could not ignore my original work on more orthodox lines—research in archæology and mediæval wars and coinage and architecture, which made me one of the first elected fellows of the British Academy. I came to be in succession President of the Royal Historical Society, the Royal Numismatic Society, and the Royal Archæological Institute, so that interest in heterogeneous side-issues does not appear to be a fatal complaint for the historian—nor incompatible with 'the joy of eventful living'.

Some readers may find an account of a year's duty as a Proctor of the University not without interest—though discretion forbids the record of some of the incidents on which I happened to intervene. They were mostly not of the sort which journalists wrongly believe to absorb the main part of the proctor's activities. As a similar excursion into the common round of academic duties, I have inserted a chapter on examinations, their problems and their humours.

For family antecedents I must refer the reader to the Appendix—my own story starts with the marriage of my father and mother on 13th November 1858. They were second cousins, though (as it chanced) they had never met before he came back to Britain, fresh from the dangers of the Indian Mutiny in a district overrun by the rebels. They went eastward in 1859 to his Indigo factory, intending there to abide. But fate decreed otherwise.

C. W. C. O.

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MEMORIES OF VICTORIAN OXFORD

I

EARLIEST MEMORIES, 1860-6

THOUGH I was born at Mozufferpore in Bahar on 12th January 1860—a fact duly recorded in the *Calcutta Englishman* of 20th January—of which a faded copy lurks in my father's old bureau,—I have no memories whatever of India. For, very shortly after I came into the world, my father made up his mind to throw up his indigo factory, realize all his Indian investments, and settle in England. One could hardly call it 'going home', for of his forty years of life only four had been spent outside India, and those were the period of his schooldays at the Edinburgh Academy. The reason for which he resolved to break with all the associations of his working life was purely physical. The ague which he had contracted in the strenuous summer and autumn of the Mutiny Year descended upon him with redoubled virulence the moment that he settled down again at Hattowrie, and began to take up once more his former avocations. He so frequently collapsed under disabling attacks of this plague that he was often obliged to leave his assistants unsupervised, and lost touch with the daily details of management. After a year of this broken life, he resolved to realize all his property in India and to migrate to London. This was quite in accord with my mother's wishes : she discovered no great liking for bungalow life, in a district where European neighbours were few and distant, and not all very congenial acquaintances. She never got to tolerate Indian servants and their ways, disliked all their cookery, and most especially their methods of cooking household accounts. Mozufferpore was some way off, and the visits of the 'box-wallah', the travelling pedlar, were poor compensation for the delights of shopping in a London street. Books too—she was a great reader—were hard to get, and arrived after maddening delays.

So when the doctor (his name by the way was Macnamara) threatened my father with a prospect of complete breakdown, the logical result followed. The household goods were sold off, save a very few relics, the factory was disposed of to a sort of syndicate, and my parents went off by the Overland Route

which had taken them to Bahar only two years before. I was in charge of an Ayah, who (as my mother assured me long years after) was a perfect nuisance, and wept bitterly for most of the short time that she was in England, disliking the cold, the diet, and most of all the remarks of rude boys in the street. Indians were rareties in London in those days.

My father's property had sold not altogether badly, and my mother was, in virtue of her settlement and her share of the Chadwick rents, almost as considerable a contributor to the household budget as her husband. They settled down very comfortably on the edge of Regent's Park, in a Victorian three-storied house, with Ionic Pillars at the head of its steps, which remains unaltered to this very day. I took a reminiscent look at it only a short time ago—more than seventy years after we had established ourselves in it.

The situation was no doubt chosen not only for its amenities, but because it was reasonably close to quite a number of our relatives. There were six family groups of them settled in various abodes which were then quite on the edge of 'the country'. Where there is now a sea of roofs in Belsize and Fitzjohn's Avenue, there were then green fields, with only two routes leading up to the village of Hampstead. The underground railway from Baker Street to the north was still far in the future. None of these relatives were a full mile from 13 St. Edmund's Terrace, where our lot was cast. The communication system of those days strikes one as somewhat primitive. There being no underground railway the cab—'hansom' or 'growler'—had to be used regularly by those who had no horsed vehicle of their own. For the only omnibus routes that were then existent in the neighbourhood were one from the Swiss Cottage down the Finchley Road to Oxford Street, and another from Hampstead down Haverstock Hill along Camden Town and the Tottenham Court Road to Holborn and Cheapside.

I have only pleasant, if somewhat vague, memories of the house in which I spent the six years, 1861-6. Its position was a delightfully open and breezy one, with Primrose Hill on its right only twenty yards away and accessible by a side gate, the green knoll of Barrow Hill immediately facing our windows, and Regent's Park 300 yards down the hill at our back. The Zoological Gardens were quite close, and the weird nocturnal noises made by its inhabitants are some of my earliest impressions.

Of perambulator days I have of course no memory, but I must have been trundled a thousand times along the grassy slopes of the Hill and between the green avenues of the Park. My nurse, Eliza Blackman, was a permanency—she stayed with my mother through fair times and dark from 1861 to 1897, when she died in our Cheltenham house after thirty-six years of faithful service, acting as a sort of supernumerary housekeeper in her later days. She was a slight dark-haired Surrey girl from Carshalton, which was in those days a perfectly rural village, not a London suburb. Among my nursery rhymes were certain long-forgotten scraps of Surrey folk-lore, such as

‘ Sutton for mutton, Carshalton for beef,
Croydon for pretty girls, Mitcham for thieves.’

and other local charms or catches, as well as some tales of gipsies and highwaymen. Eliza was not illiterate—she was a devoted reader of the *London Journal*, which she took in on her own account. It was a threepenny weekly, mainly fiction, to which in these early sixties Miss Braddon was contributing her first romances, *Henry Dunbar*, and *Aurora Floyd*,—destined to be ‘ best sellers ’ in her prime, a few years later, though their first appearance was in such a humble periodical, and with particularly lurid woodcuts. Punch, by the way, parodied the first page of a *London Journal* number in 1863, with a serial entitled ‘ Mokeanna, or the White Witness ’, whose delightfully grotesque illustrations were only slightly exaggerated from those which stood above Miss Braddon’s letterpress—when unnecessary first husbands were pushed down a well, or shot by ‘ the Softy ’.

When I grew able to walk, my favourite path was across the shoulder of Primrose Hill to visit delightful relatives on its further side near the Swiss Cottage, who did their very best to spoil me. For nearly ten years I was the only child in the family—all my cousins on my mother’s side are much younger than myself. Hence my grandmother Chadwick, my aunt Mary Chadwick, and my great-aunt Jane Margaret Slee, all child-lovers, had no one but myself to concentrate their kind attention upon. Montem Villa and afterwards Boston House, were to me a paradise of chocolate creams, sugar cakes, oyster patties, and even ices—all perilous in excess to the young inside—but I had always a splendid digestion. And by the time that I got to appreciate the meaning of money, the stream of bright sixpences

and shillings was quite demoralizing, according to the ideas of my parents. My grandmother had a hobby of drawing newly struck silver coins only from her Bank, and all the tips were so bright and beautiful that it was with a sigh that I presently translated them into cocoanut rock or coloured picture books.

Boston House was the picture of an old-fashioned household of the best Victorian type, where a comfortable opulence combined with a rigid adherence to Evangelical principle and practice. There were daily family prayers, and two services on Sunday, perpetual visits from missionaries and Bible-women, and a little tribe of pious pensioners, whose faces I got to know well. Subscriptions went to every possible benevolent society of the right religious tenets. At the same time there was an excellent cuisine and a fine cellar, the leavings of my grandfather, and a good-looking brougham or landau for a daily drive—according to the season. Crinolines were in vogue during all these years of my early life in London, and I well remember that when my grandmother and aunts were duly stowed inside, with their capacious skirts, there was such a billowing out of silk that it seemed impossible to find space even for a little boy of six. However it was done—and if I had been good there was often a visit to the Baker Street Bazaar, where fascinating toys of all sorts were to be found below, and Madame Tussaud's show above—for in those days the famous Waxworks had not migrated to their present abode in the Marylebone Road.

My Grandmother Chadwick, as I mention in the Appendix dealing with my kin on the mother's side, had been a great traveller in the 1830s and 1840s, but more by my grandfather's choice than by her own. In my day she contented herself with a displacement of the whole household to Brighton, Tonbridge Wells, or Cheltenham for a summer month, and lived a placid life of comfort as the centre of a large family group, some of whom were always about the premises.

The second inhabitant of Boston House, my great aunt Jane Margaret Slee, was as unlike her sister as could possibly be imagined. She was one of the most active-minded and extraordinary people that I have ever met, and her hobbies ran on lines that belonged to the next generation rather than to her own. Considering that she was born in 1811 her tastes were really surprising. Not only did she paint rather well in oils—I still possess one of her pictures—and write frequent (and always

unpublished) screeds of poetry, but she composed a novel on (of all subjects!) military ballooning, of which I still possess the incomplete MS. It was of a comic cast, dealing with the misadventures of a young officer enthusiastic for balloon-work, and frowned upon by his superiors. My aunt did not really know very much either about the life of subalterns, or of practical ballooning, so her choice of subject was all the more extraordinary. She was also very much interested in Gipsies. Inspired (I think) by the reading of Borrow's *Lavengro*, she got hold of a Romany grammar and phrase-book, and occasionally startled vagrants of the proper appearance by bursting out with enquiries in their own tongue: generally this was followed with the gift of a shilling. She was also an early student of folk-lore, knew a lot about charms and witchcraft, and would occasionally rehearse for my benefit the proper incantations that were necessary to make a fruit-tree bear, a journey prosper, or the evil-eye be averted. This involved a quantity of observations of the effect of the moon, the flight of birds, and the ruling signs of the Zodiac.

Folk-lore often runs into the occult, and this was the line by which my great-aunt had been led into all manner of enquiries into the supernatural. There was no Psychical Research Society in her day, but she possessed a number of the early books on Spiritualism and Apparitions—such as Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, Seafield on Dreams, Radcliffe's *Fiends and Ghosts*, and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. My kindly aunt did not guide me into these fields of spookery when I was a small boy, but by the time that I was ten or twelve she began to talk to me about them, and before I was fifteen had lent me most of her library when I was staying in Boston House. I was immensely interested in the topic, and so was prepared with some outline knowledge of it when Frederick Myers and Andrew Lang took me into their confidence in my undergraduate days, and set me ghost-hunting. As I shall have occasion to tell later on, I was one of the original members of the Oxford 'Phasmatological Society', and spent many an hour trying to co-ordinate and test the tales of hauntings, and premonitions, and wraiths, which came to our knowledge.

Undoubtedly I owe to great-aunt Jane all my interest in the realism of the occult. She left me her books when she died in

1885, and I have reverently preserved them all. When I open one of them I call up the memory of her eager rather haggard face, and the eerie tales with which she beguiled my young imagination. Altogether she was quite different from other aunts, and I may say from all her contemporaries that I ever met, her interests being so entirely abnormal among ladies of the early Victorian age. Her position at Boston House was rather difficult, I think, as she had but a slender income—her husband, Benjamin Slee, a barrister, had died young, leaving her practically nothing. Her share of the Waghorn inheritance was small, while her sister—my grandmother—and her niece, my aunt Mary Chadwick—were well endowed from my grandfather's money. But she was a most liberal giver of tips to the young C.O., despite of her comparative impecuniosity: it was not till long years afterwards that I realized what a generous soul she was.

The third inhabitant of Boston House was my half-aunt Mary Chadwick, my grandmother's step-daughter, a middle-aged spinster. Contrary to the usual ways of step-children she was devoted to my grandmother, and followed her in all things, except perhaps in the matter of addiction to missionaries and Bible-women. She was always most kind to me, but other members of the family found her not easy to get on with. The Tichborne Trial in 1871-2 was a fertile source of family discussions, which sometimes attained a considerable acrimony! But to me my aunt was most gracious and kindly—she left me a legacy of £100 in her will when she died in 1881—the first sum of money larger than a five-pound note which I had ever handled.

Life in St. Edmunds Terrace was regular but not monotonous. My father went off on most days to the City after breakfast—he had invested almost the whole of his realized property in a shipping company, trading with India and Australia, with one of whose partners he had an old acquaintance. And he rather fancied that he knew enough about Indian exports and imports to make him competent to take up a partnership and work at detail. For several years matters seemed to go on successfully, and earnings were satisfactory. In his leisure hours he set to work to write a novel of Indian life styled *Eastwards*, with adventures drawn from the recollections of his own youth. He published it, as his own venture, in 1864, but

the results were disappointing. Apparently the reading public had little interest to spare for Zemindars and Rajahs, or hunting stories, or even for the chapters on the Mutiny, in which he had utilized the memories of his friends and neighbours who had gone through the grim experiences of the siege of the famous 'House of Arrah'. The publishers—a long defunct firm—made out that he was a hundred pounds down when the final accounts were delivered. He was more successful with short stories and typical scenes of Indian life, of which Charles Dickens accepted a good many for the then-famous *All the Year Round*. There was one ghost story of a haunted bungalow, which appeared in a Christmas number, which I still think an excellent piece of macabre writing.

When business in the City allowed of a holiday—generally three or four weeks in the summer—our whole household migrated to some country spot where fishing was to be got. I cannot remember the holidays in Devonshire and Kent, whither I know that my parents took me, but can recall, no doubt a year or two later, a little house up the Thames, and some weeks in South Wales, reached by steamer from Bristol to Pembroke. This trip is fixed in my memory by my first experience of seasickness, and the nauseous smell of the engine-room.

The first date which I can remember with certainty is April 24, 1864, on which day I was four years and three months old. This can be fixed by a memory not easily to be forgotten by a small child—a great public ceremonial. It was the tri-centenary of Shakespeare's birthday, and among other celebrations of the event one took place almost under the windows of my father's house, or at least only 300 yards from thence. It pleased certain eminent literary and theatrical folk to plant a young oak tree—presented by Queen Victoria—on Primrose Hill, as one of their demonstrations of enthusiasm for Shakespeare's memory. There came to the flat ground at the south-east corner of the hill a procession with banners, headed by the band of the Honorable Artillery Company, and guarded by a battalion of grey-coated Volunteers. The band and banners and bayonets remain fixed in my memory, also the official planting of the little tree, which was baptized with pails of water from Stratford-on-Avon. Those eminent Shakespearian actors Mr. Phelps and Mr. Fechter delivered speeches, and a poem by Miss Eliza Cook was recited, but of this I can give no description.

The ceremonies took place in the centre of a hollow square formed by the Volunteers, and I could not see over their heads. But the whole affair was an impressive show from the point of view of the little C.O.

I grieve to say that the young oak died in the next winter : April is not a good time for the transplanting of saplings. It was replaced by a substitute, which still survives. Visiting the spot in September 1931 I found quite visible a brass plate commemorating this ceremony, which was so interesting to me. The railings which surrounded the substitute tree are gone, as the oak can now stand by itself and requires no protection. Primrose Hill is far more covered by trees than it was in 1864, and it took me some time to identify my old acquaintance.

My second absolutely fixed date of memory is May 20, 1865, when I remember well noticing in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*, which we took in regularly, a lurid picture of President Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet fleeing on horseback from burning Richmond. I do not know why this large woodcut fascinated me so much, but for some reason it did, and the date can be verified with ease—the event which it portrays happened early in the preceding April, and it had taken six weeks for pictorial representations of it to get into the English papers.

But between April 1864 and May 1865 I can establish another memory within a margin of a few weeks. My uncle, by marriage, James Corfield and my aunt Emma were with his regiment, the 53rd, quartered at Portsmouth. There was a change of quarters imminent, as the 53rd was to move to the Curragh in August 1864. So we went down to say good-bye to them before they sailed for Ireland, and stayed for a week at Southsea in July 1864. This date is fixed in my mind by two memories. The one is of the 53rd marching with their band to the Garrison Church on Sunday, and of the curious scraping noise which their bayonets made against the seats, when they stood up or sat down at various points of the service. The other thing that I cannot fail to recall is that our family dog, Cossie, a little terrier who had gone to India with my parents in 1858, was drowned on Southsea beach, by venturing too far out into a rough sea and being carried away by a heavy wave. This was the first grief that I can remember—he was an excitable but lovable little creature.

During the summer of 1866 we went for a week or so to Edinburgh, to visit my father's old aunts. Incidentally this visit was an act of unconscious polite attention on my part, for my wife was born in George Street on June 20 while I was staying in Charlotte Street, a stone's throw away. She went off to India a week or two later, and I did not make her acquaintance till she was a little thing of five, at Cheltenham, on her first return visit to this island. My chief memories of Edinburgh are of the enormous steepness to my young legs of the grassy slopes of Arthur's Seat, to the top of which I climbed with my nurse Eliza Blackman, and of delightful donkey-rides on the sands of Portobello. Also the glamour of the Scottish crown and regalia, exhibited in the Castle, fascinated my youthful craving for things gorgeous—perhaps also for things historical, for I can never remember the time when I had not a hankering after ancient relics. I was not destined to visit Edinburgh again till 1887—a space of twenty-one years. But on my second visit I could remember the impression of my first, and the general lie of the town, without any difficulty.

It was in the autumn after these visits to Edinburgh that my early residence in London came to a sudden end, on account of a domestic catastrophe.

My father, as I said before, had invested the bulk of his capital, the sum which he had obtained from the sale of his indigo factory, in a shipping concern—the 'Thames and Mersey Line of Steam Packets' trading to India and Australia. Whether the general management of the company was unsatisfactory I cannot tell—it had a good repute—but it was ruined, as I understand, by a disastrous collision off Sydney Harbour, in which one of its boats, apparently by mishandling on the part of the captain, ran down and sank a very large and valuable steamer of another line. The damages awarded against the Company by the Courts were so heavy that they broke the back of the 'Thames and Mersey' concern, which had to go into liquidation. The senior partner Walton, died at this moment—his fortune together with those of the other partner Ellis and my father, was engulfed in settling the debts of the Company. Twenty shillings in the pound were paid in this fashion, but the family income was suddenly reduced by one half, there remaining practically nothing save the settlements which my father had made on my mother at the time of his marriage, and her private

income from the Chadwick estate. This was, fortunately, on the increase at the time, since the death of my elder maternal uncle, William Chadwick, in 1862, had much increased the share falling to his sisters and his younger brother. But my mother's money was now practically all that we had to depend upon, and drastic measures of retrenchment were obligatory. It was necessary for us to leave the house looking out on to Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, and to seek for a much smaller one in some place where rents and prices were cheap. As is explained in my next chapter, Cheltenham was the locality pitched upon.

Of course a child of six could not understand the financial disaster, or the need for moving out of London, which I much deplored. Rambles in the parks, and frequent visits to my delightful and ever indulgent relatives across the hill were to come to an end. I had a vague feeling of trouble and unhappiness, reflected from the depressed bearing and worried expressions of my parents, and the sudden arrangements for a flitting into the unknown. It seemed to me wholly unnecessary to leave pleasant surroundings, but naturally I could only look on tearfully, while carpets were being rolled up, furniture packed in vans, and servants, who had been kind to me, dismissed. We finally moved off somewhere in October or November 1866, taking with us good Eliza Blackman, hitherto my nurse only, but henceforth to become somewhat of a factotum in the domestic establishment, for my parents in the future could only afford to keep a household of two maids instead of four.

This financial disaster in the autumn of 1866 seems to have had deplorable physical and mental effects on my poor father. In spite of recurrent attacks of the ague which had driven him out of India, and of one or two preliminary recurrences of the periostitis which had long troubled his right leg,¹ he had down to this time been able to carry on all the ordinary avocations of life, to undertake regular deskwork at the office of the 'Thames and Mersey', to travel, and to enjoy his favourite pastime of fishing when we were on a country holiday. Moreover, his literary ambitions were not wholly extinct, despite the failure of his first novel to interest the lovers of fiction. On the whole,

¹ It came originally from the kick of a horse, which splintered but did not break the shin-bone. Minute scraps of bone kept coming to the surface, from small ulcers which formed again and again.

he had been able to enjoy life, and to share in all social pleasures. The failure of his company, preceded by the months of anxiety when its fate was in the balance, seems to have knocked the spirit of optimism out of him. I think that he felt humiliated at the idea that for the rest of his days he would be living on his wife's money, and that he had been a failure as a man of business. The mental stress seemed to have a direct effect on his bodily health.

Hitherto, though prematurely grey-headed—like myself he went grey after forty, but never grew bald—he had borne himself upright, and did not look much older than his actual years justified. After 1866 he began to stoop somewhat, and to lose flesh perceptibly. Long before he was fifty one could well have taken him for a man of seventy. It required all my mother's energy to keep him from falling into a permanent state of lassitude and melancholia. I am proud to say that he would always rouse himself when his son's interests were in question, was immensely pleased with my early school successes, helped me in the Latin night-work that I brought home, bought me many a book and many a box of tin soldiers—in which my soul much delighted in those days—and told me strange tales of Indian life and adventure. But he spent many a silent hour in solitary smoking, and brooding over his physical ills, and never commanded enough energy to start any new form of activity or interest. I think that the failure of his novel *Eastwards* to secure any great notice, or to realize any profits, gradually sapped his once very real literary ambition, when ill-health supervened. In short, for the remaining ten years of his life he was a broken man. He began a second novel, *Love Conquers All Things*, describing life in the Mofussil during the year of the Indian Mutiny, but had not the heart to finish it, being sadly convinced that it would never find a publisher. His style was pure Dickens—pathos and humour mixed, with lurid descriptive passages, and eccentric characters looking in, without too much regard for the cohesion of a central plot.

II

CHELTENHAM, 1867-72

IT must have been a tiresome business to make a general removal of family and goods in winter-time, but at Christmas 1866 my parents were duly established in Cheltenham, and the familiar household goods had been fitted into new premises. Cheltenham had been chosen for our new domicile for three main reasons—the first was that it was full of our Indian friends—three at least of my father's old neighbours in Bahar were there before him. At the Club in the Promenade more than half the members had spent the best years of their life in India. The second reason was that Cheltenham was not only a pretty and a salubrious garden town, but—a thing more important to us—it was notoriously a cheap place, more specially in the matter of house rents. The third was that it was a well-known educational centre; the College was already flourishing. The Ladies' College of that celebrated pioneer, Miss Beale, had just been started, and the preparatory schools were numerous and excellent.

So to Cheltenham we went, my father and mother, myself verging on seven, and our faithful retainer Eliza Blackman, who had started in 1861 as my nurse, and remained with us all through her life—she died in my mother's last abode, as her housekeeper, in 1897, after thirty-six years of loyal service.

My father pitched upon for his new residence a narrow house in one of Cheltenham's typical early-Victorian ranges of building, 32 Lansdowne Crescent. It was a good deal bigger than we required—we never used the top storey—but its absurdly small rent, only £30 a year, was the determining point in its favour. So my parents agreed to blink at its weak points—a basement-kitchen and the want of anything that could be called a garden. There was behind only a small stony yard. On the other hand, the tenant of 32 had full access to the public garden of the Crescent, a considerable open space with shrubberies, flower beds, and room for a croquet-set or two. This was the prevailing game of the day, and played by every one, if more especially by the ladies.

On or about January 20, 1867, I was sent to a well-known

preparatory school, kept by two very competent ladies, the Misses Elizabeth and Diana Hill. Looking back over seventy years, I must say that it was a very good school, and that I received an excellent grounding not only in all English subjects but in Latin and Greek. Miss Elizabeth was, a rare thing among Victorian ladies, a good classical scholar, as was at least one of the three assistant governesses, and we had masters in for the senior classes. There were about sixty boys : it rather surprises me to remember that although I had been a lonely child, with no brothers or sisters, I soon picked up some very good friends among my contemporaries—most of them passed out of my knowledge when I went to a public school, but my first and best friend was destined to be a friend for life, and twenty-five years later became my brother-in-law. This was Robert Maclagan, the eldest of three brothers who all started their careers under the Misses Hill, at 6 Douro Villas. Robert Maclagan and his younger brother Philip were living in charge of a great-aunt in a house in Lansdowne Crescent, not many doors from my parents. Their father, General Maclagan, R.E., was in India at that time, and for many years after, and the boys were entrusted to a most delightful old lady, Miss Margaret Dalrymple, who kept house for them, and subsequently for the younger members of the family also, when a younger brother Edward (afterwards Governor of the Punjab), and his still younger sister came home from India to join the elder boys. Thus it happened that I made the acquaintance of my wife, Mary Mabel Maclagan, when she was five, and I had attained the mature age of eleven in the year 1871.

I do not remember what was the circumstance that first threw Robert Maclagan and myself together, but from our first meeting we took to each other, and out of school hours were inseparables. By a most extraordinary chance, due to the fact that both my wife and I are great hoarders of old letters, we came, while going through old family correspondence in 1931, on a packet of children's letters addressed to my father-in-law in India, in one of which Robert informs the General that he has picked up a new acquaintance called Oman, and has been taking tea with him and his parents. It is dated in February 1867—only a few weeks after we both went to school. Old Miss Dalrymple was a perfect example of the ancient type of Scottish ladies. She was of what appeared to us a vast age, and could tell of her memory

of seeing the Volunteers of 1804 drilling, at the time when Bonaparte's invasion was supposed to be impending, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But I suppose that in 1867 she was still in her early seventies. She was capable, a lover of children, full of old and interesting stories, sincerely religious, equable in temper, and worshipped by all young people who came in contact with her. Of these I was one, and I shall never forget her placid kindness, and her friendly acquiescence in the frequent tarrying in her house of 'Bob's friend,' as I was called. Fortunately my parents were just as well satisfied with my chosen chum as Miss Dalrymple was with her great-nephew's chosen chum.

So we spent many an hour together on half-holidays, or in vacation. We were both, at the age of eight, greatly devoted to tin soldiers, and used to muster our forces for joint reviews on the dining-room tables of 21 and 32 Lansdowne Crescent, and then demolish their orderly ranks with peas discharged from the regulation toy cannon. We often climbed together what seemed the giant mountain of Leckhampton Hill (870 feet), with its beetling crags and 'Devil's Chimney', or sought damper haunts, dabbling in the Chelt for sticklebacks. In 1868 or 1870 that famous brook was less inaccessible than it is now, less built in by houses, and certainly more fruitful in small fish—I remember the triumph with which over and above the usual minnows, a rare barbel was occasionally captured. My walks with Robert continued for fifty years, whenever he was on leave from his long and distinguished service in India.

One grotesque memory of 1868 I shall never forget. It was the 15th of September, and school opened on the next day : my parents and I got home from Tenby in the afternoon. To us at 9 o'clock appeared in great dismay a messenger from No. 21, Jeannie Frame, Miss Dalrymple's little Scottish maid, with a terrible report. It had been the old lady's habit—derived from long experience of Edinburgh ways—to lock up her house for the summer holidays, and to send the keys to her house-agent. Unfortunately this confidence in the law-abiding nature of all Cheltenham people was ill-rewarded. A burglar had been devoting himself for the last three weeks to the slow and sure removal of everything that was not too heavy to be carried by a single pair of arms in No. 21. He had taken off not only the silver spoons and teapot, the clocks and Indian rugs, the china

ornaments and all the better clothing, but the very knives and forks, the sheets and blankets, and most of the crockery. Arriving with her little tribe from Scotland, poor Miss Dalrymple had found the drawing-room carpet neatly rolled up in the hall, ready for the next visit of the burglar, along with some of the lighter furniture ! She had sent her maid round to us to ask for the loan of an outfit of knives and forks, plates, sheets and pillow-cases, without which the household could not eat its supper or go to its beds. We at 32 turned on as a rescue corps, carrying miscellaneous necessities along the Crescent and making life possible at No. 21. This was indeed an exciting evening !

The burglar was detected almost at once, owing to the rash way in which he had carried off identifiable objects, which he had sold to pawnbrokers and general-dealers in the neighbouring town of Gloucester. He was a sort of minor 'Deacon Brodie,' a locksmith, who was regularly employed by one of the Cheltenham building firms, and had the pleasant habit of purloining keys or making duplicate ones, when he had to renew a damaged lock. Thus he was familiar with the interior of many houses, and used his knowledge on those which he knew to be unoccupied and unguarded in August. He got three years at the Assizes, and Miss Dalrymple recovered much of her lost property—but some was gone for good. General Maclagan's gold and silver Addiscombe prize-medals had no doubt been melted. But the most cruel insult was that the dear old lady's best silk dresses had all been cut down to suit the burglar's wife, who was a very small woman ! The criminal's simple method of proceedings had been to bring a hand-cart covered with a tarpaulin to the back door of No. 21, day by day, to load it up, and to wheel it off after dark. The neighbours seeing a hand-cart with the name of a local firm on it, brought round regularly by a respectable looking man, who let himself in to the back door with a key, had never conceived the suspicion that any irregularities were going on !

This was certainly the most wholesale burglary that I have met with, and was entirely unprecedented in Cheltenham, where criminals did not abound. The discovery of the activities of this particular locksmith explained many minor thefts of portable valuables in other houses, but there was no second case in which he had found himself so much at leisure that he could carry off bedding and furniture. Of recent years I have heard of one or two similar cases, mainly in London semi-suburban quarters.

where the reckless fashion of locking up an empty house for the holidays had been practised.

My years at Miss Hills' school had left very pleasant memories in my mind. I was well reported on term by term, and went rapidly up all the classes, reaping quite an armful of prize-books, all of which I still possess. Some of them were really excellent pabulum for a small boy—a life of Columbus, another of Nelson, a cento of travellers' tales from Marco Polo down to Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*, *Grimm's Fairy Stories*, a selection of Hans Andersen's similar work, several of the books of Miss Charlotte Yonge—then in the prime of her popularity—and some good selections of songs and ballads. But my private reading was of a more lurid kind for a small boy, both Captain Marryat's *Phantom Ship* and Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches* I can well remember, as having given me dreadful scares at night. The evil spirits in the latter were too realistic, and in my little bed on the upper storey, when I had been tucked in, but the rest of the household were still far below, I sometimes had horrible dreams of black or red things which loved the darkness and might pay me a visit. I only made the acquaintance of Edgar Allan Poe a little later, or he would have been still more terrorizing!

We were only two years in 32 Lansdowne Crescent, as my mother found the tall house difficult to run with no more than a couple of maids. Moreover family finance was improving a little: the fields of Grove Park had begun to be nibbled upon by the growth of Camberwell eastward, and my uncle, Alfred Chadwick, was progressively letting them to builders on ninety-nine-year leases, and accumulating ground-rents therefrom—of which my mother got her modest share. So in 1869 it was possible to move to a delightful little villa, 'The Lawn, Park Place', which was the most loved of all my early abodes. It had everything complete on a very small scale—a little lawn, a tiny kitchen garden with a fruitful fig tree against its wall, a greenhouse, and a yard which was turned to use for poultry. A Seabright bantam cock, and his two little hens, Jane and Eliza, were my own much-prized share of the live stock—my mother favoured Speckled Hamburgs, with a buff Cochin hen or two for sitting purposes. I studied hen-psychology with intense interest—also hen-diet, making the most weird experiments to find out what poultry would or would not eat. I do not remember that my researches ever resulted in absolute mortality

among the flock, though when I tried what percentage of vine leaves or nettles, grass, or grit could safely be mixed with chicken-meal, I was running near the edge of poultrycide. But the wise hens turned aside their beaks when the dose became perceptible.

The only blot upon those pleasant years was that my father's health was always slowly deteriorating. The ulcer on his right leg, left behind by his first attacks of periostitis, healed up again and again, but always, in a few months, threw out fresh small scraps of diseased bone, and his ague fits became more and more frequent. He had, as I said before, started the writing of a second novel, *Love Conquers All Things*, at which he worked intermittently—it was a tale of dacoits and tiger-shooting, placed in his own familiar Bahar, with a tragedy of a young planter who married an attractive but impossible Eurasian girl: the climax came in the Mutiny of 1857. But it was never finished—I have the imperfect manuscript still: occasionally he would read me scraps of the sporting passages to my great delight. But he was failing: his daily walk down to the Club became a slower and slower business, and (as he told me) he had to sit down as much as he could during his game of billiards. The last time that I remember his taking me for a country walk was to fish in the big pool below Cranham Woods, where we had rented for the summer of 1869 a cottage on the brow of the hill at Birdlip.

This was but a short journey from Cheltenham, usually we went further afield, even crossing the seas to Paris, Dieppe, Boulogne or Brussels. The date fixed most firmly in my memory, is my visit to Paris in 1868. Not only does one's first turn abroad always leave a firm impression, even on the brain of a child of eight, but Paris was at that time a very lively and spectacular place, full of marvels for a small boy: the glory of the Third Empire was not perceptibly abated to the looker-on. It is now quite a historic fact to remember that I saw Napoleon III pass in review a part of his bearskinned and red-breeched Imperial Guard on the esplanade of the Invalides. But a smaller inspection was still more interesting, and every detail of it remains fixed in my brain.

One day the Prince Imperial, then a boy of twelve in cadet's uniform, drilled before his parents a hundred other cadets of his own age, in an open space of the Tuileries Gardens. His parents were on the raised terrace above—the evolutions took place on

the gravel below. The Emperor, I can remember, was in civilian costume—tall hat and frock coat—in which he did not look impressive. He sat rather hunched together, and apparently somewhat worn out, on a garden seat. Beside him stood the Empress Eugénie, upright as a dart, and to my young eyes a figure of triumphant beauty. She wore a black and white zebra-striped dress with the very broad skirts of the period, but she looked every inch an Empress, and followed the drill of her son's little company with an eye of pride. I never saw her again till more than forty years had passed—a frail childless old lady on a railway platform somewhere near Chislehurst.

I have other minor memories of Paris in 1868—a child's memories of course—of the excellence of *gaufres*, of the merry-go-round of galloping horses in the *Champs-Élysées* on which one tilted at rings with a sort of hoop-stick, of the particularly bright light blue of the uniform of the *Cent Gardes*, who were often to be seen about the Tuileries, and a faint remembrance of the enormousness of Versailles, and the attraction of its spouting fountains. But the picture of the Imperial party on the terrace watching the little cadets is the clearest impression.

We were spending the summer holiday at Boulogne in June–July 1870, when the war between France and Germany broke out: the date is fixed in my mind by the unforgettable march out of the garrison—a regiment of dark-coated and blue-breeched *chasseurs* with black cocks' feathers in their shakos—on its way to the front in Alsace—and awful disaster. The streets from the citadel to the station were crammed with enthusiastic people shouting *à Berlin*. A week or two later came the news of Worth and Gravelotte, and the wiser English tourists recrossed the Channel at once—among them ourselves.

These weeks are, oddly enough, marked in my memory by another reminiscence—we were taking in Charles Dickens's last novel, *Edwin Drood*, whose mystery I was following with eagerness, when there came the news of the author's death, and simultaneously the sixth part of the story, with the melancholy notice that not one word of the seventh part had yet been written, and that even Dickens's most confidential friends had no idea whether Edwin was really dead or no, and could not say who the mysterious Mr. Datchery could possibly be. I have the file of the six blue parts, with the enigmatic pictures on the cover, still stored away.

I am afraid that I hardly realized at the time the slow progress of my father's disease : his afflictions were so familiar that I failed to note that they were gradually growing worse, year by year. My mother did her best to keep his spirits up—new doctors in London were tried every year, and the intervals between one outbreak of his periostitis and another were always hailed as the commencement of a final recovery. Alas ! this always ended in a particularly violent attack of ague, and the appearance of a new ulcer.

My mother devoted herself during these years, 1867-72, to a new hobby, in which she could indulge whenever my father's health was not giving exceptional trouble—the collection of old china. In the eighteen-sixties the scientific study of the eighteenth century English porcelain was only just beginning, and every house was full of Chelsea, Worcester and Crown Derby, often still in daily use for domestic purposes. The opportunities for the eagle-eyed collector were enormous, and my mother had a wonderful flair for detecting good things in strange places. On one occasion I remember her noticing that the card-tray, on which her visiting card was sent in to a friend, was a splendid marked piece of Bristol. On another her bedroom-mantelpiece, in seaside lodgings, was occupied by two Plymouth vases, painted with 'exotic' birds, and full of artificial flowers of the true Victorian sort. All these pieces are now in her old cabinet in my drawing-room : not so however a large Chelsea figure of Britannia which we once discovered presiding over the tartlets and cheesecakes in the window of a local confectioner, who refused to part with it, not because it had any value, for he was offered a good price, but because it had belonged to his parents who had always kept it there. Following my mother on the china-hunt, and observing all that I saw and heard, I acquired a very fair knowledge of English porcelain by the time that I was ten or twelve years old, and could even spot forgeries, which were only just beginning to appear about 1870, by their unconvincing texture of paste, or over bright colour-schemes.

But my own hobby, in which I was beginning to be interested by this time, was coins, and particularly ancient Roman coins. My great-uncle Richard Chadwick gave me, when I was eight years of age, a fine Roman '1st brass', or sesterce, of Trajan, a handsome coin, on which the Emperor's name and title were set forth with most puzzling contractions, IMP. CAES. NERVAE

TRAIAN. AVG. GER. DAC. P.M. TR.P. COS. V. PP. Somehow the inscription fascinated me, and I was not happy till I had made my father puzzle it out for me, I think with the aid of Humphries' *Coin-Collectors Manual*. I have the coin still—being essentially a hoarder by disposition.

Now Cheltenham in the 1860s was full of Roman coins—every small jeweller had a few, for Gloucestershire is full of ruined villas, and a fertile region of hoards. My modest pocket-money began to dribble away on small Constantines and Tetricuses, which were obtainable for a few pence. Seeing and approving my bent, my father showed me one Christmas a packet of sixty Roman coins, fifteen silver and forty-five copper, which he had picked up by chance at an antiquity shop. I might have them if I could identify them! So to work I set, and soon got them catalogued (oddly enough I have that list in schoolboy script still preserved among family relics). There was a splendid 1st brass of Commodus, which figures honourably in my cabinet to this day, and a dozen decent denarii. From this time onward I was a devoted coin-hunter, and a visit to a new town always meant a search for the particular jeweller who had a tray or dish of coins somewhere in his window. Such folk were common enough then, though to-day they are rare, and the young collector has no such chances as I had. I could seldom be found without a Roman coin in my pocket, rubbing along with my knife and pencil. The taste has never left me, and has inspired a good many of my historical researches for the last fifty years, for coin-evidence is one of the most valuable bases of history, and is not always used adequately by historians, who are (for the most part) not numismatists.

Every winter from 1867 to 1874 we used to go up to London for a week at Christmas, and to be entertained in my grandmother Chadwick's hospitable abode. It was then that I got the chance of seeing the famous Drury Lane pantomimes in which those wonderful dancers the 'Vokes family' took the 'star turns'. I well remember the astounding way in which the long black legs of Fred Vokes used to revolve in wild sweeps over the heads of his two sisters, as he danced between them—whether as the impecunious baron, leading his objectionable daughters to the Court Ball in *Cinderella*, or as the wicked uncle between his two intended victims in the *Babes in the Wood*. If my memory serves me aright, the 'Babes' never did perish in

pantomime, but after the fight of the two comic ruffians and the robins-episode, used to be discovered under the leaves by a train of young ladies in green tights and bugle-horns, who represented a royal hunting party, and were brought back to the Manor, to the discomfiture of their designing relative, who went off reeling and writhing and fainting in coils, to some appropriate dungeon.

It is to those same short London visits that I owe the chance of having seen some famous old actors, who belonged to the generation that was passing away—such as Sothorn, the original Lord Dundreary, whom I remember as a comic and unlucky race-horse owner in *The Squire's Last Shilling*, Fechter whom I saw in *Cymbeline*, and Mme Ristori, playing Queen Elizabeth in some forgotten tragedy about the fate of Essex. But I also was in at the beginning of a new generation of plays, when I saw, at the little theatre of the German Reeds, Gilbert's first comedies produced. I particularly recall *Ages Ago*, in which the pictures of ancestors walked out of their frames, just as they were destined to do twenty years after in *Ruddigore*. As an example of the psychology of the times, I may mention that my admirable grandmother Chadwick, who would never go to any ordinary theatre, because such places were haunts of vice, abominable to the strict Evangelicals, had no objection to taking me to see the German Reeds little plays in Portland Place, 'because they were an honest family party', with no bevy of *figurantes* of doubtful respectability to eke out their five-part or six-part castes. But she made no serious objection to my parents taking me to a pantomime or a Shakespearian play, though she would not go to them herself.

At home I had the run of a very good family library, and was half-way through Sir Walter Scott's novels before I was twelve. I had also dived into Dickens, but found only *Pickwick* and the *Tale of Two Cities* and the never-finished *Edwin Drood* really readable—*Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* bored me—as I must confess, did all Thackeray, except his Burlesques and Christmas Stories. But a boy of my age could hardly be expected to appreciate *Vanity Fair* or the *Newcomes*. I got through, however, nearly all of Harrison Ainsworth's pseudo-historical tales, made lurid by the grim illustrations of Cruikshank, most of Captain Marryat's sea-stories—*Midshipman Easy* was a special joy—also Charlotte Yonge's more historical romances, such as the *Chaplet*

of *Pearls*, and the *Lances of Lynwood*. But novels were not my only reading—the splendid coloured battle-pictures by Cruikshank in Ireland's *Life of Napoleon* led me on to reading the history that corresponded to them, and I rejoiced in travel and adventure also.

By the time that I was eleven I had got to the top of Miss Hills' school, and was becoming a nuisance by monopolizing too many of the form-prizes. The good ladies recommended my parents to try me for a scholarship at some public school, as they considered that I was a likely candidate. But as I had spent all my time as a day-boy hitherto, and was very home-bound in my tastes, it was recommended that I should be sent for a year to a boarding school, to learn the art of roughing it with other boys, and to accustom me to regulation school diet, which would have to replace the curries and veal and ham pies and trifles and salads of home fare. So in September 1871 I was sent as a boarder for a year to Mr. Gedge, of the Well House, Malvern Wells : he had kept school in Cheltenham before, and had a large local clientele there ; moreover two of his boys—one the son of a Cheltenham doctor—had got Winchester scholarships at the preceding midsummer. The only serious break in my ways of life was that my regular walks with Bob Maclagan slackened down ; we could only meet in the holidays now—and he was destined for Haileybury, I for Winchester.

So to Malvern Wells I went, and fared not at all unhappily on its healthy hillside. As I was older than most of the other boys, and was put at once into the senior class, I got none of the bullying which falls to the lot of small urchins even in the best of schools, and found some congenial companions.

My parents often ran over from Cheltenham for a week-end, and I could ride across the common to Great Malvern on a hired pony, and spend Saturday afternoons, and sometimes Sunday afternoons also, with them, for Mr. Gedge was liberal in the granting of leave. He was rather liberal with the cane also, being one of the old school of masters ; but I seldom troubled him and only received chastisements twice in a year. They were, I grieve to say, well-deserved. One was for a particularly noisy pillow-fight with the boys of a neighbouring dormitory, into which I had entered with the two companions of my own room.

The other caning was for a piece of mischief which gave me

vast pleasure at the time. High up on the hillside, a mile from the school, was a runlet of water, which filled the pond of a villa 300 yards below. With the aid of a friend I diverted this runlet, by an ingenious embankment of sods and stones, into another crack in the hillside, down which it consented to flow. The resident below found his pond dried up, discovered my embankment, and lay in wait for my next visit to it—to see how the diverted stream was getting on. He identified me by my school-colours as one of Mr. Gedge's boys—and made his not unjustified complaints. Wherefore I was well caned—but thought the fun had been worth the caning.

I rather enjoyed my year at Malvern Wells, and was supposed to be getting on in a pretty satisfactory way with my Latin and Greek, though composition was considered the weak point. Also I found the boarder's round by no means so rough as I had expected, when I gave up the comparatively easy life of the day-boy. The food was good if simple, and very copious, the dormitories warm and comfortable, and the masters good disciplinarians but perfectly just. I vainly imagined that I was inured to the trials that I should have to face when I went to a real public school, and thought that I could fend for myself—having no idea of what fagging would be like, nor expectation that I should find myself next year in a society where the prefectorial class were entrusted with ground ashes, and thought that it was their right, as well as their pleasure, to be using them all day long, for offences, generally imaginary, on the unfortunate juniors. Nor did I suspect that I should find the task of getting enough to eat a serious problem in the immediate future. It had not occurred to me that a boy of twelve was a big boy in a preparatory school, but a very small one in a public school, where the ages of the seniors ran up to nineteen. Nor did I know that the masters counted for very little in the inner life of such a place, and that it was of no use to be on good terms with your schoolmaster, if you did not find favour with your fag-master.

III

WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1872: THE 'GREAT TUNDING ROW'

AFTER a year on the breezy hillside at Malvern Wells, I was reported quite fairly up to scholarship level by Mr. Gedge—at any rate no worse than the two boys who had got into Winchester College in 1871—Ker and Mackenzie. They had both left the Wells House before I had come there, so I had never met either of them. Their success had been a very cheering thing for the School.

So to Winchester my parents took me in July 1872, and put up at the Royal Hotel in St. Peter's Street, where they established themselves to wait out the results of the competition. I was, naturally, a very eager and a somewhat scared little boy when the time for the testing came, being quite ignorant of my own capacities as compared with those of my contemporaries from all over the world. They were a group of some size, 150 or thereabouts, my own number was 84: they came shepherded in ones or twos by parents or tutors, who mustered in College Street in an expectant group. Presently we were taken away from our guardians by a College master in cap and gown, and set to work at tables in a large room. It was light, airy, and majestic, capable of containing 150 candidates, in short the 'Hall' I was to know so well in later years. There was a good deal of difference in our ages and sizes, as the scholarships were open to all boys (1) under twelve, (2) under thirteen (of whom I was one), and (3) under fourteen.

We glowered furtively at each other over our papers for two days, noticing our diminished number each morning as the examination went on. For there was a daily list put up in the shop of Wells, the College bookseller, with the names of those who were requested to present themselves for further consideration. By the third day our numbers had gone down from over 150 to about 30. This was exciting to the survivors—perhaps still more so to their parents or schoolmasters, who had escorted them down to Winchester. I cannot remember much about the papers which were set us, but had a vague impression that I had 'floored' them all pretty well, except the mathematical ones.

The examination ended with a formal parade of the surviving thirty candidates for 'viva voce' before an august board, which met in the large room 'Election Chamber' looking into 'Chamber Court'. There sat behind a table the Wardens of New College and Winchester, the Head Master, the two 'Posers', who were fellows of New College sent down from Oxford to conduct the examination, and one or two aged clergymen, whom I believe to have been the last survivors of that moribund body, the 'Fellows of Winchester College',¹ which was under parliamentary sentence of extinction. I was frightfully nervous, but answered coherently the questions put to me by the Posers. But the function was lengthy, and I ended by causing somewhat of a sensation by fainting and collapsing on the floor. I was picked up and hurried over to the Warden's lodging next door, where I was kindly entreated, given a glass of sherry, and handed over to my parents—who with others in similar plight were hanging about the College till the viva voce should be over.

In the afternoon the 'Roll' was published, and I was astonished to find my name at the head of it. There were fourteen other successful candidates, destined to very various careers in after life. Two became, like myself, professors at Oxford—Margoliouth and C. H. Turner. Four went into the church, two into the army, one into the civil service, one became a medical man, another a solicitor. One died very young, before his scholarship had expired. One abnormal boy (alas !) had to leave the College under distressing circumstances before he had been there long. A nice-looking lad of ingratiating manners, he was thoroughly unsatisfactory : he was the only scholar 'furked' as we called it during the six years that I lived in College. We were a very well conducted tribe ; I can only remember one or two out of the whole multitude who liked nasty stories.

A glance at the names of the 'College Roll' of 1872, and at those of the five years that followed, leads to some general conclusions. Looking at the homes from which the scholars of that day were drawn, the first thing that strikes one as abnormal from a twentieth-century point of view is the enormous proportion of clerical families represented. On my own roll of fifteen,

¹ The Public Schools Commission had decreed the extinction of this perfectly useless body, who had no duties in the School. There were three or four left, who could sometimes be seen drifting about College in an objectless sort of way. Some of the best rooms in Chamber Court were reserved for them—but seldom or never used.

five boys were the sons of beneficed clergy, and the percentage was nearly as high in many years. Other parents were mostly soldiers, civil servants, lawyers—both barristers and solicitors—or medical men. The ‘land’ and ‘trade’ were very sparsely represented. In a general way we may be said to have sprung from the professional classes—both lay and clerical. As the years went on, a proportion of boys began to be drawn from scholastic families—the sons of university and public-school teachers became more numerous. There were few in my generation—I only remember one who was the son of an Oxford professor, and another of a housemaster. The immense percentage of ‘sons of the manse’—if I may use a Scottish term—was due to the fact that in late Victorian days we still had a ‘learned clergy’ in full strength—graduates of the old universities who had taken good classes, and settled down in country livings to rear families in which brains were not uncommon.

The main thing to be noted among the scholars of my own time was that an ever-increasing proportion of them went into the civil service—both Home and Indian—and a dwindling proportion into holy orders. There was a certain divergence by individuals into careers not common among Wykehamists of the previous generations—e.g. journalism and museum work. On the other hand, the output into the army, the law, and school-mastering continued steady; that into business rather mounted up after my time. Politicians have always been rare—Parker-Smith (four years my senior) and myself are, I believe, the only individuals of the 1870–80 time who found their way into the House of Commons—but I do not consider either of us exactly what would be called by the man in the street a politician!

But one must not pry into the future, when we are still in July 1872. My parents were naturally overjoyed at the sight of the Election Roll, if a little frightened by my collapse in the morning. They gave me many praises, and an extra good dinner; and, since I was looking thoroughly exhausted, thought that a drive in the dusk over the downs would end the day in a healthy fashion for me. It chanced to be a very cold evening for July, and next morning I had to report myself suffering from headache and all manner of other aches. Very wisely my parents hurried me home to Cheltenham, and put me to bed. The doctor reported that I was down with pleurisy, which was a correct diagnosis. Probably I had the seeds of the disease in me when I went in for

the examination, and the prolonged excitement of the competition, combined with the chill of the long evening drive, brought them out.

Anyhow I was laid up for six weeks, and was a very thin and weak-kneed object when I was allowed out again. It was impossible for me to join at Winchester when the 20th of September came round, and I had 'doctor's leave' till the 20th of October.

The last three weeks of it were spent at Brighton, and I was supposed to be thoroughly convalescent when my parents took me down to Winchester, and formally handed me over, on the evening of 20th October, to Mr. Awdry, the 'Second Master', who resided in College, and was supposed to be in charge—more or less—of the seventy scholars. As a matter of fact the good man—his nickname of 'the Lamb' was not ill-bestowed—had not the least idea of what was going on in the nine chambers of the large court on to which his windows looked down.

I had been duly provided at the College tailors that morning with the distinctive garb of a scholar, which seemed very odd to a schoolboy who had hitherto been arrayed like all his young contemporaries. The tight-fitting long-sleeved jacket, like that of a page-boy, served the part of both coat and waistcoat, while over it was worn the gown of solid cloth, reaching down almost to the ankles, and sufficiently voluminous to be drawn together in front and to play the part of an overcoat in cold weather. Its distinguishing point was its large short puffed sleeves, of a kind of Tudor cut, which were fastened just above the elbow by a button. Into the puffed excrescence almost anything of moderate size could be slipped—normally one's pocket handkerchief, but on occasions anything, from a bag of biscuits to a live kitten, which the owner wished to conceal. It would have been impossible to wear any sort of ulster or greatcoat over the gown, on account of its protuberant sleeves, but I seldom found that I desired any such outer covering, for the gown was very thick and warm—too warm indeed when summer came round. There was no sort of cap attributed to the costume, and in College or playing field we went head-bare; when 'leave out' into the town or otherwise far afield was granted the junior wore a straw hat—very incongruous with the rest of our archaic garb. But prefects had bowler hats, an ensign of dignity which they were careful to don on all occasions, even in Chamber Court, where no small boy could appear covered. The effect when worn with the gown was even

more absurd than that of the straw hat of the inferiors, particularly ludicrous when a self-admiring prefect adorned his 'bowler' with the coloured ribbon of some athletic distinction. On Sundays, however, all ranks had to wear tall silk hats—those of the juniors generally in a very battered state—for the morning defilade of the whole foundation to join in Matins at the Cathedral—a custom prevalent ever since Wykeham's day. Hence a silk hat was in the school vocabulary always called a 'Cathedral'.

Mr. Awdry, when he had taken me over from my father's charge, led me across the court to 'Seventh Chamber' to which, in my absence, I had been assigned, when the rolls were drawn up at the opening of term. He then formally assigned me to the Senior Prefect, who in a somewhat grumpy manner told me that I should take up the duties of 'second junior' in Seventh, when I had got through a fortnight of instruction in my responsibilities. I was shown a vacant set of 'toys'—as the things were called—a combination of bookshelves above, a smooth flap for writing-desk in the middle, and three drawers below. The hour was that of 'Toy-time' when preparation for to-morrow was afoot. There were some fifteen other sets of 'toys' around the walls, at which boys of all ages were reading or writing. In the middle of the spacious chamber were five small tables, for the prefects of Seventh and Ninth Chambers. I must explain that 'Ninth' was a newly established institution, which had a dormitory but no sitting-room attached to it. So the inhabitants of Ninth had been drafted on to the ample space of 'lower Seventh' for the day, and only went to their sleeping room on the third storey after evening chapel and 'lights out below'.

The big chamber was rather ineffectually lighted by candles—each boy had one tallow candle, the prefects two composition candles. Fixed in a lofty position was a single long rushlight, named 'functor' by school tradition, in a broad flat candlestick. It was a sort of totem rather than a source of illumination, but I suspect that in Wykeham's day it had been the only light in the Chamber at nights.

I settled down to my toys with a very lonely feeling—plunged into the middle of a new world of what was obviously a peculiar sort. There was only one individual in the school whom I knew by sight, the two boys in College who came from my Malvern preparatory school had both left before I joined it. So I only recognized F. A. T. Phillips—our parents were old acquaintances

at Cheltenham. He happened to be in the chamber, and moved by my forlorn appearance, whereupon he came over to my toys and gave me the end of a bag of nuts which he had been discussing. This was an act of real kindness, which I have never forgotten.

My impressions of what College would be like were soon fixed by a terrifying incident. Not long after the Second Master had gone off, a gruff voice from one of the five prefects' tables which stood in the middle of the large chamber, broke the silence with 'Bradshaw come here.' A boy of fourteen who was sitting at one of the toys near me, scrambled out with some signs of uncomfortable expectations. 'Look how that faggot is burning, which you put on,' said the voice, and then 'Bend over!' The unfortunate Bradshaw, who had been told to throw a faggot on the hearth some time back, had to recognize that the stout bundle of twigs and thick boughs had been entirely consumed at one end, and had never lighted up at the other. He meekly bent over, and received four swinging slashes from a ground ash on the softest part of his body from the prefect. After which he returned ruefully to his toys.

Not long after the bell tolled for a very short service in the Chapel, conducted by the Second Master, after which each boy picked up his impedimenta from his toys, and betook himself upstairs to the dormitories—the five fags bearing in addition to their own small gear such property belonging to their prefects as would be wanted for the night. For the prefect could sit up to any hour that he pleased after the juniors had gone to bed, and generally required a pile of books, an inkpot, and his candlesticks, to be taken to his bedside. Perhaps also some comestible luxuries, for prefects, in their late sitting up, used generally to boil for themselves a cup of chocolate or tea, and consume a biscuit or two.

The newly-elected scholar, on joining up, was always put in charge, for a fortnight, of the boy of the next roll above him, whose duties he was taking over. In that fortnight his predecessor had to instruct him in all the rules and customs of the College administration, to explain to him his precise duties as a fag, and (what was not least important), to teach him the strange stock of 'notions', as they were called, which formed the local vocabulary. These included not only some archaic words, survivals from the Founder's day, and some useful slang synonyms

for places and customs with which the scholar was in daily contact, but a number of arbitrary adjectives, verbs, and substantives of uncertain and probably quite modern origin, which a self-respecting Wykehamist was always expected to use when conversing with his fellows, such as *brum* (impecunious), *spree* (impudent), to *thoke* (to be idle), to *splice* (to throw), a *jig* (a talented person), a *pitch-up* (a family), a *hollis* (a round stone), and so forth. But the worst part of this enforced vocabulary was a set of nicknames for persons and places some of which one met every day, while others one never saw in the course of a year's life, such as *Homo Volucris*, the butler of the Warden of New College, who always hung up the Election Roll after the midsummer examinations, *Semper Testis*, the solicitor who accompanied the Governing Body—a sort of notary I suppose—or *Arethusa*, a pond somewhere on the downs. We were even supposed to know that the Warden's horse was called *Pegasus*. The absurdity of the system may be gauged from the fact that 40 per cent of the 'notions' which I found in an old 'notion book' of the 1840s, were obsolete by 1872, while 40 per cent of those in which I was examined in 1872 were obsolete by 1890. When the newly-entered scholars had received their fortnight's instruction, and took on their duties as fags, they were put through an examination in this absurd terminology, and were subject to corporal punishment if they proved insufficiently informed. It rested with the examiner whether the examinees were asked reasonable and easy questions, or far-fetched obsolescent and difficult ones, relating to unfamiliar things which the examinee, only a fortnight after his admission, could not possibly have seen. In my own case, as will be seen anon, my examiner was merely looking out for an excuse for giving corporal chastisement, which he loved to inflict on every possible occasion.

I ought, of course, to have been assigned to a boy of the next senior year to myself for training in my duties as a fag and my language as a Wykehamist. But my senior prefect chose to argue that as I had come up some weeks late, and my predecessor as 'second junior,' had already instructed one boy of the 1872 roll, I should be handed over not to him, but to one of my own contemporaries of the junior class, who had only 'come into course'—as we called it—a fortnight back. This, I think, was purely perverse and irrational—obviously a boy who had been only six weeks in the school could hardly be considered a competent

instructor. However he did his best—to poor effect, as will be seen.

I must confess that my first month at Winchester was a time of pure misery. It was not merely that the food was infinitely worse than I had been accustomed to at my preparatory school, but that there was so little of it. After morning school (7) and morning chapel (7.30), we had at eight o'clock a breakfast consisting on three days of the week of only tea and bread and butter. On the other four days there were salt herrings ('whales' we called them), sausages, or an egg apiece. Now when a boy had got up at 6.15 this was insufficient nourishment for him, when he had three hours of school (9-12), and one of compulsory football (12-1), to come. By dinner time at 1.15 one was completely done up. If dinner had been a satisfactory meal it would not have been so bad: the drink was small beer: the meat frequently consisted of enormous joints of underdone beef, carved at the centre table in Hall by some careless old servants who hacked at them in the most unsatisfactory fashion. I often received as my portion gory shapeless gobbets of such a repulsive appearance that I could not bring myself to touch them. Indeed I can well remember having gone for many days in succession living on the potatoes which accompanied the beef, and the bread and cheese which followed it. The only way to keep alive was to buy a sausage-roll or a meat pie at the College pastrycook's tray. 'La Croix's boy' was allowed to come into 'School Court' at twelve o'clock, and fortunately kind relatives always kept me well supplied with pocket money.

The bad and repulsive serving of meals was mainly due to the senility of a very aged Bursar, who was supposed to be in charge of the commissariat. He seldom or never looked into Hall at meal-times, and met any complaints which a much-presuming junior might dare to lay before him, with a remark that boys had grown fastidious, and that arrangements were much better than they had been in his own day. This last statement I believe to be perfectly true—I have come upon several notices of the absolute starvation diet in College in the early Victorian time. After one's rather Barmecidal dinner, there were some more hours of school to look forward to, and then tea-supper which was the same as breakfast, minus the incidental herrings or sausages which sometimes diversified the latter. But we were allowed to eke out our bread and butter with jam, marmalade, or bloater paste, supplied

from our own private stores. For the later evening hours of 'books-chambers'—sitting at one's toys till chapel-time preparing the work of to-morrow—the wise provided themselves with bags of mixed biscuits or even (when funds were forthcoming) with a cake which would last over several days.

But the change on to the abominable diet provided in College was the least of my woes during my first month at Winchester. The actual school-hours were quite easy for me : I had been put, with all the other boys of twelve of the new roll, into 'Middle Division Middle Part' where the whole scheme of work was no more advanced than I had been accustomed to at my preparatory school. I got duly promoted into 'Senior Division Middle Part' at the end of my first term. But the hours not spent in school were a perfect nightmare to a scared little convalescent, with no flesh on his bones, and not a single acquaintance among his contemporaries. I had suffered a considerable disadvantage by coming up four weeks late, and not starting my new life at the same time as the other first-year juniors, who had begun to feel their way about before I came on the scene.

In a very few days I realized that I had chanced into the middle of a perfect nightmare of thoughtless cruelty, such as I now know has been seen at other times in other schools. A head-master of my acquaintance quoted to me, long after, a similar outbreak in another great school. One may call it 'sadism'—instinctive love of the power to hurt—or one may call it megalomania—unconscious desire to exhibit one's own power and importance. But there is no doubt that a number of the prefects of that year were using their right to inflict corporal punishment on juniors not only for offences which, though trivial, were still offences, but for gratuitous pleasure. The ground ash was being used all day every day on any sort of excuse. When the scandal of which I have to tell was exposed, and the astonished Head Master ordered statistics to be drawn up of the amount of cases of thrashings having been administered during the second half of September, the month of October, and the first days of November, it was found that a hundred and seventy had been inflicted in College, mostly on the fifteen boys of the new roll of 1872, during six weeks. Hardly any of these were for serious offences against discipline or wilful disobedience.

I may cite my own experiences as typical, though I only had a fortnight of the real sadistic régime owing to my late arrival in

College. When my fortnight of tuition under my instructor in notions and fagging duty was over, my senior prefect called me up out of bed after evening chapel, and informed me that he was going to put me through the regulation examination in notions. He asked me one simple question, which I could solve, then another about the proper designation of a place which I could never have had occasion to visit, and then a third as to what was the nickname of the College organist, whom I had never seen or heard of—of course I was aware that *somebody* must be making these harmonious noises on the organ. When I acknowledged my ignorance he declared me ‘croppelled’ or ‘ploughed’, made me bend over, and administered six cuts of the ground ash. They hurt: he was nineteen, I twelve, and little better than a convalescent. He then declared that my notion-tutor had taught me badly, had him forward, and gave him three cuts for inefficiency.

This was tyrannical but my next experience of the ground ash was, I think, an even worse exhibition of gratuitous injustice. I was walking across Meads when a prefect, not of my own chamber, called me up, and gave me his gown, directing me to hang it on the peg by his bed in one of the ground-floor chambers. I knew his chamber and duly hooked up the garment at the head of one of the two prefects’ beds at the end of the room. It was, of course, quite impossible for me to know which bed belonged to which of the two prefects, in a chamber which was not my own. An hour later, just before dinner, the owner of the gown called me up, informed me that I had put it in the wrong place, as he was the senior and not the junior prefect in that chamber, and inflicted on me four cuts for ‘disobedience to orders’. I can parallel this with another case which happened to a friend: he was directed to go to a strange chamber, and to bring down a football which was upon the prefect’s bed. He came back in five minutes to report that there was no football there. ‘Liar! then it must have been under my toys’ said the prefect, and gave him the usual thrashing.

I only had four interviews with the ground ash myself during the fortnight when I had ‘come into course’, and before the advent of the Commission of Enquiry which put an end to the system. Two I have described: the third was for placing the chocolate-boiler of the prefect for whom I was fagging on the end of the ‘conduit’ (washing basins) near his seat, instead of on his

table. The fourth was for dropping a pile of his books—very likely I *had* been clumsy in carrying them. But my personal experiences were nothing compared to those of some of my contemporaries. The cleverest boy on the roll—he became head of the sixth form long before his time—and died quite recently as an Oxford professor—was unfortunate enough never to have been to school at all before he got his scholarship. He had been brought up at home by his father, a clergyman, who had been a missionary to the Jews, and he had no knowledge whatever of the ways of other boys, or of the theory of fagging. Naturally he was absolutely incapable of carrying out the multifarious duties of a fag, and was always in trouble. He got fourteen turns of chastisement where I had only four. I happened once to be sent on an errand into the chamber where he was billeted, on the night when he was having his regulation hot bath. His body showed a really dreadful criss-cross of blue and black weals.

This fortnight in the last days of October and the first of November 1872 has left on my memory the most perfect impression of long-continued terror that I have ever known. And it had the same effect on others: I remember one of my contemporaries, a stolid boy in most matters, who devised the plan of lurking in the gallery of the fives-court for every minute when he was not absolutely compelled to be either in school or at his compulsory games; for he argued that every moment that he was free to meet a prefect meant a probable taste of the ground ash, since he never seemed able to carry out exactly the orders given him—whether because he was dull, or because prefects seldom condescended to express themselves with perfect lucidity, and expected a junior to do what they meant and not what they said. The story about the football, which I have told above, well illustrates this.

A contemporary of mine, E. T. Cook—he was destined to become a considerable man of letters—wrote five years later, with bitter sarcasm, ‘One feature I most specially notice and that was the absolute impartiality with which the College prefect administered his punishments. Not only was he no respecter of persons, but he was no respecter of offences either. He could see beneath appearances, and recognize the same gross insubordination alike in an imperfectly cleaned “boiler” and a dishonest act—in an uncaught catch at cricket down Meads and in a breach of school discipline. The other feature on which I must lay stress was the

College prefects' unselfishness and lofty aims. Cannot the ungrateful junior realize that nothing but an unselfish desire to keep him out of mischief could induce prefects to play, day after day, amid the derision of bystanders, what must, I suppose, have been intended for cricket. The prefect really did believe that he was doing the junior a favour when he admonished him "practically" for being slow in lighting a faggot, or threw a boot at him for nothing.'

It was not even possible to play football in 'Junior Game' without fear of corporal punishment. One prefect of my first year watching the small boys at play, and noting one who committed the irregularity of 'tagging', i.e. touching a ball which had already been touched by one of his own side, had him up after the game and gave him a licking. This was considered, even by the public opinion of that day, to be abnormal.

I wrote home to my parents at three successive week-ends that I was not at all a happy boy at present, and gave them an anecdote or two of the things that I had seen or suffered. The result was, not unnaturally, that they ran across from Cheltenham for a space, and took lodging in Eastgate Street, where I could visit them on Sundays, and explain my woes. My father was singularly enraged at the tale—and no wonder.

Just after my parents had come to Winchester, the explosion occurred which put an end to the 'Reign of Terror'. The incident which made our miseries common property, and secured for the school an unhappy prominence in the newspapers, chanced to take place in Commoners and not in College. The tale is worth giving as showing the mentality of the prefects of 1872.

It pleased the wisdom of a meeting of Commoner prefects to resolve that 'Notions Examination' was not being conducted with sufficient vigour, and that many boys in all classes of the school were insufficiently versed in the sacred vocabulary. Wherefore an examination was ordered, to which not only the juniors of the last year were summoned, but all 'inferiors', i.e. all below the status of a prefect.

The 'Village Hampden' of Winchester was a boy named William Macpherson in Turner's House. He was seventeen, had reached the senior division of Fifth Book, and would in the order of things have been a prefect himself in 1873. In later life he was a very distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service. Being a person with strong views as to precedent and legality, he

informed the senior Commoner prefect J. D. W., that he claimed exemption from 'Notions Examination' as a very senior 'inferior', and that those of his age and status had never been subject to this test, which was usual for juniors only. The senior prefect reiterated his order to Macpherson to present himself for examination before a meeting of Commoner prefects. This sturdy young Scot presented himself and again pleaded his right of exemption. The prefect thereupon ordered him to apologize for having refused to submit to be examined. When Macpherson refused to make any apology, and replied that he was exercising a well-known privilege of persons of his standing, after some unseemly altercation, in the presence of the other prefects, J. D. W. inflicted on him no less than thirty cuts across his shoulders; breaking five ground ashes in the process. Such a 'tunding' had never been heard of before—but this was intended to be a lesson to 'inferiors', even of the most senior standing, not to question the authority of prefects. From Macpherson's letter to his father, published shortly after, we know that he was pretty severely knocked about, but being a sturdy lad he was able to play football, if somewhat stiff, three days after.

Incensed at what he regarded as a perversion of justice and an abuse of authority, the victim of this cruelty wrote a narrative of it to his father, which those who have read his letter can only regard as a very manly and cool-headed account of the whole incident. No part of it was ever alleged to be over-stated—it was the injustice that rankled not the thirty stripes. Wildly incensed at the story, Mr. Alan Macpherson wrote an angry protest to the Head Master, and one of his friends, R. Maude, an old Wykehamist, sent a stinging letter to *The Times*, on the arbitrary use of the ground ash, quoting Macpherson's case at full length. This was the first that Dr. Ridding had heard of the tunding; the prefects had kept it dark. He replied to Mr. Alan Macpherson that on a point of school discipline, such as this, any boy had a right to appeal to the Head Master, and that his son ought to have done so at the prefectorial meeting. As a constitutional point prefects had jurisdiction over all inferiors, but this was a case of an exceptional sort, which ought to have been referred to himself, and the tunding had been unnecessary and irrationally severe.

Mr. Maude's letter was followed up on successive days by other letters to *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, from parents

giving details of what their sons had been suffering of late,¹ Cases were quoted both from College and from Commoners in conclusive detail. Some of these communications were from old Wykehamists giving effective witness to acts of arbitrary cruelty of which they themselves had been victims or witnesses.

This deluge of angry letters brought to the knowledge both of the Head Master and of the Governing Body of the School the brutality that was going on without their cognizance. Dr. Ridding compelled the senior Commoner prefect to make a personal apology to Macpherson in public, a bitter humiliation, and also delivered an allocution to the body of prefects concerning abuse of power and cruelty. He also ordered the compilation of statistics as to the amount of corporal punishment that had been inflicted that term, both in College and in Commoners. Every junior in College was called to Sixth Chamber, and told to inform the Prefect of Hall how many times he had been beaten. I well remember testifying to my own four misadventures. Three of these were taken down as 'neglect of duty', the fourth as 'failure to pass Notions Examination'. I believe that the total figure of the thrashings terrified even the prefects themselves who had administered them. Certainly they startled the Head Master: the Second Master, in whose close proximity all this cruelty had been going on, confessed that he had not the slightest notion of its existence.

There was a considerable outcry in the newspapers for the expulsion from the School of the senior prefect who had so mis-handled Macpherson. This course Dr. Ridding refused to take, and got much criticism thereby. He urged not only that J. D. W.'s career would be broken, but that he had been acting all through under the direction of the majority of the prefectorial meeting, and was rather the executioner than the unjust judge. He had been urged on by others, who insisted that a very striking example must be made of an 'inferior' who had flouted prefectorial authority. Dr. Ridding observed in an explanatory letter which he sent to *The Times* that the senior prefect was in ordinary circumstances not a tyrant but 'a good and gentle boy'—a phrase which elicited some derisive expressions of surprise among outsiders.

The Governing Body at its next meeting approved the Head

¹ I have the file of them, for my indignant father collected all the cuttings and pasted them into a scrap book, which is still in my possession.

Master's action, and uttered a rather mildly worded ukaze, which expressed its entire disapproval of corporal punishment by prefects for 'minor offences', and reiterated the full right of the 'inferior' to appeal to the Head Master whenever he considered himself threatened with unjust stripes. The action of the prefectorial meeting which had led to Macpherson's 'tunding' was condemned as a matter of course, being 'an injudicious and irritating attempt to enforce their authority', and 'the objectionable practice of the examination in "Notions" should not be allowed to continue'.

The martyrdom of 'tunded Macpherson' as he was called for the rest of his school career, not only brought about his own vindication, but the delivery of all his contemporaries from a reign of terror. The Head Master at once prohibited all that he called 'minor punishments' with the ground ash, i.e. it was never to be used save for moral offences or gross and deliberate disobedience. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect of the 'Tunding Row' on the daily life of a small boy in College. For the rest of my time of fagging my senior prefect could only snarl at me when he was pleased to disapprove of my service. His ground ash was idle. Indeed he reminded me of Giant Pope in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, who had grown so effete that he could only gnash his teeth at the passing Christian. Yet reasonable discipline was not in the least impaired, and the fag took his duties for granted, and discharged them without there being the least need for daily thrashings. When I became a prefect myself, five years later, I never even possessed a ground ash—much less thought of using one.

It still remains a psychological problem to me why this wave of Sadism swept over the prefects of 1872. Many of the habitual dispensers of chastisement became quite ordinary people when their power to inflict corporal punishment was taken away. Apparently there some idiotic idea that 'juniors' were becoming 'spree'—i.e. impertinent, and that the keeping up of prefectorial dignity depended on the frequent use of the stick—a notion which was as absurd as it was immoral. But I fear that to some prefects it was not megalomania that was the motive power, but that same pleasure in inflicting pain which inspired the too-celebrated Marquis de Sade in the reign of Louis XV. I am sure that this was the case with my own particular fag-master.

IV

DAILY LIFE IN WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1873-6

AFTER the Head Master and the Governing Body had put an end to the 'Reign of Terror' in College, life ceased to be absolutely unbearable. My parents, who had been thinking of taking me away from the School altogether (as had many other parents), during the month when the newspapers were advertising the 'Tunding Row', told me to 'grin and bear it', if a real change in the régime had now supervened.

And I may say that it had : the prefects were on their good behaviour, and the Second Master who had been so entirely ignorant of what was going on under his windows in Chamber Court, went away to a canonry somewhere, and was replaced by the worthy George Richardson, a burly North Country mathematician with a real affection for small boys, in which his genial spouse even surpassed him. 'Dick', as we called him, was a true friend to every junior, and a person from whom wise advice could be sought, without any feeling that one was sinning against the code of schoolboy reticence. And Mrs. Richardson was a sort of second mother to us all : we drank her tea, ate her excellent cakes, and confided to her all our little ambitions and grievances. She knew everything that was going on in College, and never used her knowledge unwisely, or caused mischief between prefects and 'inferiors', or betrayed a confidence. Like all my contemporaries I owe her a kindly thought every time that I revisit Winchester, and pass by the door that I knew so well, on the stairs between Fifth and Sixth Chambers.

It must not be thought, however, that the abolition of the wholesale use of the ground ash, day in and day out, was sufficient to make life pleasant or easy to the College junior. The food remained as bad as ever, and had to be supplemented by private purchase at La Croix's shop, or by hampers from home. I remember that on one day in the summer of 1873 'Junior End' in Hall found itself served with hunks of cold beef in which we discovered smallwhite maggots crawling. A deputation, greatly daring, sent in a plate of this horrid stuff, vainly expecting that it would rouse attention and perhaps cause indignation to fall upon

the careless old carving-men at the central table, who had passed it out for consumption. We only got a decided improvement in diet when, after the days of the old Bursar had ended, a custom was introduced that a master (it was E. D. A. Morshead in my day) should regularly take his mid-day meal on the dais in Hall. I have always suspected—perhaps unjustly—that the carvers got some profit either from having large masses of surplus meat left upon their hands after the repulsive dinner, or else from coarse and inferior joints being served to us, and charged to the senile Bursar as prime beef.

But one succeeded in surviving somehow. I shall never forget the change from semi-starvation to plenty which used to prevail, in my own case, when there arrived the terminal hamper from my good grandmother Chadwick, a most regular benefactress. It always contained a large ham, some Melton Mowbray pies, a cake, and some of those curious flat-topped shallow pots, with pictorial lids, in which bloater paste or anchovy paste used to be sold. The hamper was put in safe custody in the 'hatch' and one shared its luxurious contents for some days with one's nearest friends at 'junior end'. In return we partook of theirs when they were in luck. But not all boys got hampers! So the contract was in many cases 'unilateral'.

The fagging was pretty hard, though it no longer took place under the perpetual sanction of the ground ash. There were some of my tiresome duties of which I still retain a distasteful memory. My prefect used the same 'boiler' for making milk-chocolate, to which he was addicted at nights, and for hot shaving-water. He was proud of an incipient beard. It was a most tedious job to get the interior of the vessel cleaned from the sticky chocolate, when it had to be used for shaving-water on the next day. The process consisted in scraping off the sediment with a knife, and then rinsing out the boiler again and again with such hot water as could be procured. In spite of my efforts the shaving-water sometimes showed a pale chocolate hue—whence came oburgations, but no longer stripes.

Another difficult job was to provide the three baths for the three prefects of Seventh Chamber every day before 'morning lines'. The 'Junior' and 'Second Junior' in Chambers—in this case myself and C. H. Turner, destined to be a life-long friend and colleague at Oxford—had to see that the junior prefect washed betimes, so that we could empty the bath, refill it, and

transfer it to the bedside of the second prefect. And when he had splashed through his ablutions we had to empty and fill again, and have the bath ready for the senior prefect, who must be given ample time to wash and dress before 'morning lines' began at 7 o'clock. If either of the junior prefects was tired or sleepy, and did not rouse himself promptly, the whole time-scheme grew belated, and the juniors got the blame. Our main difficulty was that the large flat baths had to be emptied down the sink of 'Conduits', which was some three feet or more above the level of the floor. The two juniors had to lift the bath, full of dirty water, between them to that height in order to empty it down the conduit. This was difficult to manage, both because the bath and its contents were heavy, and because Turner and I were not at all level in size, he being short while I was rather lanky. Hence much spilling of dirty water both over the floor of Upper Seventh Chamber, and over our own trousers. There was very scant time for one's personal toilette when the three baths had been provided, and I often went into 'morning lines' with my feet and ankles very damp and my boots 'squelching'.

The part of fagging that consisted of cookery did not give me very much trouble, as I was fairly neat-handed in that line, and achieved an early competence. The most tedious task was that of preparing trenchers of toasted cheese or of grilled mashed potatoes for one's prefect's supper. We had to cut thin slices of bread, and to cover them with still thinner slices of cheese, all adapted to the square regulation trenchers. One had then to expose the trenchers, balanced on one's hand, to the glowing fire of the large stove in the centre of Hall. If properly handled the cheese melted into the bread, and the whole was fused into one pleasant amalgam: but careful handling was necessary to secure that one side of the trencher was not scorched, and the other only partially browned. So too with the frying-pan containing the prefect's mashed potatoes on other nights—perpetual turning before the blazing fire had always to be going on.

In Chamber-cookery, which consisted mainly in preparing either chocolate or porridge late at night, it was not the making of the prefect's mess which was difficult, but the cleaning of the 'boilers' next day. Both porridge and chocolate have a horrid way of clinging to the sides of the vessel in which they have been prepared. It may be worth while to mention the primitive fashion in which the prefects' knives were cleaned. We took

them to the side of Chamber Court under the wall of Chapel, and thrust them into the narrow edges between the large flag-stones, working them up and down till they were polished by attrition. This tended to the early wearing out of the knives, but was also a nuisance to the fag when it chanced to be raining or snowing. To have to work in a bent position in the wet tended to lumbago.

'Chamber Sweat', as we used to call it, was not on the whole such a burden as the pseudo-athletic fagging to which we were liable in what were supposed to be recreation hours. In the winter six juniors were told off every morning to 'kick in' at the senior football game in 'College Canvas'. Winchester football, as is generally known, was played between two long partitions or screens, consisting of high iron posts with a network of stout cord laced in lozenge-pattern between them. This prevented the football from going out of bounds, unless kicked very high. But in every game the ball does go too high pretty frequently, so on each side of 'canvas' as the arena is called, three juniors were stationed, whose duty it was to retrieve and return the ball promptly whenever it came over the top. This watching out was hard work in December, when the rain or sleet was intermittent. We should all have perished by pneumonia if it had not been the custom for the prefects who were playing to come down with horse-cloths or ulsters over their football kit, and to hand them over for custody to the juniors who were 'kicking in'. The small boy threw an ulster or perhaps a couple of horse-rugs over his shoulders, and sometimes even donned a prefect's bowler hat. This protected him from the cold, but did not render his movements any the more easy. We presented rather grotesque little figures to the observer. When, at the time of the great 'Tunding Row' the London papers sent correspondents down to Winchester to get 'local colour', I remember being sketched by the artist of *The Graphic* in this queer garb, which made one look like a bundle of old clothes.

But 'kicking in' at football was nothing like so objectionable a part of fagging as fielding for prefects at their cricket practice in the summer. Every senior prefect had the right, if he chose to exercise it, of requisitioning six 'inferiors' to watch out for him. As the number of juniors in College was very small compared with that of prefects, this tiresome *corvée* continued to fall on every one for several years after his entry into the school. Indeed, cases

were known where scholars in their fourth year, and in the sixth form, were seen fielding out for prefects whose cricket was a lamentable exhibition, and who only exercised their privilege as a matter of self-assertion. This used to cause much heart-burning, and was the cause of some indignant letters from 'sixth form inferiors' to the *Wykehamist* in 1873-4. It may be amusing to quote one, indited by E. T. Cook, two years my senior, and destined in his day to be the greatest journalist in London.

'Though they objected to cricket while they were "inferiors", when they are made prefects they begin to play, and to have men to watch out for them, with the object ostensibly of "keeping juniors out of mischief". They play without the slightest desire to acquire either skill or science. At one end of Meads may be seen a prefect, with about six men "down" to him, hitting powerfully, if not scientifically, at each ball, to the imminent peril of any one within fifty yards of him. Opposite may be seen the exact reverse of this muscular individual—one who with an equal lack of science, but a total absence of power, fails miserably in every over to prevent his stumps from being prostrated. Of course six men are "down" to him too, but as the ball generally avoids his bat, or vice versa, they are of no use whatever.'

This is a perfectly true picture, and by no means exaggerated. I imbibed a perfect loathing for cricket by fielding out for three summers for a set of duffers, who only wanted to be given easy balls to 'swipe'. Several times I was badly bruised from behind, while fielding for one prefect with my back to the pitch of another, a powerful and erratic hitter. The batsmen were much too close together, they had no nets, and one could only keep one's attention on the play of the particular prefect for whom one was 'watching out'. I have often marvelled that no one was ever killed by getting a ball on the back of his head, slogged with full force by some tall fellow only twenty yards behind him. The maddening part of this servitude was that it confiscated the best hours of a half-holiday afternoon—the only limit was that no 'inferior' could be requisitioned for more than two hours on the same day. It was not till one's third or even one's fourth year that one escaped from this time-wasting boredom, and had some chance of using one's few leisure hours to better profit.

When I at last got free from the tyranny of compulsory athletics I could at least treat myself as an intelligent being, with personal likes and dislikes, and not as an unwilling and reluctant

cog in a soul-destroying machine, whose object seemed to be to destroy all chance of utilizing leisure, to no profit that I could discover. What was the use of trying to make me an indifferent football player, and a hopelessly incompetent cricketer? I had a dozen better ways of using my time, but could not get the chance to take them.

It is curious that some reminiscences of early years stay in one's memory much more accurately than those of some eventful times in later age. I can reconstruct the life of a College junior of 1872-6 with extraordinary detail. It was, as I have already shown, a somewhat uncomfortable existence, owing to the survival of archaic methods and obsolete traditions. One's lodging arrangements were oddly varied according as one's lot was cast in one 'Chamber' or another. In Ist and IInd and Vth, the living-room and dormitory were the same; they grew stuffy as the evening drew on—but I do not in the least remember that we disliked the stuffiness or the comparative darkness of these medieval rooms. Indeed, we considered them snug and comfortable, and free from the drawback of having to shift at night to another somewhat distant room, which had been shut up in the day, and was generally very cold. This was the case with those who dwelt in the Chambers VI, VII and IX, where the occupants had to move their impedimenta upstairs at closing time—the fags bearing their prefects' books, candlesticks, and culinary apparatus—sometimes a heavy burden insecurely wrapped up in a tablecloth, and liable to come unpacked, to the wrath of the owner. When the juniors were in bed, and lights were theoretically 'out', the prefects would read by means of their candles, sometimes to a very late hour, and occasionally indulge in cryptic conversations with each other, which the junior's ear tried to catch, though he ought to have been asleep long ago.

In my early years the ration of illumination served out to juniors consisted of tallow candles in low circular candlesticks provided with snuffers. Prefects had 'composition' candles—one of their privileges. These snuffers were a source of trouble to 'junior in Chambers' who was supposed to be responsible for there being a pair attached to each tallow candle. In the course of term some of these black and greasy objects would disappear—it was then the pride of the efficient guardian to keep the number correct by 'scrooging' or purloining substitutes from another chamber—a task not without danger, as such raids were much

resented. It was, I think, in 1874 or 1875 that the tallow abominations, which wilted and broke in hot weather, were replaced by composition candles for every one, and the snuffers ceased to disappear and to circulate surreptitiously.

We did not clean our own boots, or make our own beds—these duties were discharged by two venerable and seedy men-of-all-work, named Bishop and Kemmish, the former tall, thin and rather red in the nose, the latter short and stocky. They must have got through a tremendous lot of work when seventy untidy boys had to be catered for. They were honest and obliging, if not over intelligent : but I suspect that they had curious realms of knowledge in the sphere of juvenile psychology, acquired while tidying out the places of boys some of whom were decidedly eccentric, and others incredibly careless. They had as a sort of perquisite the right to run messages within a limited area, after the great door of Chamber Court had been locked in the evening. Juniors might shout ‘ Bishop ’ or ‘ Kemmish ’ through the round hole in the door, and tender sixpences or shillings to be exchanged for biscuits, books or boot-laces, purchasable at the recognized official shops in College Street. This message-running was naturally remunerated—not on any very liberal scale I fear—for we were mostly ‘ brum ’, i.e. impecunious, from week to week. These two old myrmidons provided our only touch with the outer world after dark.

Outside their haunts were the outer gate and the porter’s lodge, occupied in my time by an incredibly aged and rotund porter. Most of his duty was really discharged by a series of under-porters, who by an inexplicable tradition took the names of the Minor Prophets in rotation. The Obadiah of my day succeeded to the senior portership, for which his girth exactly qualified him. Jonah, who followed him, was a much more distinctive person, a weather-beaten and rather wide-awake and wiry individual, who had served in the Confederate Army during the American Civil War, and gave one the impression of having seen something of the world. We had comparatively little, however, to do with the porters, save in the way of calling at the lodge, which always had a ‘ frowsty ’ smell, for letters and parcels, which were distributed from thence. The porters kept an eye on every one who passed in or out of the great door while it was open ; when it was shut they had to be roused by any one who was returning from a late ‘ leave out ’, or had occasion (as prefects

sometimes had) to go out late to visit officially one of the masters. Close to the porter's lodge, in the space between the inner and the outer gates, was the building named Edom, where boot-cleaning took place—so called from the Psalmist's exclamation, 'Over Edom will I cast my shoe'; it was screened from the view of the Warden, whose house lay opposite, by a clump of trees called 'Paradise'. The other side of this very grey and narrow court was occupied by rather grim and decayed buildings, once the College brewery, but now (I believe) transformed into a competent repository for a fine collection of books—a successor to the 'Moberly Library' of my day.

Other College dependents beyond the porter and the bed-makers were the choristers, whose duties were not merely musical but also menial. These twelve boys, aged from ten to fourteen or so, dressed in a suit of light grey and much-buttoned coat, waistcoat and trousers, were supposed to wait upon us in Hall, and did so with more or less ability. They were summoned by any one who required their services by a shout of 'querister' which was answered with more or less rapidity. But as there were seventy diners and only twelve choristers, a junior might shout for a long time before he received his potatoes, or his second plate. In old days, all the food, meat as well as bread-and-butter, used to be served on square wooden trenchers, without any raised edge, and quite incapable of holding gravy or any other liquid. But by my time trenchers were only used for breakfast and tea, and the mid-day meal was eaten in nineteenth-century and not in fifteenth-century style. The change came as late as 1870, I believe.

A less frequently seen group than the queristers were a collection of twelve old ladies, who came at certain fixed seasons in the spring and summer months to weed the College courts. This must have been from some medieval rule, I suppose, for no modern bursar could have devised the idea of this particular form of charity depending on service. They each brought a short and blunt knife, and a very low stool. Sitting on the latter they used the former for scraping up anything that might have grown between the flints or stones of the courts. As they were all aged, and all 'most withered and most wild in their attire'—Macbeth would have recognized them at once. They were known to us as 'Jack's Harem'—'Jack' being our octogenarian bursar, John Desborough Walford, the patron of all ancient servitudes. I

presume that their dole and duties must have gone back to the Founders' day.

Sanitary and ablutionary customs also derived, most obviously, from the fourteenth century, as those few who can remember the 'Chamber Court Foricas,' and 'Meads Foricas' with their purling streams, will at once recognize. Washing was a different matter for prefects and for juniors. The former had flat tin baths, which their fags had to fill with cold water every morning before the school round began—a hard matter (as I have said before) when there were three prefects, as in Seventh Chamber. But the inferiors bathed once a week in the evenings: over the fireplace in each chamber was pinned up a manuscript called '*Tò Πᾶν* Roll'—designating the night of the week in which each denizen of the Chamber was to cleanse himself. The function was performed in the middle of the dormitory floor in a flat tin bath, and hot water might be procured from two immense 'boilers'—gigantic saucepans, left by the fire. If there were more than seven 'inferiors' in a Chamber, the youngest might have no proper bath available, and was supposed to cram himself into a high oblong foot-bath called 'Toe Pan'—the jest formulated in the *Tò Πᾶν* manuscript over the fireplace. But in most Chambers the number of junior occupants was not more than the statutory seven, one for each day of the week. More perfunctory ablutions, in the middle of the day, after football or such-like perspiratory games, were performed at stonework basins built in a row, by the window or in the centre of the Chamber, called 'conduits'. The name was a survival from days earlier in the nineteenth century, when the over-heated washed themselves at an actual conduit in the open court, whatever the weather might be. There is a coloured print of this procession of candidates for the 'swill down' in the book by R. B. M. called *School Life of Winchester College*, giving a reminiscence of the 1840 period.

The common round of term was occasionally broken by some festivities of a more or less compulsory sort. One was College singing—a musical festival held at night, in my days first in School, with a nauseous brew called 'Egg Flip' to moisten our throats, but later in Seventh Chamber, which would hold almost the whole of the population of Chamber Court. Every junior was supposed to have mastered a certain number of songs of official sanction, and might be called upon to warble them. For this purpose it was necessary to possess a 'song book', transcribed in manuscript

from one of many originals afloat in College. I possess my own copy still, written in a very childish hand. It includes not only 'Domum,' the Wykehamists' national anthem, but a curious list of songs dating back to various periods of the early nineteenth century. Some are decidedly archaic, such as 'Soldiers Cheer' which relates to Wellesley's capture of Seringapatam, 'I likes my drop of good beer' which sings the praises of William IV, 'Three Jolly Post-boys', and 'Old Father Noah he built him an Ark'. Others are humorous songs of the Dickens and Thackeray period, celebrating 'Villikins and his Dinah', the 'Three Men of Bristol City', the misfortunes of Peter Gray, who was scalped by Red Indians, and the grim tale of the 'Workhouse Boy'. Others again were of the common stock of popular nineteenth-century songs, such as 'The Bay of Biscay', 'Bonny Dundee', and 'It's my delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year'. Having good lungs I rather enjoyed these festivities.

Not so another outbreak of exuberance, called the 'Buggy Hunt', which consisted in putting the smallest boys in College into boxes on wheels, and running them at full speed round Chamber Court after evening Chapel. Collisions might occur, and sometimes did, but I never saw any which caused serious injuries. But it was a silly game, and hard on the diminutive juniors selected as victims.

So much for public and licensed entertainments; but there were others which were certainly entertainments, but neither public in any official sense, nor licensed by any authority either of the masters or the prefects. I mean formal pugilistic encounters, to settle points of honour or old grudges—like the fight described in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The encounter of which I was, by chance, a deeply interested witness was, I believe, the last or one of the last of its kind at Winchester. The custom of serious bouts of fisticuffs between two boys of sufficiently close age and status to make a fight between them fair, was, I am told, quite common at Winchester in the 1850s, and not unknown in the 1860s. But it was dying out by the time that I went to College, and the very last encounter of the kind took place in 1874. These were not prize-fights, but cases where two boys of about the same standing had fallen out on a serious quarrel, and were anxious to punch each other's heads. The fight which I saw was held just inside 'New Field' and just outside the gate of Meads, very close under the wall which separates the two. The combatants were

both Commoners, but some of us College juniors had heard the rumour that 'fun was on'. I found about fifty or sixty boys in a circle below the wall, with at each end of it a 'second' or bottle-washer for one combatant, prepared with a towel and a sponge. The foes met for three rounds only, after which the second of one of them pronounced his man unable to continue—he had got much the worst of it in each round, and was bleeding profusely at the nose. This was considered a very poor fight, and certainly it was a very short one. The ring broke up, and repaired to morning school, leaving the vanquished pugilist to be mopped about and repaired as far as was possible by his friend with the sponge. The winner was a boy named Charrington from Southgate House—a stout-built fellow: the loser, one T——, was lighter, but had fancied himself as a boxer.

This was one of the very few occasions in which I found myself mixed with a large mass of 'Commoners'. The personal contact between the two halves of the school was singularly limited. We sat together in the classes, but otherwise saw nothing of each other. Naturally we never met out of school, for our eating and sleeping haunts were far apart, and all College athletics were conducted inside the stone walls of 'Meads', while all Commoner games were played in the more spacious bounds of 'New Field'. There were two of my 'preparatory school' acquaintances in Commoners, but I very soon lost all touch with them. Class exclusiveness was dominant, and friendship with one outside the tribe was rather disapproved than otherwise. It was only when a 'College man' got high in the school that he met contemporaries of the other tribe in the debating society, the rifle corps, or that rather miscellaneous body which interested itself in Natural History (or Archæology in a minor degree), called in common parlance the 'Bug and Snail'. Of course a very distinguished College cricketer might occasionally get into the School Eleven ('Lords') but this was not so very common. And collision with 'Commoner' or 'Houses' teams in the annual 'fifteens' and 'sixes' football contests, was rather a source of rivalry than of fraternization.

Nor did our Sunday procession to the Cathedral services lead to any touch with our non-College contemporaries, since our 'crocodiles' did not meet, but were naturally separate. These Cathedral services perhaps deserve a word of description. We marched in our tall silk hats in pairs to long rows of cane chairs

in the chancel of the vast fane, and listened to the sermons of a singularly uninspiring race of elderly clergy. There was a collection, which was sometimes the source of scandal, when the Dean hinted to the Head Master that too many buttons or lozenges were found in the bags. But what could be expected from boys with a weekly pocket-money allowance of precisely one shilling—called (I know not why) ‘battlings’.

The whole of the Cathedral clergy seemed to us astoundingly aged—and I think that they were far over the average even for canons. Some of them were almost senile, and I remember one who had a delusion that his nose was coming off, and often fixed it to his cheeks with two broad strips of black sticking-plaster, which gave him the appearance of a venerable tiger. Another had a regular rota of sermons, which we knew would recur after an interval; they were all punctuated with anecdotes easy to remember. When we heard the one which contained the ‘pious but bankrupt merchant’, we knew that the next one ought to be either ‘the merciful sergeant-major’ or the ‘treacherous Red Indian’. It was interesting to watch the trend of the discourse, with the purpose of discovering which of the familiar stories was about to point the moral and adorn the tale, and to see it looming in the near future as the trend of the discourse began to emphasize the particular Christian virtue which the anecdote would illustrate. The afore-mentioned canon was the last cleric that I can remember who habitually preached in a pair of lavender kid gloves—a custom that died out in mid-Victorian times.

This weekly sermon in the Cathedral was not the only one which we heard. At evening service in the College chapel the Warden, the Head Master, or one of the housemasters who was in orders—the majority were still clerics in 1875—would give us addresses more suited to a young audience than those which the Dean and Canons had delivered in the morning. The Head Master’s warnings were always in his particular incisive but involved phraseology, which we called ‘Riddingese’, sometimes a little hard to follow, but always profitable. The Warden’s sermons, on the other hand, were severely simple; he sometimes preached down to the meanest intelligence—one on the evil habit of getting into debt ended with ‘Er—and so you boys must always remember that you must not “go on tick” as you call it, or you may come to a bad end.’

During my first year in College we still worshipped in a chapel adorned with the glorious seventeenth-century wood-carving of Grinling Gibbons—high rows of desks, with smiling cherubs and swags of flowers and fruit upon the lofty ornate thrones for the Warden and Head Master at the west end, and dark panelling covering the walls. One of the last and most fatal results of the neo-Gothicism of the Oxford Movement was that Chapel was handed over to the tender mercies (which were cruel) of the egregious Butterfield. With the approval of the Governing Body he stripped away the panels, removed the lovely desks and thrones, and filled the nave with squat light oak benches, so low that they were not comfortable for any one over five feet in height. The walls were left bare and desolate. And when the ruin was accomplished, there were far too few seats, and the junior forms had to be separated from the majority of the School, and sent off to worship apart in the little chapel in Cloisters. The Governing Body made over the Grinling Gibbons carvings to an old Wykehamist in Dorsetshire for a very trifling consideration. Thirty years after they came upon the market, and changed hands for many thousands of pounds. This was an aesthetic crime !

I have nothing but pleasant memories of my many hours in Chapel, despite the discomfort of Mr. Butterfield's cramping benches. I learnt there an affection for regular and orderly worship—we were really very well behaved—and I remember no irreverence. The habit of fraternal and congregational prayer for a great institution appealed to my mind, and I acquired a habit of punctual church-going which has never left me. When I went to New College after six years at Winchester, I kept my chapels with perfect satisfaction, and never once condescended to take a 'roll-call' as a substitute for my due devotions. I confess that I did occasionally find the musical exercises of a well-trained choir a little tedious, when I wanted prayer and not vocal displays. Some people seem to think music a necessary accompaniment to worship—for my own part I never came on anything so reverent and impressive as the entirely plain service which we enjoy at All Souls College—long may it continue.

V

WINCHESTER, 1873-6. SOME UNHAPPY MEMORIES— SCHOLASTIC AND DOMESTIC

AS to my own school life during the first four years of my sojourn in College I must own that I was a very undistinguished member of our fraternity of seventy scholars. I believe that I was one of the most untidy of the class, my stiff curly hair usually far too long, my unbrushed gown often far too short. I had no great repute for initiative, though I moved up the forms in school-position regularly enough, till my last unlucky year, 1875, in Charles Griffith's division. On the athletic side I was obviously far below the average. Cricket I loathed, after much soul-destroying 'watching-out' for prefects in 'Meads'. With football I was not so entirely out of love—and served as one of the 'Captains of Junior Game' though I was never promoted to play in 'fifteens' as a College representative.

Later years have revealed to me what I did not suspect in 1873-6, that I am somewhat deficient in the rapid correlation of hand and eye, though both hand and eye taken apart are normal enough. It was this lack of quick reaction that in cricket made me both field and bat so unsuccessfully. In later life I found that it was the same with lawn tennis, fencing, golf, and shooting. But the deficiency did not prevent the accurate use of hands in drawing, mapmaking, carving, carpentry, and gardening, or of eyes for clear sight for any sort of observation. It was apparent only in quick and instantaneous motion, when my eye-judgment was always betrayed by my hand-action—or vice versa.

The boy who is absolutely useless in athletics is liable to get a marked 'inferiority complex' at his public school, where skill in games is always over-valued, and is wrongly supposed to have some connection with that mysterious quality 'leadership' so prized by schoolmasters. Certainly my inferiority in sport was a drawback and sometimes a source of humiliation, when I missed an obvious catch, or threw in a ball with erratic aim, or was bowled out in the first over in one of the compulsory 'Chamber matches', wherein I seldom made three runs.



CHARLES OMAN. AGED 14. A.D. 1874

Fortunately we in College had an 'intelligenza' among boys of all ages, a clique in which brains were the things esteemed, and not athletic prowess. I was never without allies of congenial tastes, ready for a long walk and a literary or archæological talk, or the exploration of old churches. C. H. Turner, my chamber-mate in my first term, and my constant friend through thirty years at Oxford, was my most usual companion. But there was another side of my activities and one in which Turner had no share. I was, when I could get out of College bounds, an enthusiastic birds' nester, fisher, entomologist, and I fear that I must add wilful trespasser. For a minatory notice on a woodside had always an unholy attraction for me, and suggested delightful thrills of evading gamekeepers. On some of these excursions G. E. M. Skues, a junior boy on my own 'roll', was a companion. He was primarily a fisherman, but had also the general eye for the countryside. I have covered long distances with him, in pursuit of the nests of rare birds, reputed to have been seen in the thick of 'Crab Wood' or in the marshy tracts far down the Itchen. If the excursion involved trespassing so much the better. Our athletic contemporaries rather despised ornithology, and had little respect for the piscatorial art, concerning which they sometimes composed tactless epigrams. Skues has become a mighty fisherman in riper years, and is the author of a delightful anglers' prize—*The Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream* and other books.

Altogether I was a very obscure member of the School for my first four years—I can only remember one incident which made me famous for a short moment. There was in those days a 'Derby Lottery' or sweepstake, open to all boys, however small, who could find a shilling. I drew in 1873 the horse 'George Frederick'; as he won the Derby I found myself in possession of about £7, 10s. in hard cash. I have never felt so rich in all my life—the sum was enormous for a boy of thirteen. Perhaps it may throw some light on my psychology, if I record that I put £3 of the money into the Savings Bank, spent £2 on Roman coins, and dispersed the balance in the purchase of comestibles for self and special friends, distributed over a period of several weeks. I must also record the fact that, having convinced myself that I had exhausted my luck, I never again put a penny on a horse for the whole of my remaining life!

Intellectual training in the lower forms at Winchester was non-

existent in my day. The curriculum was uninspiring, and most of the masters were classical scholars of the old type, who turned all their attention to grammar and syntax, and seldom asked a question outside the 'set books'. We did a little history, English, and Roman, from Dr. Smith's well-known black and red manuals, a little mathematics unintelligently taught, and, what is creditable to the school, and surprising for a date so far back as 1873-6, courses in elementary science, in electricity, physiology, and chemistry. These were interesting: not so the mathematics, for those who were not gifted with a mathematical brain. I shall never forget the tragic incompetence of my master in 1874. A Cambridge senior wrangler of unpractical habits, he was incapable of coherent instruction, and could never keep his form in order. They played catchball over his head, and several times set fire to the pile of torn-up exercises in the wastepaper basket by his desk.

But the great bulk of school hours was devoted to the old classical curriculum. I gradually discovered that I should never shine as a 'good scholar', as my interest in the books that we read was in their contents, not in the grammatical form of the words and sentences in which the narrative was contained. On the other hand, I could get hold of the sense of a passage more quickly than most people, and had generally read far ahead in any book beyond the place which the daily task had reached. Irregular verbs, and eccentric genders, declinations, or quantities in scansion were my stumbling blocks.¹ The first really intelligent master that I happened upon summed up my verse composition one day with 'these lines look decidedly like Latin, but unfortunately there are two false concords, and four false quantities in twenty lines'. And I do not think that he was far wrong. The fact was that when one had to translate English poetry into Latin hexameters and pentameters, there were often Latin words which exactly expressed the English sense, but which unfortunately had quantities which made it impossible to insert them in the line. If their syllabic length was convenient, I often utilized them—quantities or no. Latin verse composition indeed always seemed to me like a perverse jig-saw puzzle, in which one

¹ I suppose there is a similar 'kink' in my brain which makes me unable to remember algebraic formulae, telephone numbers, or motor-car numbers, or any meaningless conjunction of figures, though I can remember the list of Byzantine Emperors or the Departments of France easily enough, because they have some meaning.

had to use words that fitted into the pattern, rather than words which rendered the proper meaning.

Greek accents were another source of woe—many of them seemed to be purely irrational and arbitrary, and I contented myself with peppering them along my line of bad iambs in what seemed to me a plausible arrangement. Hence many red ink marks from the pen of the supervisor of my endeavours to emulate Euripides.

My revenge always came in the terminal examinations, when, having mastered the sense of all the set books, and having a ready command of English, I invariably came out much higher than my masters expected from my class work during the term. And if there were ever any 'subject matter questions' in a paper, I was able to dissert upon them from a considerable fund of general knowledge. For in my rare hours of leisure—a junior had not too many of them—I was an eager devourer of books of all sorts on classical antiquities and history, from Becker's pedantic *Gallus* and *Charicles*, to the solid volumes of Grote, or Langhorn's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. Why, by the way, was Plutarch—that most interesting of authors—never read in the school curriculum? I can only suppose that it was because he was supposed to belong to the 'silver age'—yet we did read Lucian, who (as dates go) was quite as silver as Plutarch.

My memory of the classical authors whom we studied seems to show some curious statistics. We read nearly all Virgil, and most of Horace, a large percentage of Livy, and a vast number of Cicero's ingenious and insincere orations, but no Tacitus, Juvenal, Plautus, Catullus or any of the minor Latin poets. Similarly in Greek we were kept very much to the dramatists and orators—by the end of my school time I had read five of Sophocles' seven plays, eight of Euripides', two of Æschylus', enormous screeds of Demosthenes (whom, like Cicero, I judged to be insincere), a good many dialogues of Plato, but no Thucydides, no Herodotus, no Aristophanes and no Homer. Possibly the dialectic peculiarities of Herodotus, the careless grammar of Thucydides, and the free and easy vocabulary of Homer were considered unfair for the younger aspirant to 'scholarship'.

When I had to face Homer in later years, his light-hearted way of dealing with words cost me many a wasted minute with the dictionary. If the well-known line

had been current in 1876, they would have had my hearty approval.

Polyphlosboisterous Homer of old, flung all his augments into the sea,
Although he had often and often been told, that perfect imperfects begin
with an E

‘What the Digamma does any one care!’ said the blind old bard with a
sightless stare,

And he sat him down by the wine-dark sea, and sang a new stave of the
Odyssey.

Despite of deficiencies in ‘pure scholarship’ I worked up the School at a good rate, till I came to Senior Division Fifth Book, and a master to whom my grammatical lapses were specially hateful. He never discovered my fund of general knowledge, or my interest in classical history and antiquities, for to him the literature of Greece and Rome was simply a sea of declensional, syntactical, or accentual conundrums. The pages which he most loved were those containing the irregular verbs in Wordsworth’s *Greek Grammar*, and his favourite exercise was to examine the class in the scansion of the choruses in the great tragedians. In Charles Griffith’s division I never had one hour of historical or literary instruction, and I never remember him asking a single question on the subject matter of a book. Sophocles and Livy might have been contemporaries, or Athens have stood in Asia Minor for all the geographical or political instruction that we got. And the text-books which we used seemed to have been selected mainly for their plethora of grammatical notes, and their lack of prefaces or appendices dealing with the author’s character, surroundings, or political bias.

I wasted four terms in Senior Division Fifth Book, so far as teaching went: any profit that I got from the time was from omnivorous and miscellaneous reading out of school hours, which ranged from the *Morte d’Arthur* to Harrison Ainsworth’s novels, and Creasy’s *Decisive Battles of the World*—stuff of no use in the classroom in 1876. It was to little profit that I regularly came out high in examinations—my weekly class-marks bore me down when the terminal promotion took place. Consequently so many of my contemporaries were passed over my head in this wretched period that I lost many places in College seniority, and never obtained any of the coveted College offices in my later years. There were one or two questions which Griffith seemed to reserve for my special affliction: the one that I remember best was the

query as to which tenses of the verb ἔημι were transitive and which intransitive. This demand had a sort of hypnotic effect on me—I knew that I was expected to go wrong—and always did so.

I owed my final escape from Charles Griffith's division to an ingenious psychological device. His one human side—if one may call it human—was a love of geology. I was a fair master of the pen and brush, and prepared a series of coloured maps of England's supposed outlines at various primæval epochs, glowing with highly coloured strata, and illustrated by drawings of ammonites, and pterodactyls, etc. This, sent in with my note book, seems really to have pleased Griffith. Instead of my terminal report bearing a disheartening 'loose and inaccurate, though he takes a good place in examinations' or 'not satisfactory, has good powers but is an extremely bad scholar, ignorant of the commonest rules',¹ I got at Christmas 1875 'shows some signs of improvement at last', and was permitted to pass up into Sixth Book, where I ought to have been a year before. This was a very unhappy epoch in my school life.

It chanced to be a most miserable period in my home-life also : all through the year my father was slowly dying of a most painful disease : he lingered on many months after the doctors had given him over. When school life had not been too happy, I had been fortunate enough in 1873 to find a refuge in domestic peace and comfort. When my parents' lease of the pretty little house in Cheltenham had run out, they had made the sacrifice of displacing themselves, and settling down in Winchester, where they could at least count on seeing me upon Sundays and Saints' Days. The move had been a wrench to both of them—more especially to my father, who had dozens of old Indian acquaintances in Cheltenham, and loved the smoking-room of the Club. At Winchester the society was almost exclusively clerical or military, and rather uninteresting and *borné*. However my parents made some good friends there, the second master and his wife were among the best of them. They discovered a very interesting if queerly-built domicile in St. Peter's Street, which I was to regard as 'home' from 1873 to 1878. Reared against the slope of the hill, and buttressed by two high-level terraces, which rose to the height of the drawing-room windows, the 'White

¹ I quote from my school reports, most carefully stored away by my parents, which still lie in my father's old bureau. I give literally the phrases above.

House' looked down on a long front lawn and a shrubbery. It had attached to it a very small four-roomed cottage, which I suppose had been occupied by a gardener, before great parts of the grounds had been cut away, to allow of the building of a Roman Catholic chapel, which ran along one side of the lawn. This empty cottage was assigned to me for my own particular messes and muddles. In the holidays I made all sorts of chemical and electrical experiments there, and did a lot of carpentering of a rough sort—especially the making of bar-frame beehives. For we started an apiary on one of the two terraces, and I grew quite expert, before I was seventeen, in hiving swarms, and taking sections of honey-comb from the 'supers', which the deluded bees were induced to fill in the early summer. I dabbled also in making plaster casts and gutta-percha moulds, as well as a great quantity of toffee on occasion, which no one but myself could be induced to touch.

The explanation of my day-long messes and experiments in the cottage was that I hardly ever got a change of air in the holidays, and spent summer and winter in the White House. The cause of this was the slow, but never ceasing, deterioration in my father's health. The periostitis from which he had already been suffering at Cheltenham had made walking a burden to him even before he moved to Winchester. He could, for the first year, hobble down to College Street or Meads, leaning heavily on his old Malacca cane, which I have inherited, and which now serves to prop my own rheumatic steps. In the summer of 1873 came our last turn abroad. But by 1874 walks had to be abandoned, and my father could only move about in a bath-chair or a carriage. Not only was the periostitis disabling his right leg ever more and more, but fits of ague became more frequent, and his once square-built form grew gradually emaciated.

In the summer of 1874 he made the last journey that he was to take—we lodged ourselves for three weeks in July at Sandown in the Isle of Wight. This place is well marked in my memory, not only by the fact that it was the last spot outside Winchester which my father was destined to visit, but by the chance that very familiar figures on the beach were the household of Crown Prince Frederic of Prussia—afterwards to be the tragic 'Emperor of the eighty-eight days' in 1888. He was making a long stay with his mother-in-law Queen Victoria at Osborne, and frequently dropped in to Sandown. He was a masterful figure in a dark

blue yachting suit, with a splendid auburn beard, majestic but benevolent. His spouse was notable for nothing but the extreme unobtrusiveness of her dress—which verged on the dowdy. Of his two sons, William, the future destroyer of the House of Hohenzollern and the Prussian monarchy, was a singularly ugly boy, with a rather discontented expression. The younger son, Prince Henry, was much better looking.

In the following year, 1875, my father's ulcerated right leg became so useless that he had to abandon the task of ascending and descending stairs, and confined himself to the first floor of the White House, where he could have his bedroom, study, and dining-room. He moved about between them in a mechanical chair, which he could propel and steer by the use of his hands. About the same time he had to drop one of his few luxuries—the familiar Indian cheroot was getting too strong for him, and he had to take to cigarettes. These were the first smokeables of that size I had ever seen : they had to be procured from London, as they were unfamiliar to country-town tobacconists. All were of Russian make, and furnished with long paper tubes by way of mouthpieces.

For a week or two in that autumn my kind and irrepressible great-aunt Jane Slee ran over to the White House, to give my mother (who was on the verge of collapse) a turn of comparative rest, by taking over household management. I shall always remember this visit from a grotesque incident. My aunt, as I have said before, was greatly addicted not only to occult studies, but to folk-lore of all sorts, and always ready to give practical examples of how things used to be done in the Middle Ages. There were some young fruit trees being planted in our front garden, which was open to general inspection from the barred door in St. Peter's Street. As I returned from an errand in the town, I noted that a little crowd was collecting outside our front gates, and pushing my way through discovered that the bystanders were watching my aunt dancing backwards seven times 'wither-shins' round each tree as it was planted, and chanting a charm. This, she assured me, was an infallible fifteenth-century receipt for making fruit trees take strong and early root. The sight of a dignified old lady playing these cantrips had collected a most interested audience—largely composed of errand boys. She probably did not notice them, or if she did was in no wise discomposed.

By the summer of 1875 my poor father was completely bed-ridden, even progress from room to room was impossible. My mother waited on him hand and foot for the whole time, and since there was no one to take me away, I spent all the holidays of that year in the White House, a witness to much daily misery. The periostitis in the right leg which had vexed my father for so many years began to infect other parts of his body, and ulcers broke out in several places. He was being dressed with ointment and lotions two or three times a day, and the smell of iodoform mixed with that of suppuration pervaded the whole house. I used to spend most of my time outside the radius of those unhappy odours, in the cottage at the bottom of the garden, making my usual messes, or reading a book from the family library, which was fortunately large and well chosen—I finished the whole of the Waverley Novels in 1875-6, not to speak of Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*.

How my mother fought through this time without complete collapse I cannot but marvel—but she held on till my father's death, and only then took to her bed in turn. My father died on February 18, 1876, many months after he had been given over by the doctors. He had a long agony of pain, for he was conscious to the end, though he could not even move himself in his bed. All who loved him could but regret his intense vitality, which fought so long against the inevitable. Term had begun in College a month before his death—each day one was fearing or hoping for the news that the end was at hand—but it was long delayed—though always impending as the one dominating certainty—a time of pure misery.

My father's funeral was the last that I can remember conducted in the full Victorian ritual, with tall hats swathed in long weepers of crape, and a formal distribution of black gloves to seldom-seen relatives, who came down from London to pay the last honours to one whom they had long given up as a hopeless invalid. The procession crawled up the hill to the lofty cemetery above the town in a bitter February cold, and then there was a dismal lunch to the departing kinsfolk. I can remember no more than the feeling of numbed sorrow. I slept one night near my poor mother, and then went back to College and the daily task—while she was left with all the unhappy *sequelæ* to face—the endless details, legal and financial, consequent on the administration of a will, which she nerved herself to go through. I was allowed to

come back each day to see her—I can hardly say to help her.

She survived my father for thirty-one years. In 1907 I laid her beside him at Winchester, on the same hill-top with the glorious view to the South, and under the same broad red granite stone.

VI

WINCHESTER, 1876-8. HAPPIER YEARS WITH DR. FEARON AND DR. RIDDING

MY last two and a half years in College were a complete contrast to my first three and a half—a most happy memory instead of a rather dreary one. The main reason was that for the first time since I entered the School I began to receive stimulating and intelligent teaching from masters who were no mere grammarians and gerund-grinders, but enthusiasts who loved the culture of Greece and Rome, and looked upon the ancient world as a thing of many-sided interest. To move from Senior Division Fifth Book into Junior Division Sixth Book was like passing from darkness into light. From the crushing monotony of Charles Griffith's exercises in Wordsworth's Greek irregular verbs, I passed on to Dr. Fearon's excursions into Greek politics, geography, art, and archæology. Fearon, an eager, slightly built man of forty, with a high complexion and a black beard, was all alive, hopping from topic to topic, always interesting, most genial in and out of school hours. At last I had found a master who revelled in general knowledge, and thought of the contents of a book rather than of its form.

And when, after all too short a stay under his kindly rule, I passed into Senior Division, and became a prefect, I found the Head Master quite as stimulating, though in not quite the same way—there was more pure scholarship in Ridding's teaching, but it was never the arid learning of the textualist. He taught us to appreciate what an ancient author was driving at, and wanted to say, and why for psychological reasons he wished to say precisely what he did say, and said it in that particular way. In this rather tautological sentence I am copying my much-loved Head Master's own well-known methods of diction. Any one who was with him in 1877-8 will remember his delightfully vague epigram to the effect that 'we feel that we are all right when we feel that we are feeling the precise feeling that we ought to feel'. Which is a basic truth, though expressed in a somewhat tangled verbiage. You never missed the point of one of Ridding's epigrams, though they were often worded in an odd fashion.

But to go back to January 1876 ; when I first entered Sixth Book, and came under Dr. Fearon's teaching, I found at once that I had come on a kindred soul, to whom all history was alive, and all matters of odd knowledge interesting. And he spotted at once that I had an unexpected and hitherto unused fund of information on all sorts of things, which could be turned to account. I remember in my first week with him that he asked, apropos of colonization in the Mediterranean, whether any of us knew of exceptional Greek settlement in the midst of a very ancient and highly civilized community, and when no one else volunteered a suggestion, I gave the name of Naucratis—from my seat at the bottom of the form. He smiled approval, and extracted some correct information about the place from me. And he soon detected that I generally had a denarius or a sesterce in my pocket, and had interests in Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Sir John Maundeville (so called), Napoleon's campaigns, Schliemann's recent diggings in Troy, and the expeditions of the Norsemen in prehistoric America.

Wherefore Fearon took me to his heart, and for thirty years to come we were the best of friends. He would excuse my false quantities in verse composition if the verses ran like Latin, or my occasional eccentric second aorists in Greek prose. One of the proudest moments of my life was when, after the whole division had been set a 'vulgus', or original set of verses, on the 'Song of the Sirens' he remarked that my copy was the only one which contained anything that the Sirens could conceivably have sung, though it was disfigured by three false quantities. My only regret, in looking back to my time under Dr. Fearon's tuition, is to remember that it was so short. I had wasted terms lower down in the school, which would have been invaluable to me if only they had been spent under his admirable training.

Among my miscellaneous collection of old Wykehamist relics is one rather tattered little booklet which calls up to me, every time that I hap upon it, Fearon's many-sided activity of mind. It is a kind of very small *Golden Treasury* which he used to call *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*—twenty English poems of the best, which he made us learn by heart. They were largely from authors whom I had never respected before, such as Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth. The 'Intimations of Immortality' was quite a revelation to me, for I had hitherto looked upon Wordsworth as a maunderer, having happed upon, in my miscellaneous reading, only things

like 'We are Seven', 'The Idiot Boy', 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill', 'Lines on my little boy telling a lie', and the fearfully tedious 'Excursion', which had led me to conclusions very much like J. K. Stephen's famous verdict that Wordsworth was 'an old half-witted sheep, blethering articulate inanity'. But obviously the 'Intimations' were a different sort of thing—though I still retained my healthy, if perhaps philistine, preference for the verse of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Macaulay, of all of whom I had by heart long screeds before I ever got into Junior Division Sixth Book. I had never had any guidance at all in English Literature before I came into contact with Fearon's many-sided activities of mind. This seems odd, considering the part which English Literature now plays in education. But in the four years which I had spent at Winchester down to 1876, I had never read a line of it, except out of school and for my private delectation, save indeed, I must acknowledge, certain scraps of English verse for translation into Latin verse in a nauseous book called *Foliorum Silvulae*, which made the originals hateful, because they had to be rendered into my halting hexameters and pentameters.

In April 1877 I passed out of Junior Division Sixth Book and came under the Head Master's personal supervision. Dr. Ridding was stimulating in a somewhat different fashion from Dr. Fearon. He had an alert and whimsical mind, which was always taking us into unexpected lines of study. For example, I remember him observing that we had brought up some chapters in Thucydides prepared—instead of that we should try some lines of Aeschylus unprepared. And so we stumbled over the puzzles of that great poet's diction with many errors.

Comparative philology was one of the Head Master's hobbies—he introduced us to it by distributing one morning thirty copies of the Epistle to the Philippians, which he had caused to be printed at his own expense. St. Paul's original Greek was translated in parallel columns into Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Rumanian, German, and Dutch. He took us through verse after verse, making us compare the variety of the word-shapes, all coming from the same Latin, in the various modern Romance languages, and the way in which grammatical combinations had come to differ. And on another day we would take the German and Dutch, and compare them with our own Authorized Version. This was the first chance that I ever had of

seeing a line in Portuguese or Rumanian, and detecting their fundamental connection with Latin.

Teaching in modern languages lower down the school had been derisory—conducted by a worthy French gentleman called M. Dudomaine (if I remember his name aright), who—like most French masters—had no control whatever over his class. Wrench, the master who took over the Sixth Form adventure into Gallic and Teutonic literature, could make us attend and profit by his teaching. I turned out to have considerable capacities in the rapid picking up of tongues, which had hardly been suspected before, and got the German prize in the Junior and Senior Sixth Book Divisions in two successive years. These were the first Winchester prizes that I ever earned.

The most delightful feature in Dr. Ridding's teaching was that you never knew what he would be doing next, and that an hour which commenced on one subject would very likely end on another. But whatever the topic was, his commentary would be shrewd and amusing, and quite off the ordinary lines of thought. I well remember his curious postures and unexpected observations, which a lyrical contemporary recalls :

How Informator ἀγχόθεν, with ruffled hair not so thick,
Glared at the Classicus, and then talked Double-Dutch and Gothic.

'Informator' being the original Latin name in the Statutes of Wykeham for the Head Master, and 'Classicus' the junior boy in the division, who was supposed to have official knowledge of hours and orders.

We loved Ridding though we could not always understand him—and I know that he loved us—at any rate the 'bright boys' among us, for he did not always 'suffer fools gladly'. Personally I have the kindest memories of one who was always sympathetic to a gatherer of miscellaneous information, with a taste for the obscure and the paradoxical.

During these two happy years I was enjoying life thoroughly. We had a group of scholars of very various individualistic merit at the head of College, and were always testing each other's views on all subjects human and divine. The oldest of us was Margoliouth—learned beyond measure, full of wise epigrams, a little inscrutable, but condescending on occasion to argue. My particular chum, C. H. Turner, differed from me on most subjects—being a Liberal while I was a Conservative, and a

High Churchman while I was a stalwart Evangelical from long family training. Henry Hardy, who was senior prefect in First Chamber in 1877-8 when I was junior prefect, was the only one of my contemporaries who still survived to give me a friendly greeting when I visited Winchester for many a year—he died, alas, in 1938—and to talk of old school days. He was most competent, of the most equable of tempers, a fine correct scholar, and the kindest soul on earth.

Martin Benson, the archbishop's eldest boy, who died suddenly during my last term in 1878, was a year younger than most of us—he had gone up the school very rapidly—but well informed beyond his years. He had a nice taste in manuscripts, could imitate something very like fourteenth- or fifteenth-century script and illustration—his speciality was the painting of small miniatures, such as deck the initials of choir-books or of charters. I remember that he once produced a properly crumpled parchment, with a glorious initial, which gave some absurd privileges to members of Wykeham's foundation, and succeeded in persuading certain simple souls that it was an original, newly discovered. He was a delightful companion, and his sudden untimely death from meningitis sent a gloom round College for many days. I often wonder how he would have compared with his brothers, had he been spared.

Another colleague, also a little junior to me, was Francis Haverfield, destined to become the greatest authority on Roman Britain, and to conduct many an excavation. He was angular, untidy, and reticent, sometimes morose, a man of few friends, but full of interests, if you could draw him out on one of the subjects in which he was interested. I have friendly memories of many others of the 'intelligenza', but have forgotten most things about the other section of College prefects of my own day, those who played in 'Sixes' or occasionally scraped into the school cricket eleven, 'Lords' as it was called. The athletic gods of 1877-8 were lost to sight many years ago—I cannot remember that any of them made much of a show in after life. Some were supposed to have the gift of 'leadership' but I do not remember that it continued for any practical purpose.

Among the delights of being in Sixth Book, and feeling at last some confidence in oneself, was the power to let off steam in the School Debating Society—presided over for many years by Mr. Hawkins, a very ready and resourceful representative of 'Mr.

Speaker'. I find that I made my first oration on December 19, 1876 in hot justification of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots—whose death, I appear to have argued, was absolutely necessary for the cause of Protestantism in Europe. Margoliouth condemned the execution on legal and moral grounds, but failed to convince the house—we justified Queen Elizabeth by a majority of seven. My two next harangues seem to display views on the subject of the modern history of France which I am not sure that I should at present endorse; the first (March 1877), was to the effect that 'the good effects of the French Revolution enormously exceeded the bad'—lost by 18 votes to 13. The second (November 1877) was 'that at present, as at other times, the Empire is the most desirable form of government for France'—lost by the enormous majority of 30 against 10. But I can still hold to my speech of October 24, 1877 denouncing the view that 'our policy to India ought to lead up to its self-government and independence'. I am surprised to find from the columns of the *Wykehamist* that the arguments which I used in 1877 were much the same that I found myself using in the House of Commons in July 1935—viz. the fundamental incompatibility of the combination of Hindus and Moslems on any terms, and the necessity for continuing a government which is just and equal for both. Swaraj, we should now call it, was only deprecated by a majority of five. There were quite a number of 'philosophic Liberals' in the Sixth Book, headed by my friend, C. H. Turner, the secretary of the society and one of its most effective speakers. During my last term at Winchester the aftermath of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 seems to have been the most engrossing topic. I find myself indulging in sounding denunciations of Russia and all her works in one debate, and in another objecting to the substitution of a Greek for a Turkish Empire on the Bosphorus. I seem to have argued that Greece would always be the tool of the Czar, and that the modern Greeks had not yet shown any capacity to govern themselves—much less to govern other races.

In my first and my last terms in Dr. Ridding's own division I was subjected to a salutary annual corvée which fell on all seniors—the obligation to write a Latin and an English prose and verse composition for the Gold and Silver Medals given by the Queen. The real humour of this competition was that the mathematicians and scientists had to write compulsory poetry, no less than the

classical scholars. Some of them were hopelessly incompetent for the task, and had to be helped out by kind friends, who composed for them strings of metre of the most banal and inappropriate sort, to eke out the obligatory sixty lines. A composite production of this kind must have given real pleasure to the Head Master, who had a keen sense of humour. But sometimes the mathematician was too proud to be helped, and produced original verse of his own. All Wykehamists of 1878 will remember some lines produced by a very eminent mathematician on 'Rizpah the daughter of Aiah', whose woes were the set subject for English verse that year. The author began with a picture of vultures hovering round the gibbets on which there hung the bodies of the unfortunate sons of Rizpah :

' Oh say ! What unseen influence restrains
The loathly scavengers from these remains ?
Perhaps they've feasted on some wretched sheep,
Which far behind its herd has fallen asleep,
And satiated with one horrid meal
No second relish for another feel.'

The last two lines were for years afterwards a familiar quotation among Wykehamists who had been given an unpalatable meal by an acquaintance, and were determined to avoid a repetition of it. I remember that my own 'Rizpah' was in 'Locksley Hall' metre, and very sentimental : it did *not* get the medal.

Apropos of the kindly habit of writing an unpoetical friend's English verse for him, a thing implying no deception among the competitors, for they all knew who could and who could not twang the lyre—I must recall a dreadful incident which happened four years after I had myself departed to Oxford.

The English verse was to celebrate Alexander the Great—a sufficiently inspiring subject to any one with 'the gift'. Unfortunately some people—mathematicians and others—have not 'the gift', and are aware of it. A College prefect, in a state of blank despair at having to hymn the 'Great Emathian Conqueror' happened upon my friend Haverfield, who had dropped down from Oxford to College for a day, to visit old friends. He unburdened his woes to Haverfield, and (unwisely) asked him to write sixty lines—any sort of stuff that would scan—about Alexander the Great. Now Haverfield, as all who knew him will remember, had an impish side, and loved paradoxes. He sat

down and wrote a preposterous but very clever screed, making out that Alexander (and all other 'heroes' as Carlyle would have called them) was a sun-myth and not a man. The 'sun-myth' theory was very prevalent at the time among those who wished to explain away all early religious legends.

Now unfortunately Haverfield's verses were so clever, though so perverse, that when the list of the recipients of the Queen's Gold Medals was published by the Head Master, and sent to the London newspapers, it was announced that prefect X had excelled in English Verse. Most honestly X went to Dr. Ridding and acknowledged that he had not written the verses, and Haverfield came down again from Oxford, and made the most humble apologies for having taken part in what he conceived to be an innocent deception, for all Sixth Book knew that verses were often written by friends for the unpoetic. The mischief was that the award had been duly given out, and was in print in every newspaper. The only possible thing that could be done was to send out to the Press a formal notice that the English Verse medal had been cancelled. Old Wykehamists everywhere, and perhaps some of the general public, asked why the unfortunate poet had been humiliated. Of course no explanation was given, but the true story soon got about among all those who watched Winchester news, and the matter was forgotten, by all save friends of the medallist, who had for the future unlimited powers of reminding him of his single lapse into poetry.

In addition to Dr. Ridding's personal teaching, we used to get some composition work with a master unattached to any form, who lived over Middle Gate and lunched in Hall. E. D. A. Morshead—commonly called Mush—was a pure scholar from Devonshire, of whose dialect a certain nuance could be detected in his accent. He translated the Agamemnon and some other things into English verse, in a style which was rather diffuse, because he tried to get into his English every shadow of a shade of meaning that could be detected in the original Greek. Hence the translation had far more lines than the original. Morshead had a vocabulary of his own, so peculiar that some clever boys of the generation next below my own compiled, and actually printed, a small Mushri-English dictionary, of which I still possess a copy. His idiosyncrasies also provoked poems, not malevolent but humorous, of which I can remember a screed or two. One of his genial habits was to mark nearly all our

compositions $\beta+$, seldom giving anything lower, and practically never anything higher. Hence the verses :

‘ So one trailed up his stair, and one sank in a chair,
And says Mush “ this is excellent metre,
The verses writ here are both comelay and rere—
Plus Beta, Plus Beta, Plus Beta.” ’

He was probably better justified than we suspected at the time, for after all Sixth Book prefects were a pretty hefty lot at classical composition, yet seldom attained to the highest flights. Hence $\beta+$ was not an unreasonable average : but the self-satisfied thought themselves worthy of alphas. This was never my own ambition, when verse was in question, since I knew my own limitations.

When ‘ Election Time ’ came round in June 1878, I might have stayed on for another year, being still a long way under nineteen. And there was some temptation to do so, for I was most happily lodged in Chamber 1, with the ever genial Hardy as my senior prefect. But Dr. Ridding strongly advised me to compete for the New College Scholarships at once, saying that I should find the University curriculum much more profitable for one who was not a ‘ pure scholar ’ than another year at school, polishing up classical composition. So I entered for the scholarship, though I was still low down in the class technically. To my intense surprise, and I think to that also of my contemporaries, the New College examiners wrote me off as head of the roll, so that I had entered College in 1872 and left it in 1878 as first name on the list—though in the intermediate period I had thought such luck impossible. I believe the combination was unparalleled in a long line of years. I also obtained in this happy June the Queen’s Gold Medal for the English Essay—the prize which most of all others I desired. The subject was ‘ Originality ’, not a very easy one to tackle.

So at eighteen years and five months I cut adrift from the school where I had experienced some misery and much more enjoyment, leaving with regret all my best friends behind me ; they were not coming up to Oxford for another year, since I had gone off before the due date.

My very inspiring time in school in 1877–8 had been chequered by a long-drawn domestic unhappiness—when holidays began I returned once more to a home of sickness and anxiety. My

mother, who had showed wonderful endurance during my father's long illness, and had waited on him hand and foot for five years of ever-growing toil and sorrow, had appeared to bear up physically much better than could have been expected after his death in 1876. She was able to take me for a short tour to Belgium in the following summer, when I got the first of my many sights of the field of Waterloo, and the glorious pictures at Antwerp and Ghent. We were also able to make our Christmas visit to my grandmother Chadwick in London, which had lapsed during the last two years. But in January 1877 the stress that she had gone through ever since 1873 seemed suddenly to develop its consequences. She fell into a low state of health, which finally took shape in a long and definite illness, which confined her first to the house and then to her bed all through the summer and autumn of 1877 and the spring of 1878. Once more I missed a summer and a Christmas holiday, and spent both of the vacations of 1877 marooned in a house of sickness, and thrown for occupation on archæological walks in Hampshire, and the finishing up of the as yet unread parts of the family library. I got through *all* Scott's works, down to his essays and *Scottish Antiquities* and *Life of Napoleon*. And I had some lonely fishing on the Upper Itchen.

It was not till the late spring of 1878 that my mother's health began to mend, though nurses were still always in the house. She was unable to come out to the 'Domum' Festivities of the summer, or to see me receive my highly appreciated Gold Medal. But by August she was able to move, and we went—still accompanied by a nurse—to the Isle of Wight for her convalescence. By September she was on foot again, and looking for a house in Cheltenham, where she was determined to settle down once more. The 'White House' had a long memory of unhappiness in it, and moreover its five-year lease was just running out—which simplified matters financially. She had kept touch with many old friends in Cheltenham, and had few (except the admirable Second Master and his wife) at Winchester for whom she had very close ties of sympathy. So by the time that I was ready to move into New College, she was established in a pleasant two-storeyed villa in the outskirts of Cheltenham—St. Edmunds Tivoli—with a large garden and a classical portico in the real Cheltenham style. There was plenty of space for the chickens and the beehives which she had always kept up at Winchester,

and rooms much larger than those of the old-fashioned 'White House'. That queer but interesting dwelling, by the way, had owned a very harmless ghost, a footstep on the stair, often heard, but with no terrifying apparition attached. It was quite familiar to me, and often I had started out of my bed to see whether I could detect any figure—but always to no effect. Years after, more like twenty than ten, I chanced to be at Winchester and got leave to go round the once-familiar house. The first question that the occupant asked me, when I explained my old connection with the place, was 'Did the Ghost walk in your time?' So what I heard had not been entirely the work of my imagination, as it would seem, though possibly it may have been merely the result of creakings on ancient oaken steps.

VII

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, 1878-9. EXPERIENCES OF A FRESHMAN IN VICTORIAN OXFORD

IT is perhaps surprising to have to confess that I had never been to Oxford before the day on which I was matriculated, October 10, 1878 ; for I had seen many less notable English and foreign towns before that day. Hence, on arriving, I got merely a confused impression of broad streets, spires, and arched gateways, before I discovered the oddly placed entrance to New College, at the end of a crooked lane. I had expected something more majestic—though the view of the broad front quadrangle, seen through the porter's lodge, somewhat reassured me. I had to report myself to the Dean—Hereford Brooke George, a burly figure with a spreading auburn beard, around whom nearly forty other freshmen gradually mustered.

I was entirely ignorant of what was going to happen, since I had not the slightest idea of what University life and University ceremonies were to be like. No relative of mine had ever worn the gown, save one uncle, William Winter Chadwick, who had been a member of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. But as he died when I was two years of age, I had no opportunity of gathering academic traditions from him. Nor had I the slightest notion of what 'matriculation' meant.

Our stately dean conducted his party of thirty odd freshmen—six scholars in the ample gown, some thirty commoners in the more skimpy two-tailed commoner's outfit, down High Street and then across Saint Aldates. We looked somewhat askance at each other—there were only some six faces of Wykehamists whom I knew—the rest were miscellaneous strangers, short or tall.

When we reached the rather obscurely situated gateway of Pembroke College we were ushered into the hall, where we found the Vice-Chancellor of the year, Dr. Evan Evans, sitting in state at the high table with certain vaguely seen officials about him. The cheerful old gentleman duly admonished us in Latin, when we had been introduced to him by our dean, presented each of us with a bound copy of the University Statutes, and directed us to write our names in Latin in the Great Matriculation

Book. I remember that I had my first academic puzzle at this moment: how was I to describe my father's status in proper classical terminology? I got no help from the signature immediately above my own, which happened to be that of the son of a knight—*equitis filius*—nor from the penultimate one, whose writer had described himself as *generosi filius*. I chanced *armigeri filius*, which was right enough, as my father did own a shield, and was much relieved afterwards to find that this was the correct rendering of 'Esquire'.

I suppose that I must have been one of very few freshmen who devoted their first evening in Oxford to a conscientious study of the University Statutes. We dined in a hall that was nearly empty—for the bulk of the College was not to come up till the next day. I marvelled at the majesty of the hall—much like our Winchester College one, though twice the size, but not at the style of the meal, which was ordinary enough. As I sat between two complete strangers we had little conversation: I fancy that we eyed each other like strange dogs in the street. Then I went, feeling very lonely, to the domicile that had been given to me, one of the two top-storey rooms in the tower of the New Buildings—a lofty pile of Gilbert Scott's—somewhat suggesting 'Scottish baronial' or else a very large station hotel.

Here I spent a good two hours at the delightful Jacobean Latin of the Statutes. I studied *De Reverentia Juniorum erga seniores*, which instructed me that if I met any one above the degree of Bachelor of Arts, I was to step into the gutter *de platea descendens*, and to salute by raising my cap. I discovered that it was a grave offence to carry an arquebus or bombard in the street, but that I might take a bow about with me, *honestæ recreationis causa*. Also that I must avoid at all costs the society of *histriones et funambuli*, which did not terrify me at all, as I had no wish to associate with actors and still less with rope-dancers. And I imbibed a proper conviction of the ubiquity and omniscience of proctors, who would not only pursue me for carrying an arquebus, or colloquing with a rope-dancer, but would detect my delinquency if I entered an inn or wine-shop (*oenopolium*) or engaged in games of hazard, or committed the foppish offence of going about in high boots.

My conceptions of what Oxford might be like were undoubtedly most coloured by the perusal of that ancient work *Verdant Green*, a romance in which bump-suppers, collisions with the proctors,

and absurd misadventures with undesirable people—such as rat-catchers—bulked more largely than hints as to the scholastic curriculum, or intellectual converse with one's seniors. The University Statutes seemed to corroborate the probability of such incidents. I felt, in consequence, extremely shy and suspicious, and convinced that Oxford was a place where one might be led into spending a great deal of money, and might make unprofitable acquaintances. I was particularly pervaded with the idea that extravagance and debts to tradesmen must be the normal condition of undergraduate life, and that this must be avoided at all costs.

I can now see that my want of knowledge led me into an exaggerated Spartanism, for which there was no real need : but I have little doubt that it was for my moral profit in the end : for practice in self-restraint is invaluable. I told my mother that I would live on my £80 scholarship, and the £50 exhibition which was given by Winchester to the head of the roll to New College. And this I succeeded in doing for four years, not without much ingenuity and contrivance in economizing on food, clothing and everything else. Bread and cheese lunches, and cold meat dinners, or rather suppers, in my own room were cheap. There was, as it chanced, no real necessity for this strict régime, for my mother's income had been rising rapidly of late, as Grove Park was being gradually sold off, and covered with new residential houses paying respectable ground-rents to the Chadwick family. Probably my mother was of opinion that if I were given an allowance, it might lead me to an over-estimate of the amenities of University life as opposed to its necessities : she was quite as ignorant of the standard of undergraduates' living as I was myself. As a matter of fact I managed surprisingly well, and enjoyed myself thoroughly, recognizing all through that, as a poor man, I must go short of many amusements and activities in which most of my contemporaries indulged. Fortunately I was never an athlete, which put me out of the way of many temptations, nor had I the least tendency towards soft living or good cheer—the Winchester diet had cured me of that. I managed somehow to buy a good many books, and even a coin or two now and then, as the result of economy in other things.

During my first terms at Oxford I had rather a lonely time, owing to the fact that I had come up earlier than was necessary—all my contemporaries and best friends arrived at New College a

year later. The Winchester scholars of my own roll chanced none of them to be of my own set—there were three or four athletes and one mathematician, who went their own ways while I went mine. Failing Wykehamists, I had to make acquaintance *de novo* with men coming from other schools, which was a slow business, when we were all freshmen together and most of us rather shy.

One most astonishing acquaintance I did make, owing to a chance of mere juxtaposition. I had, as I said, been allotted rooms at the top of the very lofty tower of the New Buildings—then recently erected. This not particularly inspiring structure culminated in a pair of apartments eighty-two steps from the ground floor—a tiresome climb if one had forgotten a book or a pencil. My companion in this lofty perch, which soared far above the roofs of Holywell, was a commoner who had come up a year or two older than most men, the son of a midland squire. He was not quite like other people, excessively emotional under a very stolid exterior, given to fads of all kinds, and exceedingly and even indiscreetly confidential.

As we were marooned in the sky together, he took to visiting my rooms late at night, and expounding his ideals and grievances. They ranged over many topics, but at this time the governing obsession was his unrequited affection for a young lady in his home county (I never knew her name) whom he called ‘the factor’—meaning the main factor in his existence, though at the first mention I thought he was alluding to some sort of an agent or bailiff. This, however, was not his invariable subject of conversation; human injustice was a favourite theme—partly the injustice of the Law—he agreed with Mr. Bumble in holding the Law to be asinine—but also the injustice of the old to the young, and the strong to the weak. While we were still neighbours he was fortified in this view by an incident which took him into the police-court. Seeing a big boy beating a little one in the street, he took upon himself the function of justiciar, and inflicted two cuts with a riding whip on the young tyrant. Unfortunately the boy’s father saw his opportunity, bestowed many weals on his son’s shoulders, and sued my friend for assault and battery, displaying a convincing show of stripes. So poor S. was heavily fined for his quixotry. This he resented bitterly as a miscarriage of justice.

Long after he had gone down, I continued for years to hear

of incidents illustrating his inborn tendency to take the law into his own hands, with disastrous consequences. Once he hewed down with a pickaxe the front door of a house whose tenant he considered to have insulted him. But his culminating trouble came some time later, in his middle age. Having been chosen chairman of the school-board of his native village in the Midlands (an unwise appointment !) he quarrelled with the rest of its members, and went off with the official books. When summoned to produce them at the next meeting, he replied that he had buried them under an oak in the Forest of Arden, and that they would never be seen again. Nor were they ! He was sued for illegal detention of the volumes, and when he persistently refused to produce them, was ultimately committed to prison for contempt of court, until they should be forthcoming. This decision he treated as a monstrous wrong, and by way of protest went on hunger-strike. This was several years before the suffragettes or the Mayor of Cork made this form of self-assertion popular. So obstinate was he that the prison authorities eventually had recourse to forcible feeding—but tired of the device sooner than did my old acquaintance, who was in the end released, as having purged his offence by some weeks of detention. On the whole I consider him to have been one of the three persons whom I have met in a long life who were most thoroughly convinced of the infallibility of their own judgement. Of the other two I shall perhaps tell hereafter. Putting this foible aside he was a most estimable and kindly individual.

Other early New College acquaintances were not so interesting psychologically—least of all perhaps the College authorities who had charge of my first eighteen months of work. There were two pure classical tutors, under whose surveillance I was supposed to prepare for ‘Moderations’. One I practically never saw : the other was in charge of my composition : he took no care of me whatever, and contented himself with drawing a red line or two under parts of my weekly Greek or Latin prose or verse. Useful criticism there was none—perhaps it would have not profited me overmuch. I must have succeeded in deluding this scholar’s not over-vigilant eye in the matter of linguistic accuracy, for he once suggested to me that I might compete for the Hertford scholarship. I might just as well have been advised to attempt to swim the Channel, or to try rope-dancing, for (as my old masters at Winchester had discovered) the niceties of classical criticism or

composition were not my forte. I considered that my first Oxford year was rather wasted, as it was only a continuation of my last Winchester years of study, under much less inspiring supervision. So I, very wisely, resolved to take Moderations at the earliest possible moment, and to get on from textual criticism to the acquisition of real knowledge as soon as I could. The only profit that I had from the year 1878-9 was that I read straight through a number of Greek and Latin authors whom I had not chanced to encounter at school—the lectures on them were perfectly useless—as were *all* my lectures in this year.

So I took my Moderations at Christmas 1879, and got (as I had expected) a second class. I was told that my translations and knowledge of the contents of books were satisfactory, but that my composition and critical notes on selected passages left much to be desired. Such as they were, they had not been stimulated by the surroundings in which they were written down. The Moderations candidates were examined in the upper room of the Old Ashmolean Museum which now houses the Lewis Evans' collection. There was no heating except by a small fireplace at one of its ends. It was a bitter December week, and we were permitted, or rather advised, to bring horse-rugs and warm gloves. As the invigilating examiner very wisely sat over the one fire, to keep himself at least warm, we had to rely on our natural caloric, which was hardly sufficient. With frost-covered windows, and amid very perceptible draughts, we shivered, but wrote on as best we could. What a contrast to the splendidly-warmed and ventilated 'New Schools', which were still four years in the future in 1879 !

I had much time on my hands while I was reading for Moderations, as one could not be studying the prescribed books all day, and I had not yet secured a walking friend—I had plenty of them in succeeding years, but in 1878-9 was rather a lonely wanderer. Starting with a pocket-map I explored the roads and villages for some eight or ten miles around Oxford, seeking for medieval tombs or interesting details of architecture, up to the limits of Abingdon, Dorchester, Bicester, Woodstock, South Leigh and Stanton Harcourt. The roads were very empty in those days before the motor made them lively and dangerous. But the most curious reflection is that I used to get field-walks in what are now districts completely overrun by new Oxford suburbs. In 1878 Canterbury Road was just being built—beyond it there were

only farms and market gardens. There was no building along the Ifley Road after the first 200 yards from Magdalen Bridge. In what are now Grandpont and New Hinksey there were not twenty scattered houses, till one came to the curious little row of cottages called Cold Arbour; and along the Seven Bridges road there was not a dwelling till one reached Botley. Striding along without any need to take care of the traffic, I dreamed many dreams, and formed many plans for the future—of which some of the most obvious were never to be realized—e.g. that I might get a fellowship at New College and continue my Wykehamical traditions—while certain other aspirations, far more unlikely, have come to fruition in unexpected fashions.

My life changed very much after I had got rid of the nightmare of 'Classical Moderations', and had around me a growing number of my old Winchester friends, who came up to New College as scholars in 1879 and 1880. In fact I became once more a social being, took my frugal meals in company, and enjoyed long walks and talks with congenial companions, whose views on life, literature, religion, and politics were often just sufficiently different from one's own to make discussion lively and endless. Moreover I moved down from my eyrie in the Tower to a set of rooms in the Front Quadrangle, where I was quite in the centre of College life, and no longer marooned aloft. These were excellent rooms, but (as I was to find) had one serious drawback. The next winter happened to be a snowy one, and the quadrangle was white for many weeks. Now snowballing is as attractive to undergraduates as to schoolboys, and impromptu fights were always going on. But any wild hurler of the missile who missed his aim at a friend, was liable to send it against the opposite wall, of which my windows formed an appreciable if not a very large part. For several weeks I was vexed by the occasional crash of one of my panes, and the arrival of a more or less disintegrated snowball on the table at which I was writing. It was impossible to get the glass replaced till next day, and I had to close my shutters, let down my blind, and work by lamp-light till next morning. Moreover the matter was expensive—for the College did not pay for broken glass—on some theory, I suppose, that undergraduates were all more or less prone to snowballing, and should settle the bills caused by their pranks out of their own pockets. I should not like to say that I never took part in a snow-fight myself, but I can conscientiously assert that I never

broke the windows of any one else. Of course we on the ground floor were the only sufferers—those who dwelt aloft were immune from the nuisance.

However there is not always snow on the ground, even in an Oxford winter, and the general convenience of being lodged among one's friends was lightly bought at the price of an occasional afternoon of draughts and darkness, and the intermittent receipt of a glazier's bill.

During these happy times in 1880-1, I frequented many old friends and made new ones, some of non-Wykehamist origin. My most frequent 'socius'—as we used to say at Winchester—was my old contemporary in Seventh Chamber in 1872—Cuthbert Hamilton Turner—destined one day to be the most learned of professors of early ecclesiastical history. We differed on almost every conceivable thesis. He was a Gladstonian Liberal, I a sound Conservative. He was a High Churchman, seeking occasional ceremonies at St. Barnabas (Pusey House did not yet exist), while I was a staunch Low Churchman, and not unfrequently took my seat in old Dr. Christopher's Saturday evening prayer meetings at St. Aldates. Our only agreement was in dissatisfaction at the daily services in New College Chapel, which Turner considered to be lacking in frequent opportunities for communion and decent ritual, while I found them uncongregational and swamped by the music of a too-competent choir. It may be worth while recording that we neither of us used the College roll-call in the early morning, which a 'modernist' administration had made alternative for the chapel service. I am still proud to say that I never took advantage of this compromise, and kept my thirty-one morning chapels every term that I was living in College. To have done otherwise would have seemed to me unworthy of one who had taken the oath as a scholar of an ancient religious foundation.

But it was not on contentious points of political and religious 'fundamentals' that C. H. T. and I colloqued on our many walks. On archæology and architecture we had common tastes in the main, though he was a little more tolerant of Butterfieldian modern Gothic than I, and did not share my weakness for seventeenth-century carved pulpits and screens, adorned with cupids and cornucopias in the Grinling Gibbons style. And in literature, ancient and modern, we were both pretty widely read, and could find endless topics for mild divergence of opinion—he

could never fall in with my admiration for Charles Kingsley, nor I with his for Newman. There cannot be any mile of road outside Oxford on which we did not pace a score of times engaged in interminable friendly controversy.

Another frequent companion of my perambulations was Henry John Hardy—long the sole and much loved survivor of my old Winchester contemporaries. Alas ! he died last year. We were not so opposed in all views of life as were C.H. T. and myself—for he was neither a High Churchman nor a Gladstonian Liberal, and had plenty of non-controversial common interests. It was Hardy who first lured me to the upper river, and taught me the art of managing a heavy Oxford dinghy, and the pleasure to be got by manœuvring it along many miles of water-meadow beyond Wolvercote, or down stream to Nuneham and Abingdon. During my first year I had never gone out on the Thames, mainly from shyness, which led me to think that the whole world would be watching me with scorn while I handled an excessively ungainly pair of oars, and caught the occasional crab. Under Hardy's kindly guidance I became a regular visitant of every backwater of Thames or Cherwell, and took to boating as my habitual and best-loved exercise. It was to him also that I owed my introduction to a group of out-college friends, of whom some few still remain in touch with me in our old age. They had just formed a society which did some interesting work in its day in the exploration of the occult—the Oxford Phasmatological Society as it was called, which was in its humble way the forerunner of the Society for Psychical Research. For the 'Phas' was at work several years before Frederic Myers, Andrew Lang, Podmore, Gurney, Oliver Lodge, and Sidgwick organized the well-known London society, of which we (most of us) became in later days members.

The Phas was narrower in its aims than the S. P. R., as it did not meddle with telepathy, 'veridical hallucinations', thought-reading, the averages of coincidence, and such-like topics, but (as its name showed) specialized on ghosts and apparitions. Some of us were sceptical, some inclined to think that there were many inexplicable phenomena to be studied. Each member undertook to get hold of all friends and acquaintances who claimed to have had supernatural visitations, to induce them to write narratives of their experience, and to persuade them to answer a 'questionnaire' which had been compiled for the

purpose of testing accurate observation. The Phas lasted for about ten or twelve years, and collected and classified over a hundred first-hand stories of spiritual experiences. Some of them were clear and definite enough to get embodied in Frederic Myers' voluminous collections made for the Psychical Research Society. I am afraid that I pestered six or eight of my own elder acquaintances with minute enquiries, at which they sometimes chafed. It is quite easy to drive a ghost-seer, by over-questioning, into a testy 'do you think I am a liar?' But in a surprising number of cases we persuaded the percipients to give us most detailed and consistent narratives.

In a good many instances the Phas filed the story as 'explicable by natural causes' or by 'hallucination', or by 'coincidence'. But there remained a considerable residuum which after careful enquiry we could only label 'unexplained'. This verdict to some of our members meant no more than they could detect no way of discrediting the narrative as a case of mal-observation, defective memory, or 'collective hallucination'. But to others it meant that we had apparently run up against the supernatural. I shall have more to tell of ghost-hunting in later years, in company with Frederic Myers and others. But as to the Phas it had four presidents, Ridley of University (a civil servant in later life), Percival Keep, also of University (for many years editor of *The Times Law Reports*), myself, and last, Ferdinand Canning Schiller, the philosopher, a fellow of Corpus. We were none of us either credulous, or on the other hand captious rejectors of all evidence that seemed to display something abnormal. The testing of the stories was admirable training for a barrister or a historian, and I think that we all profited by it. Three or four of them seem to me, even to-day, singularly hard to reject or explain.

I can recall several other New College contemporaries, nearly all Wykehamists, with whom I was in constant contact in 1880-2, rubbing up our wits and discussing things human and divine. One was Francis Haverfield whom I have already mentioned in my last chapter, the scholar who in later years did so much to improve our knowledge of Roman Britain. He was already keen on all branches of archæology, and set on exploration. To the ordinary athletic or apolaustic undergraduates he was unapproachable—they did not take any notice of one whom they regarded as odd and untidy, nor was he ready to 'suffer fools

gladly'. But to a limited number of his contemporaries he was a perennial source of knowledge and debate.

In the latter occupation, endless debate, I wasted a good deal of time with another Wykehamist, who was at the moment in the throes of an attack of militant agnosticism, concerning all knowledge and all ethics. The genial and ever-sensible Hardy could make much more of him than ever I could succeed in doing. But it probably was good for one's brain to be forced to formulate and to defend the 'fundamentals'. In later years my old contemporary became a competent and distinguished civil servant, despite all his doubts about things in general. It remained, however, a puzzle to him that two of his mathematical contemporaries took holy orders—an idea incomprehensible and even dreadful to him.

Such was not the destiny of another of my rather abnormal acquaintances. This was a student of what I may perhaps describe as the Shelley type, who was in permanent revolt not only against the intellectual but also against the political and legal conventions of the elder generation. In one aspect he was an inspired poet and dramatist—he published at his own risk little books, one of which (I remember) was *Ponzio and Giuditto*, a tragedy after the style of Marlowe of the most lurid sort, founded on Punch and Judy. Punch had become an Italian tyrant of the Renaissance period, who plunged with sardonic glee into every branch of crime, including uxoricide, infanticide, the murder of a cardinal, an executioner, and a jester; he was finally carried off by the devil. If my acquaintance had kept to literary work he would not have come into collision with the authorities of the realm. But he lured away from school and married (quite illegally) a very charming girl of seventeen, who was a ward of court, to the vast anger of her relatives. There must have been gross mis-statement of age at the Registry Office. This involved him in long litigation—though the guardians ultimately relented.

But a little later, to show his contempt for the laws of England, he went on to Westminster Bridge, and fired twelve shots from two revolvers into the windows of the House of Commons; as a demonstration against the so-called Constitution of the Realm. This led to his segregation for some considerable time from the haunts of men. The word Bolshevik had not yet become known—but I suppose that he had the corresponding temperament. He was not even, as far as I know, ever called 'comrade'—

though that appellation was used of a contemporary, 'Comrade Faulkner' of University College, who was given to addressing casual meetings in the Cowley Road, in company with a leading local demagogue who exercised the useful profession of chimney-sweep. The type was rare in academic circles in the 1880 period, though it has become common enough fifty years later, when fellows of colleges aspire to lead the socialist faction in the local Oxford city council. But in the 'eighties' it was still quite possible to secure notoriety, at least among a certain sort of 'intelligenza', by the tame expedients of professing with sufficient blatancy extreme radical opinions and militant agnosticism.

In late Victorian days a very large proportion of my New College contemporaries found their careers in the church, I wish that this was still the case. Among them two who as undergraduates were singularly unlike in aspect and habits. One of them, Hastings Rashdall, was distinguished in his own generation for his genial unpunctuality and disregard of tutorial rules and ordinances, combined with overflowing wit and energy. The other, Sydney Cooper, was trim, artistic, and elegant, a model of the graces as well as of the virtues. That they would meet thirty years after in holy orders, the one as Dean of Carlisle and the other as Canon-Treasurer of Truro would have appeared to me in 1882 a most unlikely chance.

But another prominent figure among my friends who were destined for the church was Arthur Headlam, three years younger than myself, but a scholar with me at Winchester for three years, and at New College for one. He was always a drastic organizer—as witness his Winchester nickname of 'the General'—and no less the present condition of his diocese of Gloucester. Blessed with a long and strong frame, and with superabundant reserves of energy, he could always be relied upon to carry out whatever plan he had made for himself. He came from a North Country family alike squirearchical and clerical in its tradition, and showed both strains in his character; I suppose that he is about the only present member of the Upper House of Convocation who is a landowner in the North and a bishop in the South. Headlam had a wonderful way of mastering all that he intended to master, and of making himself the most efficient holder of whatever post he might hold—whether as a scholar of New College, a bursar-fellow of All Souls, a rector at Welwyn, or a regius professor in Oxford University. It is no wonder that his well-tested display

of capacity in every position that he has occupied, has carried him to the bench of bishops—of which he is, as I suppose, at present by far the most learned occupant. He is still one of the few of my old contemporaries whom I meet very frequently, and always find full of interesting and first-hand information on some subject with which I am not too well acquainted—such as the condition of the Swedish or the Serbian churches.

The intellectual centre of New College in my young days was the Essay Society, of which (I think) every one that I have yet mentioned, except 'B' the mathematician, was a member. I was elected to it in my second year, and contributed, with enthusiasm, papers on very miscellaneous topics at many of its Saturday meetings. David Samuel Margoliouth was in those days its dominating figure—it was the only chance that one had of meeting him with regularity. And no one would compete in quality with his essays, of which the subjects were often oddly chosen, but always interesting. Those who thought of him as a pure scholar were surprised at the brilliance of his somewhat sardonic humour. I never knew any one who could put more quiet but effective sarcasm into the discussion of any person or theory which he disliked—whether it was a German classical scholar dealing with emendations, or a modernist setting forth new views about some Christian dogma.

I think that the average of our Saturday-night screeds was pretty good, and the discussion on them was always profitable. To one of my own essays I feel a special tenderness, it was on the 'Earthly Paradise'—not William Morris's poem, but the medieval legend. I liked it so well that I sent it, greatly daring, to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, without any great hope that he would accept it. But he did, and sent me a most welcome cheque for £20. Considering that I was an absolutely obscure undergraduate, I think that the editor showed astonishing enterprise, or kindness, or *flair*, or whatever one may call the editorial capacity. I retain the most deeply-rooted and enthusiastic appreciation of *Blackwood's* down to this day. I think the acceptance of this article gave me more confidence in my own power to write than any other encouragement which I ever received in my whole life.

The New College Essay Society was a great feature in my mental activity all through my undergraduate time, but there were secondary joys—a Shakespeare Reading Club not wholly

composed of New College men was another. Also I took, rather late, to ventilating my political views at the Union. For some time shyness held me back, and no wonder, for this was the time when George Curzon, Edward Tyas Cook of New College, and Bernard Wise of Queen's were in their prime as orators, and set a standard of eloquence which terrified the beginner. However I thought that I might prove no worse than some of the lesser haranguers, and started off with very sincere denunciation of Mr. Gladstone and all his works in 1880-1. Speaking at the Union became an attractive habit—and two years later I stood for and obtained the Librarianship, which I held for a year, as was the custom in those days, before rapid rotation of office became prevalent.

What with regular attendance at the New College Essay Society, the Union, the Phas, and the Shakespeare Reading Club, it is obvious that I had plenty of intellectual distractions from my regular work for the Final Schools. But not being addicted to any form of athletics save the mild pleasures of the upper river and the backwaters, I found that my reading did not suffer in the least. I never wasted time in looking on at other people playing cricket or football, though as a patriotic member of New College I used to run with the College boat at 'Torpids' in March, and 'Eights' in May, adding my quatum of noisy encouragement to the crews, and getting well splashed when the river had overflowed the towpath—a thing which seemed habitual in those days. I suppose that the floods were much more frequent in times before the 'New Cut' had enabled the Cherwell to send down its waters rapidly to the Thames; certainly Aston's Eyot, and the banks opposite as far as the 'Gut', were very frequently inundated at the time of 'Torpids', and sometimes even in the summer.

As I cast my mind back to those years, some of the features of undergraduate life of that period now strike me as strange. One was the formalism in dress that still prevailed. On Sunday no self-respecting man would have dreamed of appearing in anything but a black coat and tall hat. One might see seventy 'toppers' in a row on the pegs of the Union. Also there was a certain fashion in fancy waistcoats and brilliant neckties, which appealed to many. The general appearance of the undergraduate was decidedly more elderly than to-day—not only moustaches but whiskers were largely worn; the 'mutton-chop' type, was the

commonest, but occasionally longer ones recalled the 'Dun-dreary' style of fifteen years before. I remember the luxuriant auburn face-gear of one Wykehamist whom we used to call 'the curly-whiskered sheep'. When one turns up a photograph of a College athletic group of 1880, some of the sitters present quite an elderly aspect.

Afternoon tea had not yet come in. This was partly due to the fact that College dinners were at six, which left a short afternoon. If a caller looked in upon one, he was given not tea but a glass of sherry or claret and a slice or two of cake. There were always solid plum cakes in our cupboards. Lawn-tennis was just beginning, and was rapidly driving out archery, which had still been a favourite sport in the 1870s. Even New College gardens, whose angular shape made it difficult to get a long shooting ground, had always its two targets standing. St. John's, where space was ample, seemed to have a specially large percentage of archers. Golf was absolutely unknown—the first attempts to establish links in Cowley Marsh only began when the 'eighties' were far forward. A few dons, and a very occasional undergraduate, played croquet in an enclosed space in the Parks not far from the Observatory. Football was a good deal played, but had not become the obsession into which it developed a few years later. It could not compare in popularity with cricket.

Looking over this record of my activities some critic might perhaps draw the deduction that I was rather ignorant of some sides of the 'joy of eventful living', since I never got into trouble with the dons or the proctors, nor appreciated inebriety. To correct this view I must record that I was a devoted votary of Wykehamist 'sing-songs'. A dozen or twenty of us, all from the old College by the Itchen, used to meet on occasion in the room of one or other of us, and 'sing the songs of Zion', with a very mild carouse. Sometimes one of us would produce a comic *revue* in verse, detailing the various fortunes, good or humorous, of various Wykehamists during the last year. I still possess an effusion of Vidal on the doings of many friends in 1882. But we mainly sang the old college songs—'Three Jolly Post-boys', 'Peter Gray', 'The British Grenadiers', 'Villikins and his Dinah', etc., familiar to us in chamber-singing at Winchester. We made a terrible noise, and I remember that we were twice visited by the authorities in out-colleges, where we were assembled: the stray Wykehamists were located and expelled for riotous noise. The

case that I particularly well recall was in Lincoln College, when entertained by Donald Poulter a scholar of that house, we roused the wild wrath of Mark Pattison, its celebrated and unamiable rector, who descended upon us in drastic fashion, and had us ushered out by the porter. I suppose that Poulter got our sins visited upon him ! This was the only time that I came into touch with that very self-centred and sardonic celebrity. He left all his correspondence to the University, to be published twenty-five years after his death—when the period ran out, and the documents were gone through, they did *not* prove very interesting to the succeeding generation—save as a psychological study of a discontented man.

VIII

NEW COLLEGE, 1880-2. READING FOR 'GREATS'—AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE governing body of New College was at the end of a period of transition in my undergraduate days. Before the University Commission of 1854-8 it had been a community composed exclusively of old Wykehamists, who had obtained first their scholarship from Winchester and then their fellowship at Oxford, by mere devolution and seniority. The head scholars on a New College 'roll' could count on obtaining a fellowship automatically, provided that they did not die or get 'sent down'. These were life-fellowships so long as the holders remained celibate, but they were given under the condition that persons elected should take holy orders within a short term of years after their election. This they almost invariably did, and then went off to one of the numerous and valuable livings of which the College was patron, and married, so vacating their fellowships. The succession was very rapid.

The First University Commission changed all these antiquated arrangements at New College. The obligation to take orders was removed, the fellowships had to be gained by competitive examination, and the monopoly of the Wykehamists was stopped: for one half of the vacancies members of any College might compete. Thus within a few years the character of the governing body suffered a radical change, as an ever-growing number of the fellows were laymen and non-Wykehamists, recruited from all round the University.

In the twenty years that had passed between the Royal Commission and my first appearance in Oxford, the old generation of clerical Wykehamist fellows had almost disappeared. Not that they had all died, but that (like their predecessors for three centuries) they had married and taken livings. There was only a small remnant of them left, some four or five old men, of whom one was in a lunatic asylum and another had turned Roman Catholic and become a *Monsignore*.

The only notable survivor from the *ancien régime* was that charming old gentleman Dr. James Sewell, the Warden. He had

not been a young man when he was elected to the Wardenship in 1860, and he was over seventy when I first knew him. As he never thought of resigning his post, and there were no age limits under the old constitution, he held on till he was far over ninety, and saw the nineteenth century out. He was a complete archaic survival, and watched the College change its character during his forty-three years of rule with resignation rather than with enthusiasm. He had never taken an honour school—in his young days scholars of New College did not compete in those new-fangled institutions—and he had a very superficial knowledge of the educational developments of the last thirty or forty years, such as the new schools of science, law, and history. Many of the changes must have been painful to him, especially the introduction, a little before my time, of a ‘roll call’ as an alternative for morning chapel. The old gentleman was a most regular attendant of every service himself, and kept a keen eye for undergraduates who came in surplice or gown but without the academic cap. He would wait outside chapel door and remind the sinner that ‘the cap no less than the gown is an essential part of the scholar’s costume’. I was myself in the good books of Dr. Sewell, as a righteous attender of chapel, a Wykehamist, and (I think) as a conservative in all things.

Occasionally Dr. Sewell asked some undergraduates to breakfast, and interested us with anecdotes of ancient Oxford days. One I specially remember : he told me that he had recently been ordered by his doctor to take to the use of spectacles, which he had never needed till his seventieth year was well past. ‘I asked him’, said the venerable warden, ‘if any sort of spectacles would do, as I had a pair laid by for this fifty years. The reason of my possessing them was this : when railways were first introduced, there was a common belief that they would be so deadly for the eyes that three or four long journeys at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour would irretrievably ruin the sight. On the suggestion of my father and aunts I bought a pair of spectacles to shield myself from this danger. But as I found, from the testimony of others and from my own experience, that railway travelling did not have this deleterious effect, I put the glasses away with care. And here I have them still’, he added, and produced a most formidable and archaic-looking pair from a drawer in his writing desk. It was quite interesting to come into contact, in the 1880s, with one to whom the railway had once been a novelty and a

source of terror. He said that he could well remember the bells going for the victory of Waterloo, when he was a small boy.

Dr. Sewell presided with dignity at 'Collections', when the College passed before him in review before the commencement of a vacation: and, well primed by a paper from each tutor, gave the proper meed of approval or disapproval to each undergraduate who passed him. But as the College grew larger, and his own years more burdensome, the greeting became more formal, and the personal touch less. He made a picturesque figure-head to the ceremony up to the very end.

The Warden, then, was an archaic survival, for the College had been completely transformed: the staff in his latter days was very 'modernist' in its tendencies, not at all in love with Wykehamical traditions, and decidedly Liberal in its politics. All through my days the dominating figure was the Bursar, Alfred Robinson, a formidable North-Country man with a square beard, who was one of the first non-Wykehamical fellows elected after the Royal Commission: he had been a scholar of University College, and was a mathematician and political economist. Robinson was a master of men, and practically ruled the College meeting. If Warden Sewell's tenure of the headship had not been protracted to an abnormal length, Robinson would have undoubtedly become his successor, and have added the title to the reality of power. But the old man 'lived him down', and the Bursar died at sixty-odd, while the Warden survived him by seven or eight years and died far on in his nineties. But all through my time Robinson was practically the controlling force in the College, and it was his policy which was being carried out. One item in it was the destruction of Wykehamist tradition—he favoured the introduction of freshmen from other schools, and the increase of the gross number of undergraduates.

The Wykehamist element was rapidly shrinking all through my time, and for years after. Robinson had a special liking for Etonians, of whom the College soon had a large proportion. The best of them were admirable importations, but there were many who tended to be noisy and somewhat extravagant. From being a particularly quiet college of rather poor men, with a very low place on the river and in athletics generally, we gradually became a 'fashionable resort', with (what was perhaps some compensation) a very fine boating record. It was toward the end of Warden Sewell's reign that New College for the first time went 'head of

the river'—in the 1850s it had sometimes been 'tail of the river', and occasionally did not put on a boat at all. The number of its undergraduates must have been about doubled between 1870 and 1890, by which date it competed in gross population with the largest of the other colleges.

I had some little touch with Robinson, as he frequently took essays in political economy from the scholars. We did not get on very well together, no doubt mainly from my fault, as I disliked his general outlook on the world and the College, and political prepossessions always slip in when one is discussing social and economic questions. I imagine that my rather crude compositions habitually sinned against the orthodox Liberal creed of the 1880s, and I used sometimes to urge that Christian ethics were in direct contradiction to his conclusions. This attitude of mind displeased him. I fear that it was often the case that

'convinced against my will
I held the same opinions still.'

But the dialectic was stimulating, and I learnt a good deal, though I may have disliked the process.

But as to the rest of my intellectual training for 'Greats', I must say that, with one most notable exception, the classical tutors who had to deal with me at New College were of no assistance to me whatever. My generation educated itself, or perhaps I ought rather to say we educated each other in constant discussion of all things human and divine. The one man to whom I owe a real intellectual debt was my philosophy tutor, W. L. Courtney, that most capable and tolerant of sophists. No one would have taken him for a don—he had the aspect of a smart cavalry colonel. When I first came to him with an essay he asked me, in his pleasantly cynical and casual way, whether I was at all interested in philosophy, or whether I was a historian who wanted to get up enough philosophy to qualify for a first class in *Literæ Humaniores*. Since he was so honest with me, I was honest with him, and told him in reply that while I had a certain interest in the history of the development of human thought, I was essentially a prejudiced person, who hated the idea of pulling up the foundations of ethics by psychological enquiry, or analyzing my religious instincts. In short I was approaching philosophy from the point of view of a Conservative and a churchman, and did not want to have my principles or my conscience explained away. Courtney smiled, and said that I was no true philosopher, and that he quite

understood my simple point of view. And he promised to put me through a course of teaching which would enable me to make a good show on any kind of philosophy paper which would be set in the 'final schools', by mastering certain of the spheres of enquiry on which such papers were set, and not worrying too much about those which were repulsive to me.

And Courtney most certainly fulfilled his promise. There was a considerable section of the prescribed work which was quite congenial to me, indeed I got to love Aristotle's *Ethics* as a most sensible, if occasionally cryptic, exposition of practical wisdom, and had its text almost by heart. It was a real pleasure and surprise to discover that cowardice and courage were not two states of mind opposed to each other, but that 'virtue is always the mean'. So courage was the proper central mental attitude between rashness and base timidity. And so stinginess and extravagance were the excess and defect of proper liberality. All this I could follow with appreciation, and if one felt a certain humorous dislike for Aristotle's ideal *Μεγαλόψυχος*, the conception of him was a useful side-light on ancient Hellenic methods of thought.

Plato always irritated me—his methods were so obviously unfair. When Socrates was practising dialectic, the young men with whom he kept up his arguments were too idiotically simple in falling into his traps. I always felt that I could have upset the master's chess-play by producing answers very different from those of that obliging pair Glaucon and Adeimantus. Modern philosophy and metaphysic I frankly disliked, and only committed to memory Courtney's caustic criticism on them—which came in very usefully in the schools. I could scathe J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer most adequately.

I took a few philosophy essays to Dr. Spooner, who sometimes relieved Courtney when the latter had too many pupils. But though Spooner is a figure of world-wide legend, and shares with Captain Boycott and Mr. Mackintosh the fame of having given a new word to the Oxford English Dictionary, I do not remember much of my work with him.¹ What one does remember is his genial pink face and white hair, combined with what he himself called his 'occasional infelicities in verbal diction'. They were welcomed all round the University and not merely in New College.

¹ As far as I can recall his comments, they were generally to the effect that the stuff would do fairly well, but that I was in the habit of ignoring obvious objections to my moral theses.

I never heard any of the more widely-known metatheses, such as 'kinkering kongs', or 'that half-warmed fish to do better which often rises in our hearts', or 'the duff and dem'. But he did occasionally make curious transpositions. I once heard him, at a Political Economy Club meeting, allude many times to 'Dr. Friend's child', when he meant 'Dr. Childe's friend'—a stranger who had been introducing economic heresies.

He was universally loved, and concealed much shrewdness behind what often sounded like mere glimpses of the obvious, and much practical wisdom behind what looked like childlike simplicity. When he became Warden of New College, after the death of the sempiternal Dr. Sewell, he administered affairs with much diplomatic capacity, while ruling a very heterogeneous tutorial staff.

As to the history side of Literæ Humaniores, the half of it in which I was really interested, I read all my texts and many books of comment. Mommsen I swallowed whole. Mommsen's *Staatswesen*, and Hicks' *Greek Inscriptions*, and Sayce's *Oriental Discoveries* were all just beginning to appear in print in the early '80's. But the archæological line engrossed my attention more than the constitutional, and I found Mommsen hard reading, even when I turned to the just-published French translation of the *Staatswesen*, which often explained German renderings of ancient Roman technicalities that were not always easily to be seized and identified, and converted them into the comprehensible French equivalent. I remember being much worried by words like *Bürgerschaft*, and *Bürgerthum*. I never wrote weekly history essays for any of the New College tutors: they discovered from the first that I could be left to myself, and I utilized the time thus gained in running through nearly the whole of Plutarch, and other historical authors who were not prescribed for the schools.

But archæology was the real joy in these years, and I spent many a vacation hour in the British Museum, most especially in the coin-room, where its chief, Reginald Stuart Poole, and his colleagues, Barclay Head and Percy Gardner, were my nursing fathers in the accurate assimilation of facts about Greek and Roman numismatics. I owe to all three of them an immense debt of gratitude, when I reflect that the many hours during which they allowed me to question them were interruptions to their regular work at cataloguing and arranging their treasures, I

can only wonder at their excessive kindness to the young student. By 1882 I made up my mind that I knew enough about Greek coins to justify me in soliciting the academic authorities to permit me to offer 'Greek Numismatics' as a special subject for *Literæ Humaniores*. The point had never been raised before, but (to my joy) the boon was conceded, and I was the first undergraduate who was permitted to add an archæological special subject to the classical curriculum of the final schools. I reasoned that a surplus of archæology might atone for a deficit of modern philosophy, but was told afterwards that the deficit was never discovered, so that I had been indulging in a 'work of supererogation', as the theologians call it. But it was not only all pure pleasure at the time, but a constant source of profit in later post-graduate years, when I could always turn coin-knowledge on to historical discussions, when others could not.

I seem in these years, 1881-2, to have discovered that my Greats reading, with the special subject added, and my incidental activities in oratory at the Union, and ghost-hunting with the Phasmatological Society, did not suffice to absorb all my energies. For I found time to take a shot at the Stanhope Essay, the special prize for undergraduates who were taking the Modern History school. The subject set in 1881 was 'the Peasant Rebellions in Germany at the time of the Reformation'. This might seem a long way off the classical and philosophical studies in which I was officially engaged, but I had a considerable interest in this sort of social history, and thought that I might have a pull over many competitors by being able to read the *German Chronicles* in the original tongue. The inspiration came late, and I had only a month before the Stanhope had to be sent in. I knocked together a narrative out of the contemporary sources, though some of the *Swabian Chronicles* were hard to read—they called the Pope *der Bobust* and the King of the Romans *der Kunick*—and sent it in. The screed was adjudged to be a 'second-best': W. H. Hutton of Magdalen—destined one day to be among my closest friends—got the prize, while I was awarded a 'highly commended' and a gift of books. I believe that the weak point of my production was that it was a mere analysis or *précis* of events, with insufficient introductory and explanatory atmosphere. However, considering that I was not reading mediæval history at all, I regarded the result as not unsatisfactory. Part of my screed was reprinted ten years later,

as an article in the *English Historical Review*, when it was in Professor Freeman's hands.

I spent a good many weeks of the summer vacations of 1880 and 1881 in reading for the approaching Greats school in College, by special leave. There were generally only four or five or six other serious students scattered round the long vistas of empty staircases, and as none of them chanced to be special friends of mine, there was no distraction from the books—save that late at night the cats and owls made uncanny noises, which sounded more like human wailing than the love-cries of the lower creation. Exercise being necessary after many hours of brain-work, I used to get a dinghy or a canoe, and explore long reaches of the upper river, the Cherwell, or the curious backwaters along the Berkshire frontier.

This vacation reading did not prevent me from taking my customary summer turn on the continent in the company of my mother—still a very vigorous traveller. I have one most curious memory from a South German trip in 1880. By chance we were at Frankfurt-on-Main where a function of some sort was celebrated, and the old Emperor William I came to give it his blessing. I saw that historic figure drive along the avenue of two glittering lines of the bayonets of a regiment of Prussian infantry. Bismarck and Moltke rode just behind him, side by side, the former in a white cuirassier uniform looking enormous—a beer-barrel on horseback. Moltke, rather bent in his saddle, had a deeply lined and wizened face, which a little reminded me of a very aged and wise monkey. The venerable Emperor was exactly as I knew him from his pictures—a cheery old father-Christmas, except that instead of a long beard he had bushy white whiskers : his complexion was ruddy and healthy. But the thing which struck me most was that the Frankfurters looked on with glum faces as this notable trio went by, and did not raise a single *Hoch* ! They were still in 1880 resenting their annexation in 1866, which put an end to their long record as a free city. I noted the same open dislike for the Prussian régime in Hanover when I was there a few years later in 1888, as I have had occasion to mention elsewhere.

It was with no small trepidation that I watched the month of June 1882 draw near, with the examination in Literæ Humaniores that was (in some sense) to make or mar my university career. Of course I was fairly comfortable about my historical knowledge

—but there was the terror of philosophy before me. Would W. L. Courtney's ingenious instruction enable me to delude the examiners into the belief that I had a solid grip of the essentials of modern thought? So doubtful was I of this, that I devised for myself a sort of insurance, or backdoor of retreat, in case I should fail to obtain a first class, and so feel that a fellowship would be out of my reach. There was a competitive examination for the Home Civil Service to commence late in June, just after the University examinations would have come to an end. So I sent in my name and fee, and offered as subjects every conceivable sphere of knowledge in which I thought that I might knock together a few useful marks, not only Greek and Latin, ancient and modern history, and French and German, but English and French literature, political economy, and moral philosophy. It turned out that I need not have bothered myself about this secondary offensive against the future, but (as will be seen later on) I was sufficiently successful in it to secure myself a desirable place in the Civil Service, if I had chosen to take it.

The examiners in *Literæ Humaniores* in June 1882 were Strachan Davidson of Balliol and Warde Fowler of Lincoln on the history side, and three philosophers, Professor William Wallace, Bernard Bosanquet of University, and my own tutor W. L. Courtney. But the last named was, of course, not permitted to look through or mark my papers, in accordance with the salutary rule against possible College prejudice. If Courtney *had* perused my carefully selected screeds, I fancy that he would have smiled as he recognized a good many of his own feathers upon the arrows which I launched against targets in the philosophy papers. It must go entirely to the credit of that ingenious teacher that I scored $\beta++$ or $\alpha-$ marks upon them all, from which I conclude that the other two philosophy examiners never discovered my dreadful gaps in the knowledge of their subject.

The history papers I thoroughly enjoyed; all of them contained many questions with which I was quite competent to deal. I had an extra day, after the other candidates had dispersed, on my 'special subject' of Greek Numismatics, doing two papers set by Percy Gardner of the British Museum, who was called in as an 'assessor'. He sent down a box of thirty plaster casts of typical or enigmatic Greek coins, all of which I was able to identify, and I made the appropriate comments on them. I felt that, at any rate, I had 'floored' this little corner of my examination. When

the critical days of paper-work were over, there were three weeks, during which I had to wait for my viva-voce examination and the publication of the class-list, which would follow a little later. It would have been a nervous time—since I was very doubtful as to whether my philosophy papers were up to the mark—if I had not had an absorbing occupation to fill up the early half of July.

This was the Civil Service Examination, which commenced almost immediately after 'Greats' were over. I went up to London for the long series of papers at which I was to take my shots. They were spread over many days, because of the many subjects offered by other candidates, in which I had no share—there was a great choice of mathematical and scientific subjects. Hence there were a good many mornings and afternoons in which I was free, and could amuse myself according to my tastes. Some I spent in the museums and picture galleries, and I managed to see a play or two of the serious sort. But my most interesting memory is of three mornings spent in witnessing part of the great lawsuit of *Belt v. Lawes*. This was tried at Westminster, in the old style, the new Law Courts not yet having been completed; and I believe that it was the last case dealt with in those historical but very cramped premises, now pulled down, which opened out into the great central space of Westminster Hall.

Belt, I may remark for the benefit of the younger generation, was a fashionable sculptor, and Lawes was another and a very superior sculptor, who, writing in a newspaper as art-critic, had stated in very clear terms that Belt did not do his own work, but employed several clever 'devils', 'ghosts', or underlings, for whose statues he took the kudos and the cash. Lawes pleaded justification, and tried to prove that Belt could not have executed in the time all the works for which he had the credit, and moreover that he was not a competent sculptor at all, and would have been incapable of carving most of the figures and groups which he signed. There was much cross-examining of Belt's pupils, and of academicians and art critics. The specialists gave the most definite declarations that the work of many different hands was to be found on Belt's statues. The sculptor defended himself by saying that he gave artistic merit and inspiration, though some manual work was done by his pupils. The court was cluttered up with statues, statuettes, and clay models, on which the witnesses commented in terms of praise or dispraise.

All this was quite amusing, but the trial became quite Gilbertine and broadly comic when Baron Huddleston, who presided, made the suggestion that the artist should prove his ability by executing a portrait of himself on the bench, before the jury and the public. This roused roars of laughter and applause, and Belt consented at once to do so, but counsel urged that it would be unseemly if the work of art turned out a caricature, whereupon the judge offered to select one of the audience as a substitute for himself. I missed the day on which the test was actually carried out ; Belt brought in his tools and a mass of clay, and executed in the luncheon hour, a portrait of one Pagliatti, an Italian artist who was in the court. The likeness was so good and convincing that the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict of £5,000. *Belt v. Lawes* had dragged on till the vacation, and as Queen Victoria opened the New Law Courts in the Strand at the commencement of the autumn sessions, this was actually the last suit in which the time-honoured clashing of the pleaders was heard hard by the great hall of Rufus. So I had once more chanced to look on at an event of real historical interest. Belt, alas ! victorious at the moment, came to utter grief a few years later, for an elaborate fraud on one of his old patrons.

The papers for the Civil Service Examination were set on very different lines from those to which I was accustomed at Oxford, and in some of them the topics chosen were not at all in my particular lines of work. Very few of the examiners, I believe, came from my own University. However I wrote away hard for every paper, whether I was sure of my ground or not, and always found something to say, even if it may not have been precisely to the point. I wanted to make my line of retreat as secure as I could manage.

This examination was still in progress when I was called back to Oxford for my viva voce before the 'Greats' examiners. I was in considerable trepidation, having an uneasy feeling that Professor Wallace would take me round some philosophical problem on which I should be found wholly unsound. But to my surprise it was that genial historian Strachan Davidson who invited me to take my seat at the green table opposite him ; and he only asked me three or four questions about the Emperor Tiberius, to which I could make coherent answers, and then sent me away. Since I had been given no serious viva voce it was clear that my class was already settled, and that there was no

doubt about it. But there remained the horrid fear that I might have done so wretchedly on the philosophy side that I had doomed myself to a 'second'.

I went back to London, to finish the Civil Service Examination, and was still busy in it when the Greats list came out, a day or two earlier than had been expected. I got my first sight of it in a railway carriage in a copy of the *Standard*, which I was casually reading, with no idea that my fate was written in it. There was a small first class of only eight names, but that of Oman of New College was there all right. I had to restrain inclinations of showing signs of unseemly joy, which might have disturbed my neighbours in the compartment. One other New College man, Cousins, an open scholar of philosophic tastes, had got a first—the other names were unknown to me except those of Chandler of B.N.C. (afterwards a Colonial bishop) and Hadow of Worcester, destined long after to be Vice-Chancellor of a Northern University, but in those days better known for his musical abilities. In the second class was one name whom I was destined to know well in after life—George Curzon of Balliol, the acknowledged king of the Union, and already marked out as a man who would go far in politics. His outstanding ability had caused his first class to be regarded as a certainty by all who knew him—but alas! it was a case of 'too many irons in the fire'—his activities outside the academic curriculum had left him too little time to work at the parts of it which he disliked. And so, as to many other brilliant men, came a moment of disappointment. But who remembers Oxford 'firsts' or 'seconds' when a few years have gone by? What became of the majority of my comrades in the first class? They certainly have not—to my knowledge—set the Thames on fire.

The fact that my place in the class list had proved satisfactory made the pending results of the Civil Service Examination a matter of comparative unimportance. I made up my mind that I should opt for the Oxford career—with a possible reservation that if I chanced to obtain the one clerkship in the Treasury which was announced for competition, that would have to be taken into serious consideration before being rejected. But it was not likely to come my way. I faced the remainder of the Civil Service Examination with a certain amount of non-chalance: indeed I remember one afternoon when I was a trifle 'hybristic'.

The examiner in Greek was one Whiston, a Cambridge man who had produced a long-forgotten edition of Demosthenes. At the viva voce he commenced to ask me a number of questions not on Greek history, literature, philosophy, or culture, but on Greek grammar and the *rationale* of the irregular verbs (if they have any). Getting vexed after two or three queries of this sort, I fear that I told him that I was not a schoolboy, and could have answered those sort of questions much better four years back, and that I had hoped to be examined about the Greeks, not about the irregularities of their grammar. This brought the viva voce to an end, and I found, when the results were published after the examination, that I had got a hundred marks less on Greek than on Latin subjects—though I am sure that my papers in the one sphere were as good as those in the other. I have much more pleasant recollections of my viva voce in Modern History by Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who terrified me with the aspect of a benevolent ogre for the first moment, but proved most kindly and considerate.

When the results of the Civil Service Examination came out, some months later, I found that I had not secured the Treasury nomination, nor had I come anywhere near it. But I was for some weeks being plied with offers of posts in other offices, gradually ascending in eligibility. First came Inland Revenue, then Admiralty, and last the War Office. I gave polite refusals to all, but have sometimes wondered what would have happened to me if I had accepted the War Office offer, and spent the rest of my life in Whitehall. I have never regretted my decision. The curious part of this examination was that on going through the marks earned, I found that I had got the highest figure given to any one for *précis* writing and composition, and was well up in Latin, Greek and history, had accumulated a useful score on French and English literature, which I had never studied as examination subjects, but a disappointing one on political economy, German and philosophy. The Treasury post went to Robert Chalmers of Oriel, who in later life got a peerage. He had obtained the highest possible totals on scientific subjects, with a good additional contribution from classics. I remember grumbling, as did many of my contemporaries from Oxford at the time, that mathematics and science were overweighted in the mark-scheme. It was possible to get 2,250 marks from them, and only the same from Latin, Greek and English literature, history and

composition combined. We had a vague suspicion, probably quite unjust, that the scheme had been invented for the benefit of Cambridge men. But after all it was an Oxford man who got the first place—though not mainly by his achievements in the old Oxford classical curriculum.

IX

MY FIFTH YEAR AT OXFORD, 1882-3. OF THE HISTORY SCHOOL, DR. STUBBS, AND OTHER TOPICS

HAVING been fortunate enough to secure my first class in the final classical schools, I now thought that I was well on the way to obtain the prize which I had set before me ever since I became a scholar of New College, viz. to continue my career, as so many good Wykehamists had done before me, by standing for a fellowship in that same ancient institution. The next fellowship that would have to be awarded, according to the statutes imposed upon the College by the First University Commission, must be a Wykehamical one. For the last, an open fellowship, had been given to Matheson of Balliol, and it was now the turn of those who had been educated at Winchester to compete. There had been no election in 1882, but there was bound to be one in 1883. I had a year before me in which to 'accumulate merit' as the Buddhists say, and resolved to spend it on taking a second final school.

Obviously this would have to be the school of Modern History, in which I was interested quite as much as in ancient history, and in which I should start with a good foundation not only of general knowledge, but of special study of several periods. My archæological and architectural diversions for many a year had been taking me into many by-paths both of English and of foreign history, and I had been reading Gibbon and Macaulay, Froude and Freeman and Finlay, and even Ranke and Michelet for pleasure in my leisure hours—not to speak of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and Froissart and Commynes, for whom I had an early affection, and Napier's *Peninsular War*, whose six volumes had been my bedside book even before I came to Oxford. My much-cherished copy of it was given me by a relative in 1876, and used to stand beside me in my bedroom both at Winchester and at Cheltenham, to be read before going to sleep, or at dawn, if I should by some chance wake in the morning before the household was astir.

My mother and I, much elated at the result of my final schools, spent the summer holiday of 1882 in a long tour in

Switzerland, which I had never seen before, though I had made several turns in France and Belgium and down the Rhine in previous vacations. I recall one nasty surprise, near Aigle on the wooded lower slopes of the Diablerets, when rambling up a very straight and deeply cut path, I found a large pine trunk hurtling down upon me. The path was really a log-slide, down which a series of felled trees were being launched by unseen woodmen above. The cutting was steep, and I barely escaped by scrambling up its precipitous side before the first log whizzed past me. This was a warning to avoid short, straight and steep tracks.

In October I settled down in lodgings in Holywell—No. 39 kept by a Mrs. Middleton : it was a regular nest of New College Wykehamists, as the other three sets of rooms were occupied by my friends C. H. Turner and Haverfield, and by Robert Sharpe, a burly and genial mathematical scholar. I had a very pleasant set of ground floor rooms in the rear of the house, looking backward down a long garden, with the trees of Wadham filling up the far distance.

The history tutor of New College, Hereford Brooke George, of the mighty beard, behaved to me with great wisdom and kindness in giving me advice as to my work for the next year. He told me not to worry about lectures, and that he would not afflict me with weekly essays, but that I should probably find the constitutional side of English history the one topic to which I had better devote most of my time. Not only was it of great importance in the schools, but this sort of technical knowledge was precisely the matter to which a general reader of history would probably have paid only a passing attention. In this George was absolutely right, I had always read history either as illustrating archæology, or else as romance—the story of the heroes and the villains of all the ages. To consider it as a process of constitutional evolution was rather a new idea to me.

Accordingly I left my political history to take care of itself, which indeed it could well afford to do, and set myself to the mastery of Stubbs, Hallam, and Erskine May—the only text books that were available in 1882. Stubbs' *Constitutional History* had only come out two years before, and was in the full flush of its glory, no serious criticism of it had yet arisen. His very tough collection of 'Charters' in the original Latin or Norman-French was of even more recent appearance, but had already become a

sort of bible, from which a candidate was expected to identify any paragraph without its context being given. This was the only hard piece of work that I discovered in the history school—I was helped in mastering it by the one series of lectures which I attended that year, the 'Steps to Stubbs' as they were called of A. L. Smith of Balliol, who was afterwards destined to become the head of that College. One needed some guidance as to what parts of the 'Charters' were of primary importance, for the book itself gave no help towards the sifting out of the crucial passages from the mass of strange Latin and Norman-French in which they were imbedded. And the mere translation was hard enough, for the book lacked a sufficient explanatory vocabulary of technical terms at the end.

It was one of my best pieces of good fortune in my whole life that my reading for the Modern History school brought me into personal contact with Dr. Stubbs himself. He was then Regius professor in his sphere, and resident in the charming little Jacobean house in Broad Street which has been swallowed up this forty years in Trinity College. I once or twice ventured to call upon him with a puzzle, and was always most kindly received, for he delighted in converse with undergraduates, of which he did not get too much. For the history tutors, with common consent, refused to send their pupils to his lectures, pretending that they would be above the heads of the ordinary crowd. It seems absurd that the recognized authority on constitutional history used to talk to audiences of a dozen or fifteen hearers, while a popular College lecturer, doling out the pabulum suitable for third class men, could command eighty or a hundred.

My personal touch with this great historian was mainly through an admirable society which had just been started by the efforts of an elderly and indefatigable Balliol undergraduate of American nationality. It was he who induced Dr. Stubbs to become the president of what was colloquially called 'the Brearley Improvement Society' from the name of its energetic transatlantic secretary: it was more formally named the Modern History Society, but settled down in its mature age to the name of the Stubbs' Society, which it still retains, for it is going on strong to this day. Our president used to attend almost every meeting of the association, and to comment with wisdom on every paper, until he was removed to a loftier sphere in 1884 by becoming Bishop of Chester.

I was one of the first members of the Brearley Improvement Society, and possess to this day a photograph of its gathering taken in 1883, with the Regius Professor sitting benignly in the middle. We were, as the later years proved, a very serious set of enquirers. I note among the twenty surrounding figures Cosmo Lang—now Primate of All England—Herbert Hensley Henson, long Bishop of Durham, seated at Dr. Stubbs' feet : at the side may be seen J. A. R. Marriott, Ryland Adkins, T. E. Ellis and myself, all four destined for the House of Commons, William Holden Hutton sometime Dean of Winchester, Sidney Cooper long Canon-Treasurer of Truro, Dr. Alexander Carlyle and W. J. Ashley, professor of history for many years in Birmingham University. We were all in our early 'twenties' in 1883.

In one of the earliest meetings of the society I discovered the extraordinary ability of Henson, then an almost unknown member of the Non-Collegiate body, by an admirable paper on William Rufus, which he read in a set of rooms in Ship Street. The fact is fixed in my mind by an unfortunate tumble down stairs which I made at the end of the gathering, whereby I sprained my knee, and was laid up for ten days afterwards with a leg swollen to extraordinary and unpicturesque dimensions.

Dr. Stubbs was a most amusing president—one had hardly expected the great authority on such a staid subject as early constitutional history to be a personage full of humour, and given to illustration by anecdotes of a very quaint sort—but so he was. To know him was to love him—hundreds of men who went through the Modern History school in his day ought to have regretted that they never made his personal acquaintance. But the College tutors decreed that their pupils should not attend his lectures, and most students were only acquainted with him on paper, by reading the 'Charters', which gave a very poor idea of his personality, which was humorous and benign.

As I wrote no essays in my fifth year, and attended hardly

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE

In the group Archbishop Lang is standing behind Dr. Stubbs' left shoulder—Bishop Henson sits below the Professor's feet. Of four members who afterwards went into the House of Commons, T. E. Ellis is the third figure from the left in the third row ; Marriott, in cap and gown, is seated ; Ryland Adkins is the extreme right-hand figure of the whole group ; I myself am standing at the back in the point of the arch. The bald sitter on Dr. Stubbs' left is our American friend, Brearley, who first induced the Professor to act as father and patron to the Society, and who was the first secretary.



DR. STUBBS AND HIS ADHERENTS OF THE 'HISTORICAL SOCIETY.' WINTER OF 1882-3
(See note in the text, page 106)

any lectures, I had a good deal of spare time still for outside intellectual amusements. The New College Essay Society was in its prime, and the 'Phas' set me ghost-hunting on many occasions. I had become president of that association when my friend A. P. Keep of University took his degree in 1882, and kept my colleagues hard at work on investigations. H. J. Hardy of New College was my treasurer, F. E. Brightman of University the keeper of archives, R. S. Bate of Exeter the secretary. I have the papers of the society before me as I am writing, and note that we went into more than twenty first-hand narratives of apparitions in the year, including one or two that our sceptics found impossible to explain away.

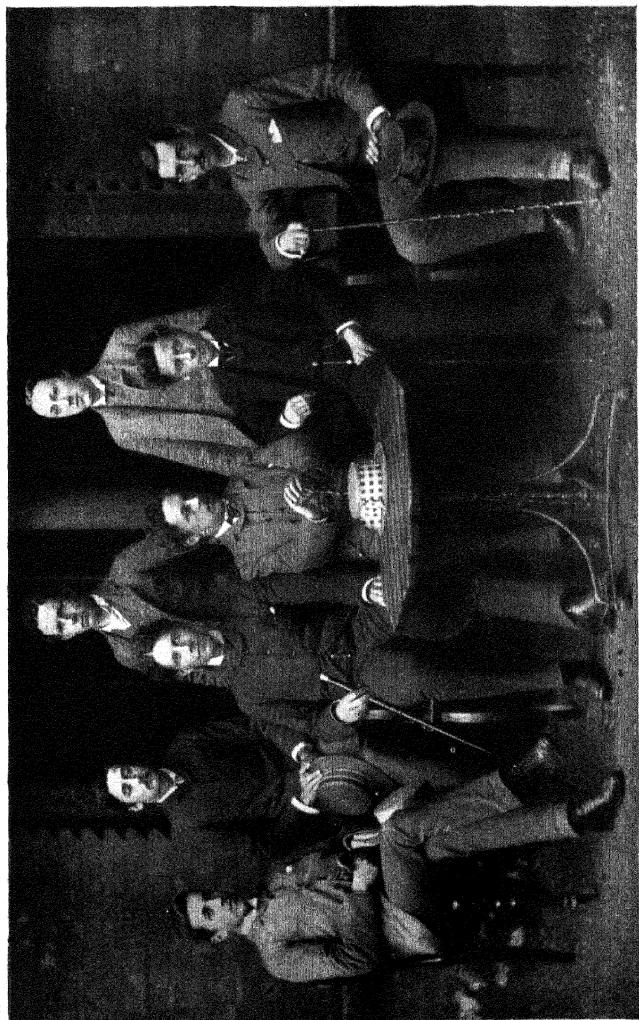
The most astonishing screed was the depositions of two separate witnesses who on the same night were startled by the form of a lady, visible only from the waist upwards, in a Perthshire castle which had a good old family legend. Dr. Paley, still remembered by those of the elder generation as an editor of Greek texts, supplied us with a curious story of his meeting with the ancestral ghost of the Talbot family, as a death-warning to the last Earl of the elder Shrewsbury branch; but the tale was nearly twenty years old when we got it from him, and his memory was not satisfactory on some of the crucial points. I find that A. C. Headlam, F. G. Kenyon, and H. E. Salter, all of New College, and all destined to be men of mark thirty years after, dug each of us out one good story in this session of the 'Phas's' activity. We were, without doubt, a most conscientious party of young enquirers into the occult. Haverfield, the leader of our sceptics, was sometimes most ingenious and entertaining in his endeavours to pick holes in specious tales, and sometimes succeeded in his destructive work, so that a communication got filed as 'explained' by mal-observation, natural causes, or mere coincidence.

That the ghosts were not my only distraction from schools work in this busy year, 1882-3, is sufficiently shown by the fact that in December 1882 I was elected librarian of the Union, after a lively contest with A. Williams of C.C.C., who was more or less the 'progressive' candidate. This was the result of a good many Conservative speeches delivered at Thursday evening debates during the last two years. I fear that they were earnest rather than eloquent, but my friends seemed to like them. I enjoyed the petty parliamentary fun of sitting on one of the three

thrones on the dais of the Great Hall, there answering questions, generally futile, about the administration of the Library. There were always some 'hecklers', who wished to know why I was not buying 'left-wing' books in sufficient quantities. But, in fact, I took the librarianship very seriously, cleared out a number of obsolete books, strengthened many sections that were weak on the shelves, and started the first 'Subject Catalogue' that the Union had ever possessed. I did not stand for the presidency at the end of my term, a thing that I have sometimes regretted in later years, for it was a post that many good men have held—generation after generation. The main reason that prevented me from competing for the post is one that would not operate in these times—but was a very real hindrance in 1883. The natural time for me to stand for the presidency would have been in December 1883, but in November (as I have to explain presently) I had been elected to a fellowship, and it would have been considered unseemly for a 'don' to preside over the assembly of undergraduates. The rule was broken some years later.

The presidents under whom I served as librarian were Shaw of Balliol and Mackinder of Christ Church—I was to meet the latter forty years later on the benches of the House of Commons. I chance to have preserved a photograph of Mackinder's committee, which contained some members whose names are not forgotten—viz. Mackinder, president, myself as librarian, Cosmo Gordon Lang of Balliol (now Primate of All England) as secretary, Lord Cranborne (now Marquis of Salisbury), Michael Sadler of Trinity (afterwards Master of University College), C. E. Mallet of Balliol (the Sir C. E. M. who wrote the *History of the University of Oxford*), J. Bruce-Williamson of Balliol, in after years the historian of the Temple, and W. E. Bowen of Balliol.

The Union business only occupied a few hours every week; much more absorbing was a new divagation of energy, which came from election to the University Kriegspiel Club. This was due to my tutor at New College, H. B. George, who, finding me interested in military history, was good enough to introduce me to this very serious association, of which he was the president. It played war-games in the German style on the old set of Prussian official maps for the campaign of Sadowa, and occasionally, for a change, on the ordnance survey maps of Oxfordshire, or the vicinity of Aldershot. I was greatly fascinated by the war-game and its ingenious rules and conventions, looked on as a learner



THE COMMITTEE OF THE OXFORD UNION SOCIETY. JUNE 1883

The Members, going from left to right, are : Cosmo G. Lang (Balliol), W. E. Bowen (Balliol), Charles Oman (New College), Lord Cranborne (University), Halford Mackinder, President (Christchurch), C. Mallet (Balliol), Michael Sadler (Trinity), J. Bruce-Williamson (Balliol)

for some months, and was later on permitted to take a share as a company or battalion commander, under those skilled generals H. B. George, Professor Cook Wilson of Corpus, and Dr. Sanday of Christ Church, who, though a professor of theology, was a most resolute and bloodthirsty tactician on the map. Kriegspiel remained one of my favourite amusements for many a year, and I ended with being a frequent umpire in the bloodless battles of the younger generation.

Altogether my fifth year at Oxford is a most delightful memory of good friends and happy activities, with the Modern History schools that were looming before me in June serving as no such daily terror as the Literæ Humaniores school had been in the previous year, when I was by no means sure of my ground.

There was, however, a horrid jar reserved for the middle of the summer term, and one which changed my whole outlook on life. I knew, as I said before, that New College must offer a Wykehamical fellowship in 1883, and I vainly thought that I might compete for it with some considerable chance of success, whether it was classical or (what was less probable) in modern history. I had omitted to reckon with a possibility which had not occurred to me as conceivable. The dons might elect to give it for mathematics, though there were very few men reading for that school in the College, and there were already two Mathematical tutors to deal with them. I have never been able to free myself from the idea that, when the announcement was made in the *University Gazette* of May 15, 1883 that the fellowship confined to Wykehamists would be given for mathematics, this move was made with special intent to keep out of the College governing body a person who, like myself, was a Wykehamist *pur sang*, a Conservative of rather combative tendencies, and a churchman of the old-fashioned sort. Undoubtedly I should have been entirely out of touch with the Liberal and modernist spirit which ruled the College, and (to say the truth) I had been looking forward with some content to the idea of bearing witness in favour of Wykehamical traditions, and Conservatism generally, among an unsympathetic majority.

The fellows could not find any mathematical scholar in New College to elect to this fellowship for a Wykehamist, and actually had to go to Cambridge for a candidate. They elected John Chevalier of Trinity College, who was technically qualified because he had been at Winchester as a boy, though he had then

gone off to Cambridge, and not taken one of the New College scholarships open to those of his year. I well remembered him at Winchester—a guileless and simple soul, wrapped up in the higher mathematics. I had often done his Latin and English verses for him, when he was in my Chamber in 1876-7. Certainly he did not trouble the politics of the governing body of New College after his election, as he took orders, married, and retired in a few years to a country living.

That I am not suffering under an attack of megalomania when I make this suggestion as to the awarding of New College fellowships in the 'eighties' of the nineteenth century, is (I think) borne out by the story of my best friend. The most distinguished scholar in the theological line in the years immediately following my own was undoubtedly Cuthbert Hamilton Turner, my old partner in Seventh Chamber in 1872. He obtained a theological professorship in the end, and is still remembered by those interested in early Church history. Like myself he aspired to a Wykehamical fellowship, and, after getting his first class in the Theology School, waited for the one in his sphere which was bound to come in the rotation of subjects. But it was put off year after year, till, tired of waiting, he accepted one at Magdalen College. The moment that he had done so, the theological fellowship at New College was duly offered for competition. The only explanation that I could find for the matter was that Turner was a pronounced High Churchman. But of course New College was not the only foundation where a habit of recruiting the governing body from persons of the same tendencies as the dominant majority can be traced in this period. The gradual disappearance of seven-year fellowships open to competition, such as the University Commission of 1877 had devised, cut off the chance of many a friendless man, who could have relied on his faculties for examination, but had no hope of being chosen to a nominated fellowship, since he was not *persona grata* to some governing body.

My hopes of continuing on the foundation of William of Wykeham were dashed—it was to no profit that I had been head of the scholars' roll into Winchester in 1872, and into New College in 1878, since the ruling authorities would have none of me. I had to cast about in my mind as to what course I must now pursue, and concluded that if I could not get a fellowship at New College, I must—when the history schools were over—

have a shot at a fellowship in some other College—whether on the classical or the history side I did not much care. The first competition that would come on in the October term following would be the annual examination for two fellowships at All Souls. So there I made up my mind that I would enter my name, though I was aware that Chichele's foundation was not quite like other Colleges, and that there were all sorts of popular legends as to the people who would be, or would not be, elected there. I only knew one fellow of All Souls, Harry Rudolf Reichel, who was a devotee of Kriegspiel, and whom I had often been meeting during the past year at our tactical games over the old Sadowa maps. And no other fellow of the College had ever cast eyes on me, or knew anything about me. If I failed at All Souls—which I thought probable—there were fellowship-competitions coming on at three other Colleges before the year 1883 would be out.

This forced transference of my allegiance from New College, which hit me so hard at the time, was the greatest piece of good fortune that ever fell to my lot. If I had obtained a Wykehamical fellowship, according to my youthful aspirations, I should have had a much less interesting life than that which I was destined to lead for the next twenty years, till I obtained the Chichele Modern History Professorship in 1905. For undoubtedly I should have settled down to help my old friend George as a New College history tutor, and have taken no other work in hand.

Meanwhile there remained the ordeal of the final examination in the modern history schools, in June 1883. I thoroughly enjoyed this examination, and did not find even the early constitutional paper such a difficulty as I had expected. The examiners were about as distinguished a lot of historians as could have been found at the time—my old friend Dr. Stubbs, Mandell Creighton—soon like Stubbs to become a bishop—Richard Lodge of B.N.C., and Sidney Owen the reader in Indian history. I well remember my *viva voce*, which was humorous, as was often the case when Stubbs was senior examiner. It was obvious from the first that the board was friendly. The first question that I was asked was 'Do you remember any monarch who used to hear mass without getting up from his bed?' To this I was able to answer 'Charles V at Juste'. The second, 'When was exporting mules declared to be heresy?' was a little harder, but I could recall the eccentric edict of Philip II

of Spain to that effect. And then the regius professor asked me one question on early constitutional history, and, when I had been only two minutes before him, dismissed me with a friendly nod, so I knew that I was all right.¹

We were a rather small first class that summer, of ten names. The only one that I recollect is that of Medley, long a tutor of Keble in after years, and afterwards a Professor in Scotland.

When the autumn term opened at Oxford, I came back to

Oman, Carolus G. C. e Coll. Nov.

Termino S. Trin.

Anni MDCCCLXXXIII

prout Statuta requirunt examinatus in I^a Man^a Classe

*Candidatorum qui IN HISTORIA MODERNA Honore digni sunt habiti
relatus est.*

<i>Ita testantur</i>	{	<i>William Stubbs</i> <i>Sidney J. Arden</i> <i>M. Craghton</i> <i>Ricardus Lodge.</i>	}	<i>Examinatores.</i>
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39 Hollywell, where my friend C. H. Turner was still in residence, as he intended to take the Theology School in 1884. He had not been lucky in his dealings with 'Greats', as he had got a second class, certainly not on account of any failing in history or scholarship, but because (like myself) he detested certain aspects of Philosophy, but (unlike myself) had not been wary enough to disguise the fact from the examiners. Haverfield had also got a second class—for much the same reason as Turner, I think, and had gone off to take a classical mastership at Lancing. I cannot remember who had replaced him in the upper rooms at No. 39.

¹ This may seem a rather quaint instance of a *viva voce tempore Stubbs*, but I chance to have a contemporary record of it, for I wrote an account of my experience to my friend Turner, and the letter giving it was returned to me forty years after, when all my correspondence with him was sent to me by his executors after his lamented death.

Funds were somewhat to seek in October 1883, as my Winchester Exhibition had lapsed by expiry of time. I pretty well compensated for its loss by taking two private pupils to coach in modern history, and one in 'Greats'. Two were New College men, the third came from Exeter, how guided to me I never quite made out. They were all decent fellows, and passed their examinations safely in the following year. Let us hope that they were none the worse for my coaching.

The term was only ten days old when the examination for the All Souls fellowship began. I called on the Warden, Sir William Anson, gave in my credentials—which he accepted with his habitual benignity—and received my instructions as to the hours of the papers, and the necessity of preparing myself for a viva voce examination when they should have been finished.

We were examined in the Hall, which was to become so familiar to me in later years, and had a very long set of papers—an essay, three papers in history (there were three corresponding law papers for those who came from the Law School) another in translations from five languages—Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian, and finally a 'General Paper' which ranged over all topics human and divine. I have kept the file of these papers till this day, for I held them in high respect at the moment, and regarded them afterwards as a precious souvenir. There were sixteen or eighteen competitors, several of them quite familiar faces from the Union, including George Curzon himself, to whose eloquence I had so often given ear.

The history papers suited me very well, as I was able to ramble round all manner of topics in ancient and modern times. My marked file shows me that I had a shot at the Greek conception of the state, the Roman legions under the Empire, the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain, the history of the Crusading States in the Levant, the social conditions of mediæval Scotland, the Portuguese and Dutch colonies in the East Indies, the causes of the American War of Independence, and the claim of Napoleon to be the successor of Charlemagne. The essay subject set us was a surprising one—'Legal Fictions': this looked on the face of it like a bonus for the candidates who came from the Law School. But I am told that it was very much the reverse, as they tied themselves up in legal subtleties, and did not attack the general thesis as to whether accepted fictions were or were not useful things in human society. There remained the paper of trans-

lation from five languages, where I found four of them easy enough, but did the Italian with a good many hypotheses as to what words probably meant from one's general knowledge of French and Latin. However I made some sort of a show in it.

The viva voce was a nerve-wracking business—as many competitors in later years have found—for it was not the four examiners but a large proportion of the whole body of fellows who sat on the opposite side of the green baize-covered table in the Common-room. I suppose there may have been sixteen of them—but I felt as if there were sixty, and all highly critical. As a matter of fact the majority dropped in—as they do still—merely to get a look at the outward appearance of the candidates. To sit and translate Latin and Greek extempore under so many pairs of eyes was decidedly trying. Fortunately the pieces set in 1883 were straightforward, and I found no difficulty with them.

There remained what was perhaps the most exacting ordeal of all. The candidates were (and are still) invited to dine in small detachments with the body of fellows in hall—five or six at a time. By tradition they were supposed to be on trial for manners and general *savoir faire*, and there are tales of individuals who are rumoured to have put themselves out of the running by inadequate appreciation of the virtues of modesty and tact. I can remember one candidate who took the hearthrug in the smoking-room, and lectured on the real meaning of the Dreyfus case, and another who gave advice on the reconstitution of the College wine-cellar. It is not wise to be too much at home in the company of one's elders, nor to be too anxious to show that one is a man of the world! There is a legend, wholly without foundation, that candidates are always confronted with the difficulties of a cherry pie, and that their table-manners are judged from their fashion of disposing of the stones. A discreet visitor is alleged, in this tale, to have solved the problem by swallowing all his stones—with the imminent danger of appendicitis. I think that the whole story has been invented by outsiders, to worry their friends who have just received the fateful invitations.

For my own part I have memories of terrible shyness at finding myself stranded in the midst of twenty or thirty unknown fellows, nearly all much older than oneself, of whom one was aware that some were politicians, members of Parliament, and highly-placed civil servants, and others were names well known

in literature. But I could not tell one from another : absolutely the only person familiar to me in the assembly being Harry Reichel, whom I had been meeting in the Kriegspiel Club of late. I imagine that I was not a very interesting neighbour to those who sat on each side of me at the festal board—and I have not the slightest memory who they were—all the faces being at the moment unfamiliar. But I can recall that Warden Anson was very kind to me in the coffee room, took me aside for the moment, and told me that he had a pleasant report of me from my old Head Master, Dr. Ridding at Winchester. This at least seemed to show that I was not *persona ingrata*, and that the College had been taking the trouble to search out for some information about me.

On the morrow after All Souls Day I was taking one of my three pupils in my rooms at 39 Holywell, when Harry Reichel, accompanied by the ever-genial C. R. L. Fletcher (hitherto unknown to me) burst in unannounced, and told me that I had been elected to the fellowship along with George Curzon. This pleasant and decidedly unexpected intelligence was accompanied by the information that I must make ready to move into All Souls next day, as junior fellows were obliged to start residence at once. So I had to send for my landlady, Mrs. Middleton, and inform her that I was to flit at once, and must compensate her for loss of a lodger in the middle of term. She was congratulatory, and not at all unreasonable in the estimate that she placed on the financial deficit caused by the departure of the lessee of her best rooms five weeks before his time.

And so I spent the afternoon in packing my rather formidable array of books, and my much smaller store of personal household gear, and was received that evening in All Souls Hall as one who had the right to dine, and not as a visitor. It was a very exhilarating moment—I can only remember that I was almost beside myself with exultation, and trust that I did not show it too much—every one was most kind and considerate, but the faces were all unfamiliar and a little terrifying to the junior, who did not know in the least who it was that was greeting him.

X

EARLY YEARS AT ALL SOULS, 1883-92

WITH my sudden irruption into the daily life of All Souls began a wholly new and most delightful series of experiences. I had known absolutely nothing of the College in my undergraduate days, save that it was different from all other colleges, and that the man who had secured a fellowship there might count himself fortunate. This was perfectly true, but it took me some time to discover the character of the place, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. For during the greater part of the week there were not more than four or five residents in its quadrangles, while on Saturday afternoons there would descend from London any number from ten to twenty of other fellows, lawyers, civil servants, politicians, or literary men, who made Saturday night a very lively time, and put the residents in touch with all the doings and sayings of the outer world. We often dined four strong on Friday night, and thirty strong on Sunday. Loyalty to the College and good-comradeship seemed to be common to all our Londoners, many of whom were almost regular 'week-enders' throughout the year. It is hard to exaggerate the splendid spirit of college patriotism that prevailed in 1880-1900, or the pride of the lucky juniors who found themselves absorbed into this very abnormal society.

I believe that there had been parties and dissensions in the College some years back, when the old life-fellows were a little shy of the new 'Ordinance' fellows, a feeling accentuated when the University Commission of 1877-8 inspired certain members with ambitions for changing the character of the place, which inspired horror in certain other members. But all this was over by the time that I was elected, and the elder generation had realized that the younger generation was neither bumptious nor disloyal to old traditions.

One of the most delightful methods of keeping up our community of interests, and of enabling juniors to get to know their seniors, was that great institution the communal Sunday walk. Unless the weather was abnormally bad we used to sally forth about a dozen strong after morning chapel, and take a twelve or

fourteen mile turn over the hills, lunching at some village six miles out with an excellent appetite, which was as well satisfied with the bread and cheese and ale of Beckley, Besselsleigh or Garsington, as with the more sumptuous juniper-cured ham of Stanton Harcourt, or the cold veal and ham pie of Nuneham. In my early years Compton M.P. used to act as our whipper in—a rather gaunt figure in garments that did not at all suggest Westminster—his battered cloth cap and archaic shooting jacket rather resembled those of the game-keeper of a minor squire. He retained his walking powers till he was far on towards seventy years, and scoffed at those who talked about inadequate lunching amenities.

As he grew less able to take the road, Compton was replaced as the leader of our party by John Doyle—a wonderful combination of the specialist historian and the sporting country gentleman. Those who had only known of him as the author of a long run of volumes on the early history of the American Colonies, were surprised to find that his favourite topics of conversation were dogs and horses. He was the breeder of countless pedigree terriers, and of 'Rosedrop' the mare who won the Oaks—for he had a wonderful eye for a horse, and always had a likely colt or two at his lovely Breconshire house of Pendarren. He was even more of a tireless walker than Compton: when I stayed with him in his green valley above the Griney, he always wore me down with his regular four miles an hour over hill and dale—mounting a thousand-foot slope at the end of a twenty-mile turn with a surprising rapidity. Though I was his junior by a quarter of a century my footsteps lagged sorely by the time that we turned back for tea.

Doyle died in 1907—his successor as marshal of the College Sunday walk was William Paton Ker—whose W. P. signature adorned many monographs. He was as taciturn as Doyle was conversational, rather a grim figure to those who did not know him well, but a master of the company in the smoking-room, and no mean songster of strange archaic Scottish ballads at a Gaudé feast. Ker was an even harder walker than Doyle—his speciality was Alpine wandering, and he not only lived but died on the Alps—half way up a mountain which he had easily climbed at fifty, but which was too much of a task at sixty-eight. Probably this sudden end from heart failure on a beautiful and familiar spot, with illimitable views below him and around, was the death

that he would have chosen himself, if he had been pressed to make his choice.

The College walk was a wonderful opportunity for getting to know our week-end Londoners, of whom the larger number joined in the strolls with more or less regularity. One changed one's companion half a dozen times during the hours of perambulation, and garnered much anecdotic wisdom on the most varied topics from elder colleagues, who were dispersed all over the political or literary world or the various branches of the bar, and told the junior tales of the inside of things, which he had hitherto only known from the outside.

When on the Monday following my election the mass of non-residents cleared away to their various avocations, I found myself lodged as a temporary boarder in a very splendid set of rooms, occupied (when he appeared) by Sir Robert Herbert, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. But I was only a passing visitant there, being moved around during my first year of residence to three other locations, belonging to various other fellows who were not very regular or frequent visitors, and were therefore subjected to the *corvée* of housing a migratory junior during their absence. But sometimes, as it would chance, they turned up unexpectedly on a Saturday, and I was moved around in haste by the Domestic Bursar to some other set of rooms, whose owner was elsewhere for the moment. This was an uncomfortable arrangement both for the senior fellow who came home to find, like the great bear in the fairy tale, that 'someone had been sitting in my chair', and for the migratory probationer, who had to gather up his more necessary clothes and books and flee unto another city. But it never led to any serious friction—the room-owners were very considerate and kindly to the involuntary intruder. It was a year before I got a permanent abode on the first floor of the front quadrangle, in a very beautifully panelled set of rooms with a fine Jacobean mantelpiece—small but splendid. The only drawback was that the corresponding bedroom was dark and draughty—but at twenty-three years of age that did not much afflict a healthy junior fellow.

The mid-week community residing in All Souls was, as I have already mentioned, very small. First and foremost came the Warden, who did not, like some heads of Colleges, shut himself up in his lodgings, but was always about and visible—incidentally a wonderful mentor to the newly elected junior fellow, to whom

he could always give the most admirable advice concerning his present situation and his future career. Sir William Anson was, and remained all his life, a bachelor, his house being kept for him by detachments of his numerous body of sisters. I think that it was partly the fact that he had no wife or children of his own which made him treat the College as his better half, and the whole body of junior fellows as children, for whom he was more or less morally responsible. When I first knew him he had only held the wardenship for two years, having succeeded in 1881 a clerical Warden of the old school, who had held a Berkshire living and a canonry of Westminster along with his Wardenship. Dr. Leighton had been by no means always in residence, and had comparatively little touch with the academic life of the University, or the intellectual life of the day. He was a dignified old gentleman who had once been recommended to Queen Victoria for a bishopric, as I learnt a few years ago, when perusing the old Queen's correspondence in George Buckle's edition. Some said that he had been killed by the worry of the Parliamentary Commission of 1876-7, which made many changes in University organization, and threatened (as he thought) to make an end of the All Souls that he had presided over for so many years.

William Anson was our first non-clerical Warden, a comparatively young man when elected to his post—he was just thirty-nine—a barrister and a man of the world, but also a scholar, and the author of legal text books which have since 1881 passed through countless editions. He had recently acted for several years as the University Reader in English Law, and was giving up his London practice. He was indeed a many-sided personage—and all his sides were delightful. I was surprised, when we got, very early in my fellowship, to talks on military history, to find that he had all the Peninsular War traditions, being the grandson of two of Wellington's brigadiers, Sir William Anson and Sir Denis Pack—Anson's son had married Pack's daughter. In later years both their glorious arrays of medals and orders, mounted together, were his most cherished possession. But he had also all the old legal traditions, and could become anecdotic and amusing on the careers of the judges and Q.C.s of a whole century.

Anson was—though he usually kept the fact concealed—a very perfect master of the comic muse. His topical poems on College

problems were a joy to those who knew the persons and the hobbies of the fellows whom he satirized with a very kindly pen. Very occasionally he would contribute anonymously a humorous poem on academic difficulties to the *Oxford Magazine*. Occasionally he did into verse some famous law-suit of constitutional importance, for the benefit of the law student. He had a real passion for teaching, so much so that having ceased to hold any official position in the law school on becoming Warden, he took up in his spare time—I never could make out how he ever had any spare time—the voluntary and unpaid task of preparing for examination the better sort of Trinity College undergraduates who were reading for that school. This was indeed a work of supererogation.

But Anson was also deeply interested in politics, and often tempted to turn towards them. He was by family tradition a Whig, and had stood for North Staffordshire without success shortly before he was elected to the Wardenship. After a gap of seven years he was lured back to a practical participation in political life by his intense dislike for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy of 1886. Like many others of his old political creed he became a Liberal Unionist, and found, as the years went on, that his Whiggery was growing very thin. Not only was he desperately earnest about the dangers of the Irish Question, but he disliked modern liberal tendencies in secular education and in the treatment of the Empire. Still more was he repelled by the attitude of the bulk of his old party towards the Church of England, of which he always remained a most loyal member. He loved its services, and his regularity of attendance in All Souls Chapel was a thing at which I marvelled—being content myself with three or four appearances in the week.

He very nearly stood for a Midland seat at the time of the first Home Rule dissolution, but finally refrained, on the ground that his duty to a remote constituency, with all the meetings and organization which it entailed, would be incompatible with his domestic work as Warden of All Souls. It was not till 1899 that he entered Parliament as one of the burgesses for his own University—holding it to be the fact (as I have found myself) that the absence of any of the usual liabilities of a normal M.P. in the way of 'nursing his constituency' would enable him to discharge his academic and his parliamentary functions together, without any serious dereliction of duty in either case. As every one knows

he was Mr. Balfour's Under-Secretary for the Board of Education before the débacle of 1906.

The Warden was one of the three people who exercised a notable influence on my life—the other two being my old school-masters at Winchester, Fearon and Ridding, who first taught me to realize my capacities for work on congenial subjects, and roused my ambitions. Anson was certainly the third to give me sympathetic guidance and encouragement—he confirmed me in the idea that I ought to stop in Oxford and to set to work on writing history, supplementing research, if so it pleased me, with some teaching work. He was very anxious that the College, under the new regulations of the Universities Act of 1877-8 should not remain a body of non-residents, but should also contribute to teaching and research on the spot—quite a new development in its activities.

Besides the Warden there were, so far as I remember, only five other permanent residents in College in 1883-4—Dr. Bertie whose election dated back to 1837, and who was a sort of ancient monument, showing what the College had been like in early Victorian days, Henry Offley Wakeman, then aged thirty-five, with Reichel and Fletcher who both were junior fellows recruited just before my own time, and my colleague George Curzon of the 1883 election, of whom I was to see much during the rest of his life—right down to its rather saddening and disappointing close.

Dr. Henry Bertie was, as I have observed, an interesting antique, and incidentally a melancholy warning to the young. He belonged, as did three or four other fellows still surviving in 1883, to the generation before the First University Commission of 1854-6, when All Souls had been a curious nepotistic body, generally confining its election to the knot of families who could claim to be 'Founder's kin' as descending from the brothers of Archbishop Chichele. Between 1815 and 1856, out of 113 fellows elected seventy-eight had been *consanguinei founderis*, and the same names tended to repeat themselves on the roll. When fellowships were settled by counting uncles already on the list, the intellectual standard was not always very high! Only six out of the seventy-eight were first class men. A few achieved distinguished careers, such as Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, Charles Augustus Murray, traveller, novelist, and envoy to Persia and Portugal, Sir Robert Herbert, and Sir John Bramston, who were in succession

Permanent Under-Secretaries of State for the Colonies, with Bishop Waldegrave, and Sir Thomas Acland who both won that rare thing a 'double first'. But these were rather exceptional instances, and the whole character of the College was changed when the Universities Act of 1856 ordained that the privilege of Founder's kin should be abolished, and that no one should compete for a fellowship who had not either obtained a first class or else won a University prize.

When I was elected there were five fellows of the old stock still surviving—Sir Robert Herbert—who would have won a fellowship under any conditions—a most brilliant personage, but not one whom we saw often, though he persisted in keeping on the best rooms in College, and drawing his double fellowship. Sir Charles Clifford and Francis Compton were both most respectable Members of Parliament for the best years of their lives—the one for the Isle of Wight, and the other for South Hampshire (the New Forest)—without leaving any great mark on parliamentary history. But poor old Dr. Bertie, and Charles Wrottesley were strange relics of the ancient nepotistic system, scions of old College families who had nothing either academic or intellectual about them.

Dr. Bertie, after holding a living in Essex for forty years, retired to All Souls in his old age, bringing with him his rather drunken old butler, to whose whims he was a slave, for he was paralysed in the legs for the last years of his life. He was essentially a simple old clergyman, but being both deaf, partly paralysed, and isolated among a younger generation whose ways he could not understand, he was a most pathetic figure. He insisted on dining in hall, to which he was brought down by two men in a chair, and was always placed at the top of the table next to the much-enduring and ever-considerate Warden. As he could not catch half of the conversation going on around him, nor follow most of the topics contained in the other half, he was a difficult neighbour to deal with. But the Warden kept him amused in some deft fashion of his own. It was worse when the poor old man sometimes came down to a mid-week dinner, when there were only two or three junior fellows to bear him company.

I remember one dreadful evening, when failing to make out what a pair of very newly elected people were conversing about, he surprised us with the awe-inspiring remark—'In my young days, when junior fellows kept whispering, so that their seniors

could not hear what they said, it was often because they were *ashamed* that their seniors should hear what they were talking about'. This was a symptom of the suspiciousness that often besets the deaf, who imagine that all conversations which they cannot hear are personal remarks about themselves. Dr. Bertie had one or two permanent obsessions of this sort—the most marked was that a nephew of his own, recently converted to Roman Catholicism, and a vigorous propagandist, would try to get him received into the Roman Church when he was in some fit of unconsciousness—hence came elaborate precautions against any one who looked like a priest being admitted into his rooms.

The poor old gentleman in his latter days played the part of the 'skeleton at the feast', an awful warning against celibate old age spent in a couple of dreary rooms, with none but neglectful servants round. In several other Colleges there were similar pathetic figures. I made up my mind that I would never suffer the fate of 'unregarded age in corners thrown'.

Quite a different personage was another of our fellows of the old foundation. The Hon. Charles Wrottesley was a fox-hunting squire, with apparently no intellectual interests whatever. He came up very regularly to College meetings, always took his full share of the Common-room port, and afterwards requisitioned three fellows to play whist with him. He usually revoked once or twice in the evening but it was a recognized custom that his revokes were never to be noticed, for to call attention to one of them provoked such a noisy disputation that it was well to ignore the incident. Wrottesley had once been a major in the Staffordshire Militia, and his military adventures—which were confined to the garrisoning of Corfu during the Crimean War—supplied a certain part of his small talk. I suppose that in the old nepotistic days there were many such fellows on the College list.

Between Dr. Bertie, who was far on in the seventies, and four junior-fellows—none of us had yet reached thirty—the only resident in College was Henry Offley Wakeman, a most genial, benign, and very handsome personage. He was a representative of a type much more common in 1880 than it is to-day, the learned layman of very High Church principles. He came of a good Shropshire family, like many of the fellows of the elder foundation, though he himself belonged to the 'ordinance-fellows' whom the First University Commission had created, when Founder's-kin days were ended. He was the first of

that foundation, save Anson and Johnson our chaplain, to settle down permanently in Oxford and take to teaching. He attached himself to Keble College as soon as that stronghold of the High Church party was founded, and was for many years its very efficient tutor in modern history. We often wondered why he did not take holy orders, for he was far better fitted for them than most clergy that I have known—a most loyal and rigid observer of all church ordinances, and a most healthy moral influence on all with whom he came in contact. Perhaps he thought that there were priests enough at Keble, and that a model layman would have more influence with the undergraduates—and very likely he was right.

I owe Wakeman much kindly remembrance : though I was a Low Churchman and made no secret of the fact, he started me on official teaching by making over to me some of his best Keble men for essays and tuition in 'Greats' work. Among them, as I have elsewhere had occasion to mention, were Dr. Kidd, long Warden of his old College, and Bishop Green, late of Monmouth and now Archbishop of Wales, whom I still occasionally meet in all friendship. Wakeman was an admirable mentor for junior-fellows, and I remember many kindly hints from him as to what was and what was not appreciated in the College.

The three men of about my own age who were residing with me in those early days, were Harry Reichel, Charles Fletcher, and George Curzon. The first two were busily engaged in tuition work for their old Colleges—Reichel had been a Balliol man, Fletcher came from Magdalen. They were both full of interests of all sorts ; Reichel was an Ulsterman, whose first appearance of a cheerful grimness one found to be flavoured with a delightful capacity for singing Orange political songs. I can still remember the tune and words of ' Lone Kilmainham Jail ', celebrating the humorous side of Parnell's arrest and imprisonment. He was a celebrated rifle-shot, and ready to talk for ever on things military. As I said before, he was the only fellow of the College that I had known before I was elected, through frequent meetings with him at the Kriegspiel Club. It was a great blow when not long after my first year in College, he took a professorship in Wales—where he was destined to be occupied for the whole of his very honourable career ; he ended by being for many years head of Bangor University College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales.

Charles Fletcher did not migrate like Reichel, but stuck to Oxford for the whole of his life. He was almost the only one of my good old contemporaries whom I could count on meeting frequently for the next forty years. He was a capital contrast to Reichel as a daily companion, full of fun and literary jokes, versatile and volatile, with a strong appreciation of the humorous side of the history that he was teaching to generations of Magdalen men, who were not by any means 'high brows'. Though this word was not invented in 1883, the class to whom it is applied was all in existence—especially in Balliol, which was full of serious young men, with a mission and a strong sense of the duty of 'expressing their individuality'. The type did not exist among Fletcher's cheery pupils, who required a different sort of handling, and received it. He wrote many books—the most characteristic of them is that splendid piece of 'spoof'—the *Diary of an English Secret Agent in Paris during the Terror*. He published it anonymously as a genuine document, and it was concocted with such an impish cleverness, and such a sweeping knowledge of detail, that it deceived all the reviewers for many weeks, and was welcomed as a most valuable contribution to the history of the French Revolution. It was a long time before one deadly specialist, a little harassed by finding how many things had come under the notice of the supposed M. Hesdin, conceived doubts as to his existence, and triumphantly discovered some minute impossibilities as to dates and names. But for long weeks Fletcher had enjoyed the triumph of reading review after review of this most convincing concoction, treating it as serious history. What a knowledge of the Revolution was required to deceive the very elect (save one !) may easily be conceived.

Of George Curzon, the fourth of us juniors, I had nourished some little dread before I came to know him. He was really such an important person even in 1883 that I had feared that he might be somewhat overpowering. In this I was wholly deceived—he was a most companionable and amusing colleague, quite expansive and full of humour. Did he not on occasion compose excellent limericks?—I have some of them still in his handwriting. He spoke freely of his ambitions and his disappointments, without the least sign of self-consciousness. The fact that he had only got a second class in the final 'Greats' school (by the casting vote of a senior philosophy examiner, as the story went) was his greatest annoyance. He was resolved to show that he had been

misjudged, and proved it by writing for and obtaining two University prizes in the two following years—the Lothian in 1883, and the Arnold in 1884.

While Curzon was settling down in his year of residence to write on Justinian for the Arnold, I resolved to make a parallel shot, and set to work on the 'Art of War in the Middle Ages' for the Lothian. I believe that it was an unparalleled conjunction when the two junior fellows of All Souls got the two history prizes simultaneously. We did an immense amount of talk about the Dark Ages while the two essays were in process of construction between November 1883 and March 1884.

Curzon was resolved to see something of the world before he stood for Parliament, which was of course his ultimate ambition. Hence his untiring travels in 1884–6, when he over-ran not only the Mediterranean countries but Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan. He and Arthur Hardinge having reached Samarkand together in the autumn of 1886, came to a discussion as to what was the quickest way to get back to Oxford for the All Souls Day Gaudé. One chose Orenburg-Moscow, the other Baku-Constantinople, and they both arrived well in time for the feast, and within a few hours of each other. Curzon on his travels had a pleasant way of storing up a few antiques for me. I still wear a Sassanian ring which he picked up in the Khyber Pass, and have a bag of queer Bactrian coins bought in the Bazaar of Kabul. Years after, when he had become Viceroy of India, he several times sent me numismatic curiosities, gold coins of the Guptas, early Mahommedan rupees, and a set of the Amir Abdurahman's last coinage in all metals. His letters were always concise, amusing, and epigrammatic.

It was not till 1887 that he made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and got himself a name at once by the same eloquence that had dominated the Oxford Union ten years before. Despite of his parliamentary duties he continued to turn up regularly at all College festivities until his fellowship ran out in 1890. Of course we lost sight of him while he was Viceroy in India, but that absence did not breed forgetfulness was shown by the numismatic souvenirs which came to me from time to time. When he had returned to England, and in the days of the long Conservative eclipse (1906–14) led the Opposition in the House of Lords, he was finding time to think of University reforms, and stood for the Chancellorship against Lord Rosebery in 1907. I

acted as his local secretary during the election, which ended in a complete triumph—1,101 votes to 440—and have sealed up in a box a curious collection of all manner of correspondence relating to the election, including many letters from Curzon himself. They are generally of a humorous tone.

The times when one obtained a view of the whole of the fellows *en masse*, as opposed to our handful of residents and our habitual London Saturday to Monday 'week-enders', were the epochs of the three College Gaudés—The Founder's Commemoration Gaudé coincided with the election of the new fellows of the year, and ran over three or four days of business and jollity combined. We sang the sacred song of the Swapping Mallard on All Souls Night, and then entangled ourselves in a number of laudatory speeches, in which due compliments were paid to the Warden, the sub-Warden, the senior-fellow, the professors, etc., etc. Sometimes, when speakers were prolix, the harangues ran on for several hours : occasionally, when they were of a happy brevity, we had time for a little more minstrelsy of a less archaic sort than the Mallard's seventeenth-century classicalism. The Whitsuntide Gaudé is and was a staid affair—falling on a Sunday it was mainly distinguished by its long chapel service. But the annual feast, which was pure merriment, with no touch of official oratory, was the 'Bursar's Dinner' held somewhere in the last days of February.

In old days this had been the occasion when, at the preceding 'stated general meeting', the Bursar declared the dividends of the year—which varied according as the College estates prospered or showed poor results. Our seniors received the estimated value of so many 'liveries'—the said 'livery' being a mysterious unit, which only Bursars could calculate. A doctor-fellow received much more than a master-fellow of the pre-Commission days, and a professor several times as much as a master-fellow. But there were no such dividends, only fixed sums, for the post-Commission fellows, who were not life-tenants of their position, but only seven-year ephemerals. Hence our interests were never excited—as were even now those of our seniors—by possible financial variations—we had our £200 to receive and could not get more nor less. As the old foundation gradually died out, or married, the survivors profited so much by the gradual appreciation of the College estates that a non-resident doctor-fellow might be getting £800 a year, and a professor-fellow of the

old foundation something like £2,000. So the declaration of the annual dividend by the Bursar was naturally a source of glee to the seniors, and conduced to a merriment in which the juniors participated, without having the financial accompaniment to stimulate it.

This February bursarial dinner, now shorn, alas ! of some of its characteristic *abandon*, was a celebration to which all fellows and many 'quondams'—as we call ex-fellows—vouchsafed a most regular attendance. It was purely genial and in no way ridden by official ceremonial. After the singing of the Mallard in Common-room, the fellows used to put in each one his lyric contribution, with effects that varied according to the degree with which Nature had endowed him with musical talent. In my early days the great performance was usually a topical song by Raleigh—a staid and silent personage on ordinary occasions, but a very nightingale at these February feasts. He had a wonderful sense of the humorous, and generally obliged us with a commentary in verse on the chief College events of the year. His songs had begun before my time—but those which I can recollect dealt with such subjects as the Bursar's visit to India, the formal protest of the seven-year fellows against their ephemeral status, the experiences of the first batch of the juniors who went out to University Extension lecturing, the reports of divergent examiners at the last All Souls election, or the complaint of the seniors as to the degeneracy of late-Victorian times. These lays were personal to a degree—but never malicious. Those satirized could laugh with the rest. It was a sad day when Raleigh accepted the post of Legal Member on the Viceroy's Council in India, for when he returned after seven years he was a much older man, and a whole generation of junior-fellows had grown up, with whose personalities and foibles he was not acquainted—hence there was an end of his songs. The element of humorous criticism of the individual had been their inspiring theme. When Raleigh did not give us a *revue* he had a stock of delightful Scottish comic songs from which to draw—I could almost repeat from memory still 'The Minister's Presentation Watch,' and 'The Annuity'—both with slow melancholy tunes and ludicrous narrative.

Next among our songsters came Ker, whose persistent drone was mainly exercised on eighteenth-century Scottish songs such as the 'Piper of Dundee', and 'The Bonny Briar Bush in Our

Kailyard', but usually strayed off into 'Willie brewed a peck of Malt', to whose burdens we all gave a thundering chorus. Cosmo Lang had the best voice in the College—whence he was for many years chosen to sing the Mallard song—and employed it mainly on sweet and sentimental Jacobite melodies—'Come Back to Us, Charlie, the Hielands are fain for Thee,' and such like. But he had one tremendous Peninsular War song, which I have never heard save at All Souls :

'Dost thou remember, oh my comrade hoary,
The days we fought and conquered side by side.'

It is a most noble record of a Highland veteran's memories of every fight from Talavera to Waterloo :

'How year by year we drove the French before us,
As foam is driven by the western breeze.
Onward we pressed with conquering banners o'er us
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees.'

Yet I have been told that the air is foreign, and that the central idea came from a continental source—if so, the Norman Macleod who transported the whole to the British Army showed considerable genius, when he rewrote it as a Peninsular veteran's song in his charming little book *The Starling*.

We had other singers of merit, Trench and Baker-Wilbraham in especial, and many more whose good will exceeded their powers of execution. Of them it could be said that 'they only sang because they must', if they did not 'sing but as the linnet sings'—rather perhaps as the owl or the raven. At any rate their efforts gave amusement to their neighbours. There was a duet concerning the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 for which Pember and myself were always called upon—it concerned the rival valour of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer and Ivan Petruski Skivar and their fatal duel, a never-ending source of mirth if not of melody. One most distinguished fellow of our generation only sang once—it was a strange version of the Eton Boating Song—and he was never asked to sing again. The post-war generation is much less vocally enterprising—or much more shy. 'Where are the snows of yester year?' I often ask myself, as February ends in Common-room.

When the singing was over on the night of a Bursar's dinner we adjourned to the smoking-room, where the seniors indulged in a rubber of whist—Wrottesley always revoked and disputed the

fact—while the juniors betook themselves to card games of a more aleatory description around a long table. I never remember any sums of importance changing hands, for we gambled mainly in shillings and half-crowns. At midnight we adjourned to hall, where an oyster supper was provided, and did full justice to the bivalves and the Moselle which accompanied them. After this the ‘sports’ commenced—sacred games of which the first consisted in a steeplechase round hall, in which the two newly-elected fellows of the last November competed, over eight rows of not very difficult obstacles. These were formed by placing the large chairs from the high table in pairs, front to front, so that the competitors had only a low jump of about eighteen inches to make. Other contests followed.

But, alas ! these games are now a thing of the past. Their cessation was one of the many melancholy consequences of the Great War. When our thinned ranks—eight junior-fellows had fallen in action—reassembled for the first bursar’s dinner for five years in February 1919 there was no heart for merriment among us. And as we commenced to fill up the vacancies by electing large batches of war-veterans in November 1919, the whole of our ancient Victorian practices dropped of themselves. The midnight supper and its sequel were never resumed. But I am glad to say that the preceding voices of melody are still heard—though we have now no such an *improvisatore* as Raleigh, and the beautiful voice of Lang has only been heard on two most solemn and special occasions.

XI

CONCERNING THE CHOICE OF A CAREER, 1883

I HAVE never been like that hero of one of Mr. Wells's romances, who laid out for himself a logical scheme of life and work, which was to end in the well-planned achievement of worldly success. Indeed, in all my earlier years from my first Winchester scholarship onward, I had contented myself with short perspectives. In succession I had aimed at a New College scholarship, then at good classes in the schools, then at a Wykehamical fellowship. What was to follow I had not considered overmuch—being essentially an opportunist. If I had failed to get my first class in 'Greats' I should probably have accepted the clerkship in the War Office which I had won in the summer of 1882. When the unpleasant surprise came to me in the spring of 1883 that the Wykehamical fellowship at New College was to be given to a Cambridge mathematician, I had swerved off on to the All Souls competition with small hopes of success, intending thereafter to seek for a teaching post in some other College. My wholly unexpected election to Chichele's great foundation compelled me to sit down and take a long view for the first time in my life. Junior fellows of All Souls did many things, and chose very various careers.

When I settled down to the weekly life of my new home—five days of small dinners with the few residents—two of crowded festivity at the week-end when our Londoners came down—I had ample time to consider the future, for there was an obligatory year of residence in College, before the newly-elected fellow was free to chose his career in the outer world—if so he wished. On the whole the academic life, with its long holidays, its opportunities for literary work, and its well-established nucleus of friends with tastes and ways of life similar to one's own, made the strongest appeal. Its rewards are modest but attractive, and I had no necessity to think overmuch about the finances of the long-distant future, since there was a sufficient maintenance to come to me some day, when two elder generations should have passed away. As it chanced I reached the age of forty-seven before that day arrived. I have been told that such prospects

are the bane of the young, and distract them from ambitious effort, when they have a modest assured future before them.

I do not think that this was the case with me—firstly, I was not particularly ambitious—I wanted neither notoriety nor riches but to use such abilities as I might possess in an honorable career, as conscience might permit. But, secondly, I obviously had to fend for myself for perhaps thirty years ; so I set to work to do so in one way and another. I must confess that all sorts of life-schemes had passed through my imagination in 1882-3. There had been the Civil Service career in Whitehall, which I rejected when I refused the clerkship in the War Office which had been offered to me before I obtained my fellowship. It had some attractions, but I had turned it down. Then there was the Bar—a large proportion of the Junior fellows of All Souls flocked to it, and I was not at all too old to begin to eat dinners in the Temple and haunt the Courts. I must confess that my reasons for rejecting the legal career will appear priggish and hypersensitive to many minds. It was not that I disliked argument, or was destitute of a certain fluency in public speaking—acquired at the Union—or was inclined to shirk hard and continuous technical work in studying cases and precedents, but there was a moral doubt—could I ever tolerate the idea of fighting a case in which I was not sure that my side was in the right ? If one had any luck such cases would be sure to come in one's way—and could one plead honestly when one was not sure that one was not fighting for the worse cause, and using arguments which were not (in one's inner judgement) convincing ? I must confess that I was sometimes a little disgusted when I heard my acquaintances and contemporaries chuckling over the way in which they or their leaders had won a case by rhetoric or ingenious technicalities without much reference to fundamental rights and wrongs. I could not swallow the theory that a good lawyer always believes in his own case—obviously this was incredible. And so I felt myself squeamish when I contemplated the possibilities of the legal career: better men than I have had no such feeling, as I am well aware.

An equally cogent and equally conscientious scruple turned me back from thinking of taking holy orders. I was a sincere Churchman, and had never been shaken in the least by all the philosophic problems that I had been compelled to study while reading for 'Greats', nor by the ingenuities of the 'higher

criticism' which was then so popular, when the perverse tried to prove that the Gospels were written in the second century. As a matter of obvious duty I had kept chapels and not roll-calls all through my undergraduate years—a thing which was growing rare in my time. I had been a pretty regular attendant at Canon Christopher's Saturday evenings in St. Aldates, and hardly ever missed a University service—which I thought it was my duty to attend as a member of a religious community. And, as I said before, I never shirked the idea of hard work.

On the other hand, I had never felt what some of my friends who took orders styled 'the call'. Conceivably it might be one's duty as a good churchman to take Orders—but I could not convince myself that this was so. It was not the restrictions incumbent on the clerical life that influenced me, but two fundamental doubts which I could not face. The first was the fear that I could not go on bearing lively and useful witness to the faith that was in me for the tenure of my natural life. By the time that I had delivered a thousand sermons (let us say) or gone through twenty years of the routine of either educational or parochial work, should I not become exhausted of all spontaneity, drop into mere formalism, and, for want of the fire of enthusiasm, which I had never felt, become a dispenser of moral aphorisms and glimpses of the obvious? I was never a crusader, or a fire-brand, and could not conceive of myself as doing very effective propagandic work: that would require a certain fire, which is a different inspiration from sense of duty, which was my guiding motive.

But my second doubt was far more terrifying to me; in whatever sphere of clerical duty my lot might be cast, I should from time to time have to face responsibilities in coping with individuals for whose spiritual welfare the responsibility would come upon me. I had some little experience in dealing with agnostics and such like among my own contemporaries, and it was not wholly encouraging. But the worst possibility, and it would certainly come, was that of dealing with distressing cases, 'notorious evil doers' and death-bed repentances. I did not feel that I could honestly preach pure justification by faith to the dying sinner, whose career had been all for evil. The only hope that one could promise would be in the infinite mercy of God—could one insist upon it when the dying person was obviously in a state of panic rather than in one of active and reasoned

repentance? One would feel oneself insincere—and probably quite unconvincing. There was a horrid story current in my young time of a worthy and well-known college tutor who had promised to take up the work of the prison-chaplain, who had gone on holiday, and found himself called in to a condemned criminal, guilty of a particularly brutal murder. The murderer was frantic and blasphemous. The clerical fellow, after all appeals, prayers and argument had been tried in vain, was said to have departed with a feeble, 'Well, I cannot palter with you any longer', in a state of moral collapse. What should I do myself, or feel myself, if a similar case—not necessarily that of a condemned murderer of course—chanced to be thrust upon me? I could not face the prospect, though it might be a very remote one.

This was perhaps moral cowardice, and a mere shrinking from the unpleasant, but none the less existent, possibilities of human life. My enthusiastic friend Henson, who had a good deal of influence over me, ended up by assuring me, with a smile, that I was 'reading for a second class in the Kingdom of Heaven'. Perhaps he was right.

A third career which seemed not impossible for a junior fellow of All Souls was politics. I often spoke at political meetings for the Conservative cause, sometimes far afield, and was keen on the problems of the day. But there were two obvious hindrances—the first was financial, I had no income save my fellowship and what I might earn by my pen. The second, and more fundamental, was that I had no talent for self-advertisement or 'wangling'. The idea that it would be necessary to put myself in touch with the political machine, and court the notice and approval of those who counted in it, seemed altogether humiliating to one's self-esteem. That I should actually, in times to come, sit for sixteen years in the House of Commons would have appeared a most unlikely dream to me in 1883. Such a thing only chanced because I was able to get there without any of the nauseous preliminary work of propitiating the great, and canvassing a constituency. I have always been prone to take my own views, and to vote in a minority of one. This would not have been a very profitable mentality to bring into practical party politics. I thought of Horace's line '*populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*' as the self-respecting conclusion. This may savour of conceit, but I do not think that I was conceited—only conscientious perhaps to an abnormal degree.

So there remained the obvious choice of the academic career, which lay straight and easy before my feet—a pleasant certainty, with many attractive side-issues—perhaps too many for complete achievement in any one of them ; there were so many corners of history on which I felt that I had something to say. Specialization was never my foible, and I had a number of interests which kept me busy all the year round : some were lucrative in a small way, others the very reverse, but I threw myself into the one class of activities with as much eagerness as into the other. I wanted to write, and I wanted to travel, there were all the museums of Europe to be visited, when one thought of archæology, and all the battlefields, when one thought of the art of war. Meanwhile £200 a year and free dinners in Hall would not take one far on the road to exploration or travel.

The wherewithal was suddenly pressed upon me : I found that I was in much request as an instructor for the final schools, through which I had so recently passed. Wakeman started the game by asking me whether I would like to take charge of some Keble 'Literæ Humaniores' men who were interested in ancient history. Shortly after Oriel and St. John's offered to send me some of their more promising young people, who wished to polish up their last year's history work. I accepted every job that was offered me, when I felt that I was competent to carry it out. No opportunity, I thought, should be neglected when one is at the beginning of things, and tutorial fees were very acceptable to one who had been living on lines of very strict economy for the last five years. Moreover I enjoyed the work, and only got the best of the men, since the College authorities thought that their dullards would not repay the expense of being sent to an outside teacher. Apparently my dealings with my pupils proved satisfactory to all concerned, for between 1884 and 1890 I was offered, at one time and another, tutorial fellowships in no less than six colleges. Even New College, which had given me such a heart-breaking pass-over in 1883, took me on as a permanent lecturer two or three years later, and ended by proposing that, when my seven-year fellowship should run out at All Souls, in 1890, I should re-migrate to my old abode. I rejected the proposition, though my All Souls emoluments, as the University statutes provided, would be reduced by three-fourths in that year, since when one's first septennial period had expired, one became a mere 'fifty pounder'.

But I owed all the joy of my life to Chichele's foundation, which had given me happy harbourage when New College had deliberately refused to have me. And long before 1890 I was earning enough to make the fall in my All Souls emoluments a thing of no very great importance.

In the first flush of my satisfaction at finding that college work was being pressed upon me from many quarters, I accepted so many jobs that in one term I discovered that I was taking forty-one pupils, and giving them each a fair hour of tuition. As I never did any work on Sundays, this meant that I was let in for seven hours of criticism and catechizing every day, besides incidental jobs of examining and weekly lectures. This was far too exhausting, and even my usually excellent health could not stand it. I began to get nervous worries and sleepless nights—little Dr. Morgan told me to drop a dozen pupils and to take to smoking. I followed his advice in both lines: the first half of it was easily managed—for New College in 1885, as I have already mentioned, offered to take me on as a full-time lecturer for twenty-five men—half in 'Greats', half in Modern History—so I dropped my work for the other Colleges, not without some regret. I have specially kindly memories of some of my first Keble pupils, among whom were Dr. Kidd, afterwards Warden of that College, and Bishop Green, now the Primate of Wales. The good leech's other counsel I was also able to take—I had never before smoked, save of course for the dozen surreptitious whiffs that all school-boys try. But I now found that the intermittent cigarette between pupils and after meals was very restful and pleasant. I tried pipes and cigars, but found that they took up too much time, and were distracting, while the cigarette was soon over, and escaped notice while one was writing. Fifty years after I remain of the same opinion.

That my New College work did not absorb all my energies will appear sufficiently from the account that I can give of the various side-activities in which I involved myself in Oxford. They ranged over many fields, and when vacation came I had ample leisure to satisfy the two ambitions which were most appealing: the desire to write something that might be useful in the line of history—an illimitable field—and the desire to travel and to learn something more of the external world than had been possible to the 'poor student'.

Perhaps I may, to a certain extent, account for the fact that I

found time for so many and so diverse activities by mentioning that I was long free from one form of distraction which wasted the time of many of my contemporaries—the social one. 'North Oxford' had already come into existence, and for those who liked them there was plenty of opportunity for mixing with its ladies young and old. Such joys were not for me! I had a perfect horror of dances, collegiate or private, and always refused invitations to them. To say the truth, the sight of girls *en masse*, in their best frocks, conversational, restless, sometimes a little skittish, and always self-centred was a terror to me. Dances were, no doubt, the worst possibility, but I avoided with equal care mixed lawn-tennis and boating parties: croquet was still in vogue, and picnics not unknown. Probably there may have been a touch of 'inferiority complex', in that I was conscious that in small talk, outside male 'shop', I was woefully deficient, and my heart always sank when at a luncheon or an unavoidable tea party, I found myself compelled to open up conversation with a hitherto unseen Miss A. or Miss B. The choice seemed to be between the banally obvious topics, or an attempt to make myself amusing—a humiliating alternative. The only ladies with whom I sometimes got into intelligent conversation were the elderly ones, who could give me interesting reminiscences of what Oxford was like in the 1850s and 1860s, when the social problems of the rise of a married community were beginning to make themselves felt, and the wives of heads of houses (hitherto the only women in the academic world) had to find the proper *modus vivendi* with the wives of junior tutors. Apparently there was a time when matters of precedence and social intercourse had presented difficulties. The illustrative anecdotes were sometimes amusing.

I had the same discomfort when I was staying with my mother in Cheltenham in vacation time. Cheltenham was a lively place, and my mother enjoyed society—she could never understand why I refused to go to dances, to which she often took a party of girls, but preferred walks with archæologists to Roman villas, or lonely rides across the top of Cotswold. Altogether I was not much of a social asset!

I suppose that there were few junior fellows of my own generation who knew so little of the ladies, and took such care to keep out of their way. Probably I was somewhat influenced by the fact that I had no sisters or female cousins of my own age—so that the ways of girls were inscrutable to me. I was destined

to discover that my general conclusions on the psychology of the other sex were founded on insufficient observation of individuals. It is possible for a girl to be both merry and wise—a thing that I had not realized for many a year. The discovery that I had been wrong in drawing too hard and fast deductions came to me, in the end, in time to secure me a very happy life, under a change of conditions which I had never contemplated. It was a surprise—and a blessed one ; certainly I had not deserved my good fortune.

XII

ON SOME EARLY ACTIVITIES. CONCERNING MISSIONS, JOURNALISM AND LOCAL POLITICS, 1883-1900

LOOKING back to the busy years after 1883, when I was still feeling my way in life, I continue to marvel at some of the miscellaneous activities into which I plunged myself with cheerful energy. There was not only the Kriegspiel Club, then in its prime under my old friend Hereford Brooke George—the Phasmatological Society of which I was president for five years, 1883-8—the Ancient History Society of which I was the ‘original begetter’ and first secretary, started in fond memory of the benefit which I had received from Dr. Stubbs’ Modern History Society. But above all there were adventures into new lines, which I did not pursue for any great length of time, because I found that there were others who could do the work with more practical ability than myself and a more undivided enthusiasm.

The first was a turn of missionary work which I undertook on the compulsion of my dear friend Henson—who was elected at All Souls in the year that followed my own entry into the College. He sent me out when he was head of the Oxford House to lecture in various places—even in Victoria Park on one occasion—in defence of the Church of England—for the ‘Layman’s League’. I was a sincere disputant, but perhaps not the most tactful of controversialists, when I met with what I considered perverse or ignorant opposition. Nor can I honestly say that I liked residence in the Oxford House, where I sometimes caught myself in a mood of ‘vapid spiritual hilarity’ (the phrase is Henson’s own) which did not harmonize with my real outlook on life and duty. I have only once preached from a pulpit—an odd experience, as my topic was a forgotten saint, St. Augulus, a martyr-bishop of Roman London, of whom nothing is known but his name!

I must bracket with this adventure another which I undertook on the persuasion of Michael Sadler, then the young and enthusiastic organizer of the ‘Oxford Extension Movement’, which was destined to develop into much larger schemes of ‘Extra Mural Education’. As one of the first ‘extension’ lecturers I took classes at the newly-formed centres of Reading,

Malvern and Cheltenham. I lectured on modern English History, and did not fail to attract audiences, but was left at the end (I fear) with a very sad doubt as to whether I was doing much for the cause of history. This doubt was mainly the result of looking through the answers and essays which came to me in the course of each series of lectures. The effect of my orations seemed in some cases to have been wasted, in others to have produced absurd or banal perversions of my teaching. I do not think that I was either dull or over-epigrammatic, but somehow I was dissatisfied at the general result of my attempts to set forth the great theses of English nineteenth-century history on the sort of audience that I obtained.

The shortest but the most interesting 'odd-job' that ever fell to my lot was given me in the year 1890. It was in that year that Mr. Gladstone paid his famous visit to Oxford, to live for ten days as a fellow of All Souls among other fellows. He refused to bring either a secretary or a valet, yet it was obvious that somebody must look after him in an unobtrusive way, and see that he was not neglected by College servants, or obsessed by unwanted callers—journalists, autograph hunters, and the like. I was put into the set of rooms below that in which he was quartered, and told by the Warden to keep an eye on his comfort. This *corvée* was well worth the trouble, as it gave me the chance of 'sizing up' a most wonderful old gentleman, whom I had denounced on many a platform.

His visit was a great success, and he was for all too short a time the delight of the common-room, where he showed himself the most characteristic of anecdotists—his range of memory was prodigious—and, I must add, the pride of the College chapel, where he attended every service and read the lessons repeatedly. Obviously he was a perfectly genuine believer in the moral rectitude of everything that he had ever said or done. There was no doubt about it, as astonished Conservatives like myself had to concede. There was no hypocrisy in his career, though (to us as observers) an astonishing amount of self-deception, quite unsuspected by him. It was impossible not to revise one's conception of the old man, and the revision was all to his credit. In many ways he was an old-fashioned Conservative—he deplored the slackness of University dress and ceremonial, and was heard to regret the gold tuft of the nobleman-commoner, and to deprecate the horrid sight of members of the University in cap and gown

seen smoking, and the vast influx of undergraduettes. 'There are too many ladies in Oxford', he once observed. One odd personal fact I have never seen mentioned in print : he was short of the two upper joints of the first finger of his left hand. As a young man, when out shooting, he had blown them off while dragging a loaded sporting gun through a hedge. Now considering that he was always known as 'the old parliamentary hand', it is astonishing that no political caricaturist ever took advantage of the disfigurement—a thing highly creditable to the gentlemanly feeling of the caricaturists. One seldom noticed the blunt joint, it was only conspicuous when the old statesman, very rarely, threw up both hands together in the heat of argument. Undoubtedly I parted from Mr. Gladstone with a most unexpected feeling of respect.

A job of a very different length, it lasted for nearly four years instead of for fourteen days, was an experiment in journalism of a semi-humorous, semi-academic sort. The *Oxford Review* had its origin in a wave of resentment against the *Oxford Magazine* which purported to be the exponent of graduate (and undergraduate) University thought. The *Magazine* was in its early days very 'high-brow', very Liberal in politics, very 'progressive' in academic matters, in short (as we used to say) 'very Balliol'. A knot of us resolved to start a competitive weekly, which should be Conservative in both general and academic affairs, a good deal lighter in touch than its rival, condescending to fiction and humour, and more adequate in the reporting of matters athletic than the 'Mag'. The first editor was Pulling, an M.A. of Exeter College, who was a bit of a historian and a bit of a journalist. I was his successor : we kept the *Review* running with great glee, if not with any great financial profit, though we generally had a few pounds to divide at the end of each term among the regular contributors—the editor and committee and the invaluable athletic and College correspondence sub-editors.

I took over charge of this lively weekly in one of the enthusiastic moments when I thought (as I often did think in those days) that I could manage easily anything that interested me, in the hours that were not actually devoted to official work with my College pupils. I was soon undeceived, for the editing of the *Oxford Review* was the sort of business that could not be relegated to fixed hours, since editorial worries might arise at any minute of the day. When one was taking pupils, the 'printer's devil'

might arrive with a note to the effect that the material for next week was a column short or a column overlong, and that alterations or additions must be made at once, for the machine was waiting. Hence came sudden sallies to the printing office when one's pupil had departed, in the time when one should have been taking lunch, or even dinner. I have often sat for stray hours in the atmosphere of printers' ink, deleting paragraphs, or putting in padding, to set right a page that was over-long or over-short. This was intellectual training of a most amusing sort, and excellent for stimulating the power of improvisation—I not unfrequently wrote extemporized verses on current academic puzzles or disputes. But the work was often exhausting, and frequently came at the most tiresome times, when other duties were calling one away. Once I found myself let in for what might have been a lively case of libel, by the indiscreet veracity of an esteemed contributor. Fortunately the storm passed off.

I have the happiest memories of the sub-editors and committee men who worked with me. The most sound and trusty were Joseph Wells, afterwards Warden of Wadham, and A. D. Godley of Magdalen, by far the greatest University comic poet of our generation. He was a man who could dash off a lyric or a leaderette at a moment's notice, without any apparent effort. One had only to suggest a topical subject, or to ask him to choose one for himself. Some of his best 'Goliardic-latin' verses appeared in the *Review*, notably *Parvisa*, an account of 'Smalls' and their difficulties to the dull student, and *Postquam pubes Magdalenae*, which was a marvellous jingling narrative of a bonfire at Magdalen, which involved a skirmish with the dons. Both of these have been republished in Fletcher's *Collected Works* of Godley. But he contributed many smaller scraps both in verse and in prose which are alas! forgotten. Other collaborators for a longer or a shorter term were A. Griffith-Boscawen—who sat in Parliament with me long years after—and C. A. H. Green of Keble, who had been my pupil for a year, and was destined to end as an archbishop.

I remember his help in one absurd wrangle—Jesus College was apparently offended with some remarks in one of our numbers, and the president of its Junior Common-room sent us a formal letter of reprobation for our slighting of the merits of that ancient Cymric institution, and a notice that none of its members would ever read us again. We replied by setting Green to write Jesus

College correspondence in Welsh, of which he was a perfect master. This, I fear, did not at all conciliate the Jesus men—however natural curiosity compelled them to read us, bans or no—and it gave considerable amusement to other people.

I wish that I could recall the names of all my collaborators, undergraduates and young dons, who kept the *Review* going for so long. But one I must commemorate, C. Archer of Oriel, who was the most indefatigable versifier that I ever knew. He had two veins—the serious and the humorous: when romantic he signed his compositions ORIEL, when humorous LEIRO, the same word reversed. We must have thanked him for dozens of contributions, which were so nicely graded in size that one of them could always be found to finish up an imperfect page of print, whatever the precise deficiency of space. He is long dead, but remembered by a few for his and his brother's controversies with Horace Round on the battle of Hastings.

I can recall many pleasant humours of the *Review*. One was the composition of a burlesque 'thriller', called 'What Has He Done With It?' or 'The Man in the Red Burnous'. Of this each weekly chapter was written by a different member of the committee, and the object of each writer was to leave a nasty psychological or practical problem for his successor. This game has been tried quite recently by a number of writers of detective stories in the capital tale called 'The Floating Admiral'. But we had done the same more than forty years earlier! Another jest was to give our public a competition for 'The Fifty Worst Books'—with coupons to be clipped out and forwarded to the editor. The results were amusing, as among well-known works detested by Conservatives for their immorality or their unorthodoxy, appeared several young volumes by ephemeral Oxonian authors, whom their contemporaries had, by conspiracy, agreed to stigmatize as unreadable. This they did, much to our profit, by buying up a number of copies of the *Review* and using their coupons—our weekly sale showed a surprising rise.

While we depended on our committee for the regular issue of the *Review*, we used from time to time to receive contributions from persons of mark in the University, who wished to ventilate their political views or their literary powers while concealing their personality. Among them I think that I shall be committing no indiscretions, fifty years after, if I mention Sir William Anson, Sir Thomas Raleigh, Lord Curzon (who once supplied

the *Review* with some limericks), Professor Case, William Holden Hutton, afterwards Dean of Winchester, Madan of the Bodleian, and my old friend Cuthbert Turner, who though a Liberal in politics was a High Churchman, and fond of scarifying all jobs committed by the local academic liberal oligarchy, with the great Jowett at its head. Alas ! all my contributors are now dead and gone, with the two exceptions of Griffith-Boscawen and the Archbishop of Wales—who may still perhaps remember not unpleasant evenings of collaboration in the back quadrangle of All Souls.

All pleasant things come to an end. At the midsummer of 1888 the surviving senior members of the committee—nearly all our undergraduate members having just gone down—resolved that, as our old rival the *Magazine* had become a ‘converted character’—that is, had ceased to be frantically ‘high-brow’ and Liberal, having fallen into the genial and judicious hands of Thomas Warren the President of Magdalen—we could drop our competition and join forces with our sometime enemy. The combination produced for many years one magazine that paid, instead of two that eked out a meagre profit. So Godley, Wells, and I went on to the *Magazine* committee, and aided Warren for many a year in producing what was in those days a very flourishing concern.

I am bound to confess, however, that the Sunday morning committee meetings of the *Magazine* were not such lively and genial gatherings as the Saturday night meetings of the *Review*. I have the happiest memories of those four years of comradeship, when, over syphon and sandwiches in my rooms at All Souls, we planned out the next week’s number, and concocted humorous criticisms of Jowett the Vice-Chancellor, of Professor Thorold Rogers, the Rev. Dr. Hatch, Pelham, Sidgwick, Ray Lankester, and other Liberal lights. I am afraid that not once but often our alleged anecdotes must have strayed very near the edge of the libel-line. We denounced all ‘progressive’ moves, such as the creation of the Modern Languages and English Honour Schools, the multiplication of specialistic professorships, the permission of vivisection at the Museum, the abolition of prize-fellowships, and the pruning down of the time-honoured ‘examination in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion’ (now altogether vanished, alas ! after long survival in an emasculated form).

I think that I ought to reckon among my early activities, along with my sallies into occasional missionary work, and ‘Extension’

lecturing, and editing of the *Oxford Review*, some attempts which I made to lend a hand in our local politics. They were intermittent, for enthusiasm to help the old Conservative cause was restricted by inability to spend too much time on unremunerative enterprises, however excellent their purpose. And, as I have already observed, I had no personal ambitions in the political career.

Election contests were very exciting from the picturesque point of view before the traditions of the hustings, the torchlight processions, the bands, the free drinks, and the parades of strange exhibits, were ended for ever by the Corrupt Practices Act. I well remember the last of the old 'corrupt' elections in Oxford, that in which in May 1880, Sir William Harcourt was evicted from the urban seat by the popular and eloquent 'Squire Hall'—greatest and most genial of brewers. It was a disastrous contest for Oxford politicians of the 'practical' sort, as it led to a Commission and the temporary disenfranchisement of the city, also to the 'scheduling' of the leaders of both political parties for a term of years. Liberal and Conservative aldermen figured in the list along with a few academic notables, whose enthusiasm had led them to subscribing to a general fund, whose disbursements did not bear inspection by the judges who sat on the Commission.

For long days before that by-election of May 1880 Oxford was a very gay city, so far as banners and gorgeous posters, endless orations, and free beer for Conservatives at the 'Blue Pig' and for Liberals at the 'Welsh Pony' could enliven it. Bands never ceased to play party tunes, and processions, with flags by day and torches by night, were intermittent. Two odd exhibitions I shall never forget. One was a parade of twelve magnificent oxen with yellow streamers down the High Street, each carrying placards on which was inscribed, 'This is the good Danish beef, which Squire Hall would like to keep out of Oxford'. The other and more complicated show was devised by the Tory party. A man dressed as a magician, in a tall pointed cap and a blue gabardine, kept reviewing a couple of dozen small blue sandwich boys, each with large capital letters before and behind. At the magician's command they arranged themselves in lines, so as to spell exhilarating slogans, such as 'Hall for Ever, Oxford's old friend', or 'Peace with Honour—vote for Hall'—there were a dozen varieties possible. Meanwhile Liberal urchins hooted, but I do not remember that they did anything more violent—though the provocation must have been considerable.

When the poll was declared, and left the Liberal minister in an unexpected minority of fifty-four, the Conservatives chaired Alexander Hall up the street. Their opponents mustered opposite the 'Mitre', where Sir William was lodged. He had to make them a valedictory speech, apparently with no good temper. Rumour insisted that it ended up with 'God bless Oxford—you know what I mean'. The election petition and the consequent disfranchisement of the city for the rest of that Parliament was the revenge of the Liberals. They were a little discomposed when it turned out that many of their own leaders were 'scheduled' along with the Conservative organizers. Both parties had spent really considerable sums on the contest and all its noisy accompaniment. What tame things elections are nowadays!

I was too young to take any part in the lively election of May 1880, but a few years later I did much work for Colonel Morrell, Lord Valentia, and Sir George Chesney, in city and county contests—with speaking, canvassing, and once with organizing a district. The details were often rather trying—for example the experiment of calling on fluent and irascible Liberals in the vain hope of 'appeasing' them. The practical experience left me with an acute distaste for electioneering work, and a confirmed opinion that parliamentary ambitions were not for me. How strange that the fates decreed, thirty years after, that I should sit for sixteen years in the House of Commons without doing one day of canvassing!

An incident of 1895 I shall never forget—I was taking a turn in Mid-Oxfordshire with Colonel Morrell, when we came to a village on a hill, where the Conservatives were numerous and exuberant. They took the horses out of the Colonel's brougham, and dragged us with many cheers up to the village hall. When the speeches were over, and the votes of confidence proclaimed, some enthusiasts proposed to drag us back again to the high road, and harnessed themselves to the vehicle. Unfortunately the slope was steep, the brougham gathered momentum, and began to 'overrun' the men at the ropes. They had to drop the tackle and jump to right and left, lest they should be crushed. The Colonel and I were launched down the hill at ever-growing speed in the unguided machine, and expected a disastrous crash at the bottom. By some incredible luck we came down on to a broad grass verge and a hedge, and got nothing worse than a shaking and an upset. The Colonel was seventeen stone, and I was the

under-man at the abrupt termination of our descent—yet we were not much the worse for the adventure, and the recovered horses took us back safely to Oxford.

Though the political contests in Oxford city had been continuous and bitter, the parliamentary elections for the two University seats gave us no trouble whatever during the whole of the last twenty years of Queen Victoria's reign. The academic Conservatives had complete control, after the defeat of Professor Henry Smith, the eminent mathematician, by Mr. John Talbot in 1878—this was the last time for forty years that the Liberals even ventured to court a contest. Sir John Mowbray and Mr. Talbot were re-elected five times without opposition, and when both died, one at the end of the nineteenth century, the other when the twentieth was come, Sir William Anson and Lord Hugh Cecil took their places without any friction—this was an immense improvement from the point of view of the constituency, since Mowbray and Talbot, both very old men, had never been in residence since their undergraduate days, and were out of touch with modern conditions and the personnel of the colleges. Anson was the first burgess for half a century who had lived and taught in the University, and knew all its problems, personal and constitutional, while Hugh Cecil, a comparatively young man, was actually a fellow of Hertford College. When Anson died in 1914 his place was taken by Rowland Prothero, for many years bursar of All Souls.

The Liberal party, though its strength in the resident body, had much increased of recent years, never tried a contest till I stood myself in 1919,¹ and was successful against a curious pair of competitors, Athelstan Riley the 'High Church candidate', and Professor Gilbert Murray, the most eminent of 'Progressives'. I kept the seat, as Hugh Cecil's colleague, for five contested elections, much (I think) to the surprise of many residents of 'left wing' tendencies. So I came into 'politics' after all, though I had abandoned all intention of parliamentary ambitions thirty years back, after watching the details of contested elections, and taking part in them on the side of orthodox Conservative candidates. University contests were very different things from urban or rural ones, which I never could have faced.

¹ I do not count a fantastic candidature of a 'Labour' aspirant to the seat against Rowland Prothero in November 1918, just after the termination of the 'old' war. He obtained only a few votes, and did not represent the old Liberal party in the University.

XIII

THE DAILY ROUND, THE COMMON TASK'. CONCERNING MY PUPILS, 1885-1905

FOR the first two years after I got my fellowship I was, as I have already mentioned, taking forty pupils a week, from several colleges. After 1885 only twenty-five, all New College men. They brought me essays, some on ancient and some on modern history, for I had covenanted to deal with either, as it suited my employers. In the end I settled down at New College with twelve 'Greats' pupils, and thirteen modern history pupils, whom I interviewed in my well-loved Tudor room in All Souls. As I never took two men together, this meant twenty-five hours a week of pupil-work : in addition I lectured twice a week for one or the other final school. These twenty-seven working hours I managed to arrange by the method of taking three pupils on most week-day mornings between 10 and 1, one in the afternoon between 5.30 and 6.30, and one after dinner from 8.30 to 9.30 on each day except Saturdays and Fridays. This left two morning hours for my pair of lectures.

I never, on principle, took more than one pupil at a time, for good practical reasons. If I had taken two, as some tutors were accustomed to do, it would have been very hard to arrange the pairs, for most undergraduates are shy in entering into discussion and argument in the presence of another man, unless indeed he is a very familiar friend. And having each term merely a list of names sent into me, I was quite unable to know which men on the rota were mutually sympathetic. One might have paired off two pupils who absolutely disliked each other, or, if the case were not quite so bad as that, perhaps a very dominative and talkative man with a very shy and diffident one, who would not get in a word. Most human beings, also, dislike hearing their literary productions discussed, and perhaps controverted in a humorous way, even before an audience of only one. I found that the solitary pupil opened out, in many cases, in the most unexpected way, when taken *tête à tête*, and gave interesting revelations of his personality, his foibles, and his ambitions—things that I could never have discovered if two men had come together.

I always tried to set essays that involved some problem of deduction or comparison, and that could not be answered by paraphrasing some screed from a text book or manual. This vexed the weaker candidates, who were abashed when told that their composition did not reply to the precise question set, but was a reproduction of some old *cliché* that was not bearing on the point. Most pupils took the warning—many never required it, but had honestly gone at the problem from the first. As a final warning I often told them that the examiner, when they came to their Schools, was rather a jaded being ; and that it was well to make him sit up and pay full attention to the answer that he was reading. Always, if you can, begin with some statement that rouses his attention, an error in common vogue that must be denounced, or a conclusion that has to be justified, however contrary it may be to received opinion. But these theses or criticisms must, at all costs, have some originality ; it is useless to furbish up well known *bons mots*. When I was an examiner myself in later years, and looked over papers from men of other colleges (I was, of course, never allowed to see those of my own pupils) I was often amused at detecting, in several answers from the same college, the particular clever turn of words that came from a common tutor : sometimes it was impressive when seen for the first time—but it lost value when six men all repeated it.

My pupils were for the most part a very capable band, since the least promising men were never sent to me. Among them there were essay-writers who were destined to become an archbishop, a cabinet minister, several professors and heads of colleges, and many distinguished civil servants and Members of Parliament, as well as some well-known literary men, journalists, and local magnates of various sorts. I can still recall the first efforts of some very talented people, with careers before them. Only one do I remember with some distaste—a very clever fellow, given from his earliest years to the gentle art of ‘debunking’, who could see nothing but sordid motives in every historical personage, and sneered at every movement or reform—naturally he became a journalist on the ‘left wing’. The large majority were idealists and optimists more or less—as is usual for a talented young man with some ambition for a career, whatever may be his political bias at twenty-one or twenty-two years of age.

There were of course disappointing pupils—one type was that of the confident self-centred youth, who was ready to pontificate

on every subject, with an inadequate base of detailed knowledge of facts. He sometimes made astounding statements, and chafed against being reminded that he had not looked up half his authorities. The opposite extreme was to be found in the work of the man who put in undigested masses of evidence, without coming to any definite conclusion whatever. Both of these classes were capable of being reclaimed by gentle criticism of their methods. The most hopeless men were those who, despite of all warnings, would not get away from their text books, and merely kept repeating glimpses of the obvious, got at second hand. This was sometimes from mere idleness and want of interest in their work, in cases of people quite intelligent outside their Schools reading ; but in others it only testified to lack of brains. One's occasional athletic pupils were sometimes merely set on writing out four pages of stuff of some sort, because their interests were engrossed in topics to them much more important than criticism of Cæsar or Napoleon. But some of the athletes were as keen on their Schools as on their scores, and were as delighted on getting their First Class as on getting their 'Blue'. These nearly always made their mark in the world in later life.

Some of my old pupils occasionally remind me of their old essay-hours, a pleasant memory to both parties. I was much amused a few years ago to come on an account of his first meeting with me in the autobiography of a well-known literary man, Arthur Waugh. This was an almost unique opportunity of visualizing one's own methods, and could only come to one who, like myself, has attained very ripe years. The tutors of most distinguished men are dead before their pupils have achieved a career. It is perhaps worth while to give the screed *in extenso* from page 160 of Waugh's autobiography.

'One may learn more from a single suggestion than from a month of note-taking. I shall always remember the first essay that I ever took to Professor Oman, and the devastating criticism that it evoked. He had told me to write an estimate of Cicero. He waved me into an arm-chair, and told me to read it to him. "Marcus Tullius Cicero", I began, "was born at Arpinum on January 3rd, B.C. 106." "No, never", cried my tutor, "under any circumstances, begin an essay like that." And he started me off on half a dozen different tracks. What did Cicero stand for? Was he a genuine politician? Was he a trimmer? Did he do good for the state or evil? "Begin with an epigram, begin with

a paradox, or begin with a demonstrably false premise and demolish it. But never, never, start off with such a dry and helpless statement as that 'Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at Arpinum on January 3rd, B.C. 106.'

'The whole of Oxford teaching was in that condemnation—ideas not facts, judgment not an index, life not death. I ought already to have known better than to start with that pedestrian beginning. At least I never did so again! To get an idea into an article, and to work it out by illustration to the end. To write nothing without first considering construction not mere verbiage. For this lesson, however inadequately followed, I render thanks to "the years that the locust has eaten" under the shadow of New College Tower.'

I fancy that this is a very fair reproduction of the way in which I used to deal with a promising pupil, who was anxious to do himself justice, and was not merely set on producing the statutory four pages for his weekly essay on the historical side of his 'Greats' reading. Some of the boys had a real interest in the ancient world, and profited by suggestion: others, alas! were philosophers by nature, and drifted off into psychology, on an insufficient basis of knowledge of the actual facts concerning a personage or a period.

Incidentally, of course, one was trusted with many private ambitions and difficulties, and had to give advice for what it was worth: I hope that it may sometimes have been not without value. Such confidences were only possible because I took my men separately; with the group-system used by many tutors they would have been impracticable. It was also possible to show the individual all sorts of illustrative things which have to be studied minutely—such as coins contemporary with the period studied, or old books, pictures and pamphlets of the more modern centuries. For ancient history I found my coin-collection invaluable. One can realize the character of an episode of Greek or Roman annals in a new light, when one looks at triumphal pieces like the Syracusan decadrachm, or travel-pieces like the record of Hadrian's widespread journeying, or propagandic pieces like the denarii of Sulla, Cæsar, or Carausius. Such a sight is worth many paragraphs of dull exposition in a manual. And so with printed contemporary evidence, such as Civil-War tracts, Assignats of the French revolutionary period, or Whig and Tory political pamphlets, of which I chanced to possess a few.

This sort of evidence I always found most stimulating for the better sort of pupil. Many of them came to realize that history should not be studied in formal books or documents alone, that though 'the pen may be mightier than the sword'—which I doubt—yet the spade may be mightier than the pen. By this I mean that archæological excavation often shatters many time-honoured *clichés* accepted as orthodox early history. This is as true of Greek as of British annals : if one looks at the first volumes of Grote's mighty work, or at any Victorian history of pre-Roman Britain, how many pages are there which have ceased to have any value whatever? New evidence has cropped up, and destroyed the old hypotheses.

I got a good deal of social intercourse with my better pupils : they liked lunches, dinners, and occasional glimpses of All Souls high-table on Sunday or Saturday night. One dinner to a small group of pupils I shall never forget, from a strange interruption. We had got as far as dessert when we began to hear tumultuous voices in High Street, and my scout burst in with the startling information that Queen's College was on fire. The glare on the windows showed that this was true enough, and as we looked out a fire engine drove up, and all the passing pedestrians began to halt. My six pupils and I were all eager to get a good view of what might develop into something very serious. We put on our ulsters and sallied out into the street, where we took up an admirable position on the top step of the eastern gateway of University College, where we remained fixed for more than two hours—in the best box, so to speak.

The night was that of December 11, 1886, and we might all have caught chills or rheumatism, but as a matter of fact we did not. Perhaps excitement is a prophylactic, the sight was certainly most absorbing, and I do not remember feeling cold in the least. There was no wind nor rain—if there had been either a south or a westerly gale the whole college might have been destroyed, if an east wind the fire might have spread along High Street. But the flames and smoke went straight up into heaven, and there was little drift. The conflagration had started in the Bursar's rooms—those on the lowest story of the block looking into the High Street : of course the profane said that the Bursar must have been cooking his accounts carelessly. From thence the fire worked upward and laterally, completely gutting three staircases of the wing, just not penetrating to the Provost's house, but

getting no farther. We could watch the passing on of the flames from staircase to staircase, and wondered how far they would go. The most astounding sight was that of the three statues on the great gable of the wing, with smoke whirling round them, and the red sparks often sweeping over them. They looked exactly like martyrs at the stake—but never came down with a crash, as we had expected. The Queen's men of the day called them, with good reason, Shadrach, Mesech, and Abednego. The parallel was exact.

Meanwhile all such fire-engines as Oxford could produce were playing on the fire, and eager people, undergraduates and others, were salvaging furniture, books, and miscellanea of all sorts, from the rooms into which the conflagration was obviously about to penetrate. Firemen on the roof were visible intermittently, often in rather dangerous positions. Why the conflagration spread no further northward I cannot guess—but it certainly came to a stop before the Provost's house—he was, as usual, not in residence, and escaped a night of terror, if not some destruction of chattels. I went round to Queen's College next morning to condole with Professor Sayce, whose rooms had been completely burnt out—but pious undergraduates had saved his library, which was lying in chaos on the floor of the hall, where it had been dumped down. As it consisted largely of unbound series of German *Zeitschriften* of the archæological sort, whose stitching had come to pieces, the pile looked like a deposit of waste-paper, with a cuniform brick peeping out here and there. The re-sorting of it must have been a terrible business.

XIV

ON THE WRITING OF BOOKS, 1885-1914

BY the year 1888 I had settled down very happily to work with my twenty-five New College pupils, and had involved myself incidentally in the other side-issues of regular activity of which I have spoken in another chapter. But I still found that I had energy to spare. I wanted to write a book—or books—because I was perpetually coming upon patches of history which seemed to me inadequately illustrated in current and accessible literature. Most of all, I wanted to discover some subject or personage unaccountably neglected, and worthy of new study. But as a secondary ambition I was quite ready to make an attempt to bring up to date the results of recent research, on topics where no general survey had been made of late, though plenty of valuable scraps of new knowledge had been accumulating—where there existed what, to use a horrid phrase, publishers called a ‘felt want’.

But I never had been in touch with publishers, and had nothing in print to my credit, save my Lothian Prize Essay on ‘The Art of War in the Middle Ages’, and a number of reviews in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*—not to speak of my undergraduate sally into the pages of *Blackwood’s Magazine* concerning the ‘Earthly Paradise’. I found my difficulty solved by receiving, almost simultaneously, two offers from well-known publishing firms. One was from Messrs. Macmillan, who asked me to write a monograph on *Warwick the King-maker* for their series of ‘Men of Action’. Here was an important and rather enigmatic personage, whose life had never been written. But the other offer came up precisely to my idea of the ‘felt want’—I apologize again for using the banal words. Septimus Rivington suggested a general history of Ancient Greece, wisely considering that the venerable black-and-red volume of Dr. William Smith, which had ruled the public schools for more than a generation, was quite out of date. The researches of Schliemann and Sayce and many others had opened up whole centuries of antiquity unknown to Dr. Smith, who died long before Troy or Mycenæ had been excavated, or the Tel-el-Amarna tablets interpreted. So I found

my two desires satisfied—two subjects suggested to me which just suited my diverse ambitions.

The two books which emerged were of very different scope. *Warwick* turned out to be a piece of genuine research. The *History of Greece* was a manual, founded on recent discoveries literary and archæological but still a manual—almost entirely dependent on the work of other people during the last twenty years, and not purporting to produce much original information of my own. Both ventures were very lucky.

Warwick, who was destined to go through seven editions, was a tough job, but interesting. When the somewhat disappointing record of Richard Neville’s doings in the more obvious chronicles had been collected, there remained to be correlated all sorts of small evidence from letters, state papers, charters, continental writers, and genealogical tables—these last sometimes producing historical clues that were unexpected and suggestive. ‘Poking about’ for stray scraps of information in unlikely places, I was lucky enough to find in the charter-box of the defunct corporation of Burford, the fourth known specimen of the earl’s own handwriting. I fear that I had to destroy *Warwick*’s time-honoured reputation as a master of the art of war—in which he was completely out-generalled by his nephew, King Edward IV. But I think that I left him as a comprehensible character—by no means ‘the Last of the Barons’ as Lord Lytton labelled him, but a notable fifteenth-century statesman.

I sold the copyright of the *King-maker* to Messrs. Macmillan for £100, all that a beginner in book-making could expect, but a lucrative investment to the publisher, as the screed went through seven editions—one American and one illustrated. This was almost the only case in a long life of writing in which I sold a book outright. I soon found that a royalty system was far more profitable to the author, if he were supplying sound stuff to the reading world.

The story of my summary *History of Ancient Greece* brings up two samples of transatlantic publisher-morality. The first case was one not only of injury but of insult. A firm called John Morris & Co. of Philadelphia, were seized with the idea that they would not only pirate my book, but furnish it with a forged signature of my own as an adornment to the title-page, and a lying statement in a preface that I was collaborating in their series of ‘Histories of the Nations’. This series they issued under

the name of Senator Lodge, a great political figure in his day, as general editor. On discovering the forgery, I opened fire both on the publishers and on the Senator. American copyright undoubtedly permitted the piracy of English-printed books, as we all knew : but this did not cover the addition of a bogus signature on the title-page, which had no likeness to my own, nor the insinuation that I was a collaborator in the series. The answer on the first point was a blank statement that 'as you did not copyright your work in America you cannot justly (!) blame a publisher who made use of unprotected material'. And further, 'we regret that the signature as furnished is unlike your usual one : your graceless reference to the signature as forged is regrettable'. Further comment is unnecessary.

I got at least an apology from Senator Lodge, who seems to have been victimized in a minor degree to myself. He wrote :

'To have stated that your *History of Greece* was published in the "History of the Nations Series" with your consent, when you had never given it, and to print with it a facsimile of what purported to be your signature—but was not—are of course wholly indefensible actions, and I quite sympathize with the indignation which you feel. I cannot however admit any personal responsibility. When I consented to act as editor of the whole series I expressly stipulated that I was to have nothing to do with the business arrangements which Morris & Co. would make with the authors, editors or publishers of the different volumes included in the series. I prepared, with Professor Garner, the *History of the United States*, and undertook to look over proofs of other volumes ; this constituted my whole contract with Morris & Co. I never received any letter from any author or editor of other volumes included in the series. . . . There was no excuse for printing your book without permission, and with a false signature appended, but unfortunately in the absence of copyright, wrongs are perpetrated in both countries.'

It is some comfort to know that John Morris & Co. failed, and that Senator Lodge was 'let down' on some of the moneys he was expecting to receive from them. But I cannot approve the conduct of a public man who sells his name to a publisher to act as general editor to a series of books, and to look through their proofs, when he can have no adequate knowledge of the contents of many of them. This is mere exploitation of one's name.

My second transatlantic adventure in the sphere of the pirates

was also amusing. A certain schoolmaster took my *History of Greece*, and while changing the chapter-headings, and a good many phrases, reprinted the bulk of it under his own name. My publishers took the matter into the courts in Canada, where the book was being sold, and got a ruling from the bench that the internal evidence proved that the composition was a mere repetition of my volume, and not an original composition. The plates used in Canada were ordered to be destroyed, and all the printed stock. Not a lucrative business for the author or the English publisher—but still a sort of victory.

The story of my *History of Greece* in England was typical of what happens to all books, satisfactory in their day, but liable to grow gradually out of date, as new archæological or literary evidence crops up. For example, the discovery of Aristotle's long-lost *Polity of the Athenians*, invalidated many a paragraph of constitutional hypotheses, and Sir Arthur Evans' Cretan diggings shook many a long-accepted theory of origins. My book had a flourishing career for more than twenty years, but has gradually passed into the obsolete. A subsidiary cause of its decline was the way in which many public schools, which taught Greek in 1890, abandoned it in the twentieth century, so that Greek History manuals were required by many thousand fewer schoolboys. Such is the fate of manuals.

The tale of the writing of my two first books may serve as typical of the way in which some dozen more have been produced during the last fifty years. Some were distinctly of the 'manual' class, asked for by the publishers and written by myself because they were likely in my estimation to fill up gaps in the history shelves of the general reader, or to correlate newly discovered but scattered information for the benefit of the student. The other and more numerous lot of books were those which I wrote on my own initiative, genuine attempts at research on topics which seemed to me to lack new exposition, or to have been dealt with inadequately, or with unfair bias, in the works of preceding writers. These are the books that I love, the result of much toil and many journeys. The seven volumes of my *Peninsular War* took me across thousands of miles of rough country, and 'The Art of War in the Middle Ages' was hardly less productive of visits to strange places. I have been the fortunate finder of unpublished documents, not only at the Record Office in Chancery Lane, but at archives far afield, in Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and

Ghent, sometimes working slowly at parchments in difficult and contracted mediæval script, sometimes ploughing through endless statistics in eighteenth or nineteenth century hands, which had to be summed up or correlated.

All research is attractive, provided that one sees one's way to make out some definite conclusion from it. The one unpardonable mistake is to let research degenerate into 'pottering'—the accumulation of stray facts which are never drawn into orderly deductions, nor published for the benefit of other students. If no record is taken, some unhappy man will have to go through the same material again without guidance. But if some valuable generalization has been arrived at, there is a certain satisfaction in working through even the most arid statistics, such as the tables of Essex villages for the great Poll Tax of 1381, or the divisional totals which show how Napoleon's armies in Spain gradually dwindled away. I added up and compared endless pages of regimental 'morning states' in the *Ministère de la Guerre* at Paris, till my eyes began to swim over the totals of the long columns. But it was not lost trouble when one began to see the generalization peeping out. And then the result was achieved, and the all-important deduction could be made. The work was not wasted.

One of the researcher's most maddening experiences—it not unfrequently occurs—is to find that when one has spent untold hours in arriving at a perfectly correct conclusion on a difficult point, some benevolent stranger produces from unpublished family papers, which have been lost to sight for a century, a document which would have settled the problem in a moment. This chance occurred to me when I was writing the last sections of my *Peninsular War*. All the papers and notes of Sir George Murray, who served practically as Wellington's chief-of-the-staff in 1809-12 and again in 1813-14, were presented by his heirs to the Scottish National Library, just after I had issued my last volume. If only I had been aware of their existence, I should have been spared many an hour of hypothetical reconstruction! An equally unforeseeable chance once worked for me in precisely the opposite fashion—the invaluable papers came to hand just in time. I was asking myself 'How much did Wellington know of the designs of the French Marshals in 1812?' The answer came when the grandson of Wellington's cypher secretary, Colonel Scovell, quite unexpectedly sent me the whole file of intercepted

French dispatches, which his ancestor had decoded, and had been allowed to keep in his own possession. They had been completely lost to sight for a century, and explained everything !

Looking down the long file of books that I have written I am struck with the large proportion of them that deal with military subjects. The originating cause was not my obtaining the Lothian Prize for the 'Art of War in the Middle Ages', as some of my friends have suggested. It was rather the reverse that was the case : I wrote that essay because I was already deeply interested in things military. This was due to the fact that from my earliest years I had been steeped in reminiscences of war—indeed I was *almost* a war-baby myself : the last rebel leader of the Indian Mutiny, Tantia Topee, was caught and executed only a few months before I was born. My father, two uncles by marriage, and various cousins had been through the experiences of the Mutiny, and their stories were my earliest nursery tales.

I had seen, as a child, one veteran officer of Waterloo, and knew well another old gentleman who had received a cut from a Mahratta sabre at the battle of Maheidpore (1817) : he used to show me the scar on his forehead. I was in France (aged ten) at the time of the debacle of Napoleon III, and had been among the English tourists who made their general bolt homeward, after the news of Gravelotte, and not long before those of Sedan, came to hand. After seeing Napoleonic Paris in all its glory, I had seen the ruins of it in 1873—when the scars of the Commune were still fresh. I was old enough in 1877 to follow all the details of the Russo-Turkish war—the telegram-carried narratives of Plevna and the Shipka Pass, and I had thought that we were in for a great continental war when the British fleet went to Besika Bay in January 1878—a serious prospect for a boy just rising eighteen. That crisis blew over—and there was nothing to compare with it for many a year, but I had always warlike things on the brain, and had read a good deal of old military history when that Lothian essay was set in 1883—not merely Napier but Froissart and Joinville and many old crusading chronicles, and even scraps of Byzantine lore, like Leo's *Tactica* and Maurice's *Strategikon*. So it was no wonder that I competed for that Lothian prize.

A cynical author once remarked that books were rewarded, in the financial sense, in inverse proportion to their intrinsic value. There is a certain amount of truth in this sardonic statement. Putting aside 'thrillers', whose intrinsic worth I do not pretend

to evaluate, there can be no doubt that a school manual—let us say a ‘First Reader’, or an Arithmetic which is smiled on by educational authorities, and sells by hundreds of thousands, is a much more lucrative proposition for the author (or compiler) and his publisher than a monograph on the office of Sheriff, the wool-trade in the fourteenth century, or mediæval Portugal. I suppose that the proper reply to the jibe of the disgruntled writer is to remind him that the right-minded author is not set in the first instance on making money by his researches, but on ‘accumulating merit’—which is a far more worthy end. He produces books because he has the urge to give his fellow men information on topics about which he thinks (rightly or wrongly) that they are insufficiently informed. If the stuff is good, it will win approbation among those who know—a thing much more desirable than big cheques for royalties. I leave out the consideration that it may possibly lead to honorary doctorates, or membership of academies, or professorships. These are things incidental—the honest writer is not thinking of them, but of his moral duty to give the world what he considers contributions to, or recensions of, the general stock of knowledge in the particular sphere in which his interest lies. If his contributions are not so important as he imagines, or his recensions are superseded by later recensions, that is his misfortune and not his fault. That which is really beneath his dignity is to write on subjects on which he is aware that he is no true specialist, because there is ‘money in it’.

I suppose that the historian must have his personal bias, and be, at the bottom, an optimist or a pessimist. Occasionally one meets with books written from the point of view of the ‘superior person’, who looks upon the motions of mankind with the sort of feeling with which we watch the apparently objectless activities of insects. Gibbon had this sort of mentality when he was surveying, and endeavouring to narrate, the history of the Byzantine Empire. The ‘superior person’ is still with us, but lacking the sardonic literary skill of Gibbon his books are soon forgotten! For my own part I must own that I have always, when writing history, some thesis to develop. I am no worshipper of ‘Progress’ nor do I believe in enthusiasms as to the perfectibility of mankind, which have their roots in Rousseau’s delusion as to the virtuous primitive society which was undermined by kings and priests.

In politics, I must confess that I have a certain Conservative

bias, which impels me to see that the people of whom I disapprove do not get off with impunity. I feel a little like Dr. Johnson, who observed, as to his parliamentary reporting, that he took care that 'the Whig dogs got the worst of it'. Occasionally I have to open out with all my artillery on a theory which seems to me pestilent. I have several times spent my wrath in a protest against the doctrines of J. R. Green, whose *History of the English People* was in my middle age at the prime of its popularity. He preached a kind of democratic evolutionary gospel, with the fundamental doctrine that great men counted for comparatively little in the story of a nation, and that 'drum and trumpet history', i.e. military affairs, had no permanent effect on the development of states and peoples. His most astounding sentence reads, 'War plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any. The only war that has profoundly affected English society and English government is the "Hundred Years War" with France (1336-1451), and of that war the results were simply evil.' Holding myself that history has mainly been affected by the personalities of a limited number of outstanding men, and that wars have often changed the whole face of the civilized world, I entered my protest in many a page against the 'evolutionary' theory of national and intellectual development, and came to the conclusion that history is—to put it boldly—cataclysmic, rather than a regular and logical process of events. In short there is a good deal to be said in favour of Carlyle's book on *Heroes*—though his choice of individuals is rather odd. And to decry and deny the effects of wars comes from mere humanitarian and pacifist prejudice. What a pity that Green did not live to see 1914—or 1939!

Quite in a line with my attacks on evolutionary pacifism were protests which I had to make against the Whig historians of the nineteenth century, who suppressed systematically evidence which told against them. Denunciation of the governments of Pitt and Lord Liverpool for taking strong measures against internal sedition can best be justified by making little or no mention of the sinister movements which provoked their actions. I took some trouble to work out all the details of the conspiracies of 'the Unfortunate Colonel Despard' and of Arthur Thistlewood—wild ventures of fanatics no doubt, but not without their real danger. Despard, the most soured and violent of the 'English Jacobins',

had corrupted a good many soldiers of the regiments garrisoned in London as a preliminary for his assassination plot. Thistlewood had so well organized his troop of gangsters that he might very possibly have massacred the whole of the Liverpool ministry, when they met at their cabinet dinner in Grosvenor Square. Old men in 1820 could still remember the Gordon Riots, and London in flames : young men had seen the rather inexplicable fiasco of the Spa Fields meeting, and had marvelled at the way in which no measures had been ready to suppress its commencement. Only after remembering the aspect which such phenomena must have presented to a harassed government is it fair to judge its action. Nothing in particular happened—and so the possible peril has been forgotten, and prudish denunciation of terrorism is easy. The same might be said about the very real, if insane, conspiracy of Guy Fawkes and his friends. I tried to put in a plea for the ministers who had to face such troublous times, and leaned to the side of over-estimate of danger and over-stringent repression.

Another of my theses was the defence of the Byzantine Empire, its statesmen and warriors—a task more necessary in 1890 than it is to-day, when the strength and culture of the East-Roman state is far better realized than it was in a generation which had been nourished on Gibbon's satire and did not read Finlay. Professor Bury's books were not yet written, nor Schlumberger's *Épopée*. My earliest effort in this direction goes back as far as undergraduate days, when I wrote for the New College Essay Society a paper on the curious Byzantine romance of *Digenes Akritas*—a forgotten tale of love and war, which shows that tenth-century Wardens of the Marches in Cappadocia were very like western knights. It is a thrilling story of Saracen raids, mountain bandits, and perilous amours, with a few dragons and devils thrown in. Any one who reads it is cured of Gibbon's misrepresentation of the Byzantine nobles as people mainly devoted to court intrigues and arid ecclesiastical controversies. I did not write my history of the East-Roman Empire till some years later, but was always a champion of its greatness.

The careful reader may perhaps detect theses underlying every one of my books. At the bottom of my long seven volumes on the Peninsular War there are two main purposes—the one is to correct William Napier's inordinate worship of Napoleon, who was really responsible for all the failures in Spain—he gave his

unfortunate marshals orders that were impossible to execute. The other is a defence of the British government against the charge that they deliberately starved Wellington and his army. The 'Revolt of 1381' was a protest against the theories that Lollardy had something to do with Wat Tyler's Rebellion, and that the said cataclysm made an end of villeinage. My *Sixteenth Century* volume was designed to check over-great enthusiasm for the Renaissance, and over-criticism of the Reformation—both popular modern literary tendencies. Even my *History of the English Coinage*, though it might look archæological, had below its surface a protest against modern assaults on the old simplicity of our gold and silver currencies. *Seven Roman Statesmen* was a reasoned indictment of dictatorships—however beneficent they may appear in their first developments in a troubled state—but was no less a warning against demagogic 'friends of the people' like the Gracchi. But need I always 'give away the secret'? Or have I already given it away in the books?

I must confess that there are not only theories of history—the so-called 'Philosophy of History'—which provoke my wrath, but also certain individual characters in the annals of the world who seem to me wholly detestable, though they have had their admirers among historians. Take as a typical triplet Julius Cæsar, Henry VIII, and Charles James Fox, in praise of whom so many pæans have been sung. Froude's palliation of the intolerable egoistic, magniloquent tyranny of Henry VIII is as misplaced as the sympathy of many Whig historians for that thoroughly unscrupulous and factious political adventurer who did his best to hinder British war-effort in the early days of the struggle against Revolutionary France. I cannot bear the sonorous champion of liberty who outside the senate house spends his time with wine, women and gambling. I think that my dislike for Julius Cæsar has the same root as my dislike for Fox—he was a roué and intriguer who, taking to the art of war at forty-four, turned out to be a miraculous general. What evidence have we that he would have reformed the old Republic—which much needed reforming? A new régime *was* finally created—but that was the work of his marvellous cold-blooded great-nephew, not of the bald and still amorous dictator with his troupe of gangsters like Antony and Dolabella.

I think that it is the pose of the ostentatious saviour of society that most disgusts me—whether the *poseur* is tyrant or demagogue.

I find it easier to tolerate fanatics than vicious men of genius.
To twist Pope's epigrammatic line :

'He can't be right whose life is in the wrong.'

And I have a special sympathy for the champions of lost causes who persist to the end, though they see inevitable defeat coming—like the younger Cato or General Robert E. Lee.

The historian, in short, must have his personal bias, as I have already observed. But he must also be honest, and must never conceal any evidence that tells against his conception of a period or an individual. To write 'faked' history is unworthy—whether it takes the form of *suppressio veri* or of *suggestio falsi*. Either way of poisoning history is little better than mere deliberate lying as to facts—a thing not unknown.

The writing of solid volumes has by no means kept my pen fully employed during the last fifty years. No one, I think, will ever make a list of my *opuscula* : indeed I think that I could not do it myself. There are countless addresses and lectures to various learned societies—I have been the president of at least four—and a vast amount of articles and reviews in periodicals, varying from the *Quarterly* to the Proceedings of the Gloucestershire Archæological Society. When young I wrote hundreds of reviews for what were then the learned journals—the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*. Alas, that both have suffered 'amalgamation' in recent times.

The difference between writing for the *Athenæum* and writing for the *Academy* consisted in the fact that the former was always punctual with its cheques, while with the latter it was a complete matter of chance whether one was or was not paid. Indeed, when the genial and eccentric editor—his name was Cotton—did vouchsafe remuneration, it was a sort of uncovenanted mercy—a source of mild surprise as well as of gratification. But as the *Academy* used to send me for review large and expensive illustrated volumes on numismatics or archæology, I was quite content to consider myself paid by the book—which I should otherwise have had to purchase for myself. For both the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* I did reviews ranging over many spheres of history—especially military and early mediæval annals—but my pen was bold enough to undertake comment on a good many other historical topics.

I may add that I was a conscientious reviewer : I always read the volume sent me, and never failed to give a concise

account of its contents—good or bad. I wish that all reviewers of my own books had treated me as well. But oftimes they have sinned in one of two ways. Sometimes they have obviously not looked through the volume, but have written down some remarks of their own on the person or period in question, without much reference to the book before them. Or else they have devoted themselves to a careful collection of all misprints, misplaced commas, or insufficiencies in the index. Such people show the soul of the proof-corrector and not of the reviewer—without giving any general indication of the character of the book or its merits.

I sometimes marvel at the immense amount of writing which I managed to get through in the years 1888–1905, when I was at the same time doing the whole-time work of a College tutor, and dallying with many other interests as well. Probably the pleasure of seeing that I could put such views as I pleased into print, and be certain of their being widely circulated, may have been (though I was not fully conscious of the fact) my inspiring motive to a large extent. I had strong views on many a point, as I have already sufficiently demonstrated, and one sometimes got the opportunity of developing them in very unexpected quarters—in a review of a bad book, or a laudation of a good one, or perhaps in a lecture to a local archæological association.

Certainly my brains and my pen earned ‘the joy of eventful living’ for many busy years. And considering the amount of solid work that I was producing I do not think that I wasted on minor things any energy that might have been better applied to greater ones. I never became a ‘potterer’, and I cannot see that the proverb about ‘too many irons in the fire’ can be applied to my activities.

Nor did I end as a mere ‘literary man’ and allow my pen to become my master. There are other aspects of life, and I was always ready at intervals to throw down my pen, and to go ‘hiking’ in Shetland with my dear friend Joseph Wells, sleeping among the crofters after days of constant rain, or to follow the Northumbrian Wall, up hill and down dale, with my old tutor Hereford George, or to wander round Sicily, with tales of the Maffia still clinging to one’s excursions. There were two extraordinary and impudent outrages perpetrated in the year that I sat on Epipolæ to watch the blue bay of Syracuse, and gazed up from Taormina on the wisp of smoke from Etna. Incidentally

I may mention that I made my notes for the topography of the Athenian siege of Syracuse while actually sitting, with my notebook on my knee, at the fort which they called Labdolum ! This recalls to me the fact that I wrote the sketch of the battle of Talavera, twenty years later, sitting on the square stone by which Wellington stood on the summit of the Cerro de Medellin, while the French attacks shattered, on July 28, 1809. And my wife sat beside me, enjoying the broad view, and watching the storks stride about frog hunting, in the marshy meadows below, round the Casa de Valdefuentes.

XV

A YEAR AS PROCTOR, 1894-5

ALL SOULS was on the regular rota of the colleges which have in turn to provide a proctor, at an interval of eleven years. This sacred figure is calculated by reckoning up twenty-one colleges, with one more unit added for the Halls and non-collegiate students acting together. The cycle having been once drawn up, the two colleges which were bracketed in its last edition, always continue to work together. All Souls and Magdalen have regularly followed Christ Church and Balliol, and preceded New College and Worcester. From a college of such an abnormal character as All Souls, where the vast majority of the fellows are out in the world pursuing very various avocations, it might seem that there would be a difficulty in producing a resident Master of Arts of precisely the right seniority, for the limits of age are rigid. But as a matter of fact, an available resident has not failed for the last seventy years: my predecessor in the post was Rowland Prothero, destined to be a Cabinet Minister and a baron, who was proctor in 1882-3, and his again were Charles Wingfield, afterwards a Canon of St. Albans, in 1870-1, and Arthur Stopford in 1856-7.

I was the senior and almost the only resident fellow of the right standing in 1894, and was told by Warden Anson that it was my duty to take up the office, though personally I had my qualms as to my capacity to deal with some of the hard cases which might conceivably come under my jurisdiction. One had dire memories of the way in which a pair of Cambridge proctors had secured an unenviable notoriety in the newspapers a few years back. But, as the Warden reminded me, that had been entirely due to their own want of tact and *savoir faire*. So I was duly nominated by the College, and took up my duties in March 1894, in company with an old friend, George Underhill of Magdalen, whom I used often to meet at the Kriegspiel Club. To get such a colleague was a piece of luck—the Magdalen proctor *might* have been some one quite unknown to me—possibly a person of eccentric or angular mentality. But Underhill and I

always worked together in perfect unison. So we were duly presented to the Vice-Chancellor—then Dr. Boyd of Hertford—and after the usual commendatory speeches by the President of Magdalen, and the Warden of All Souls, received the rusty bunches of keys passed on to us by our predecessors, Hassall of Christ Church, and Hardie of Balliol, and were robed in their discarded ermine hoods and velvet-sleeved gowns. Fortunately Hardie was over six feet, like myself, and his robes suited me : I do not know what I should have done if both our predecessors had been very short and stocky men : sometimes there were such pairs.

Incidentally it may be worth recording that in those days the incoming proctors used to provide themselves with new gowns, which served for all high ceremonials and functions, but that by regular usage they purchased from their predecessors at half-price those gowns which had been bought in the previous year. These were good enough for the proctorial walks at night, or for unimportant committee work. Sometimes the outgoing proctor's second-best gown was also worth purchasing at a cheap rate for service on rainy days, when a decent velvet would have been ruined, and outward appearance did not matter. I found that the necessity to wear the official white tie and bands of the proctorial costume, all day and every day during term, was rather a nuisance : the number of white ties that one had to keep in stock was prodigious.

On taking over the office, my first surprise was to discover what a comparatively small part of the proctor's time was occupied by the police-duties, which most people suppose to constitute his most important function. In those times the proctors were official members of every possible University board and committee—electoral, administrative, or consultative. Since 1894 these have become so much more numerous that the proctors have been relieved of the duty of serving on many of them. But in my time we had to appear at all, small and great. The most absorbing was the duty of attending at the Hebdomadal Council, by which all University legislation was planned out before it came to congregation. This was a contentious body ; since all various views as to the future policy of the University had their representatives, and academic Progressives and Conservatives argued fiercely and at great length : all Monday afternoons were absorbed by the Hebdomadal argumentation. I heard many

preposterous plans submitted: the most astounding that I remember was a proposal by an angry member, whose favourite hero had been rejected for the degree of honorary D.C.L. He brought forward a motion that the names of all candidates for the honorary doctorate, who had failed to win approval from the Council, should be printed in the *University Gazette*, in order (as he explained) to show the general public what a narrow-minded and prejudiced body presided over the Academic government. Imagine the rage of all the black-balled personalities, and their admirers, and the consequent disputation when the names were known!

There were many other boards on which the proctors had to sit and vote—sometimes with no very clear knowledge of the subject on which their vote might prove to be the decisive one between two alternatives. I might have had to settle the fate of candidates for the Chairs of Arabic or Entomology—knowing nothing about their respective merits or the studies to which they were addicted. I did not, as a matter of fact, have to vote on either of those elections; but I did find myself involved in discussions where my knowledge of the topics in dispute was hopelessly inefficient. For example, there was civil war going on at the Board of Curators of the Bodleian, between the Librarian, E. B. Nicholson, who was an omnivorous collector of everything in print, however trifling,¹ and a group of curators of restrictive tendencies, who were always trying to limit his collecting proclivities. On another board there was endemic strife between the professorial and the non-professorial members, who thought very poorly of each other. And at the Museum in the Parks the representatives of various departments had different policies and ambitions.

As a help to understanding the inner working of various academic institutions, the proctor's presence at them all was invaluable to him: he came to know of all sorts of antagonisms and frictions which as a mere fellow of a college he would never have suspected to be in existence. And he came to size up the characters of many half-known personalities, from having seen them in argumentative conflict, and to know who was pushing and dominative, who was sulky and obstinate, and who could be relied upon to produce schemes of hopeless impracticability. The

¹ He collected even ball programmes, and tailors' advertisements and monthly railway time-tables.

perpetual sitting on boards was time-destroying to a high degree, often accompanied by long hours of boredom, but very useful for acquiring a general knowledge of all University machinery, and of the individualities of the comparatively few persons who were directing influences for the moment. Some of them were odd people. I did *not* count my obligatory attendance at University sermons, some of them very good, as anything like such a waste of hours as board-serving.

The actual police duties were taken in alternate weeks by the senior and the junior proctor. In addition to this regular service in term, it had to be managed that one or other of them should be in residence during the vacations. For a certain number of undergraduates were always in Oxford out of 'full term', some because their parents were local residents, others because they had obtained from their Colleges leave to 'stay up', in order to put in more time for reading undisturbed by lectures. And a few, from overseas, had no other domicile than their Oxford lodgings, and spent most of the year in them. Offences by one or other of these classes of undergraduates were rare, but not unknown, so that it was necessary to have some authority on the spot to deal with them. Financial quarrels with landlords and landladies, occasional misconduct in the streets, and incipient litigation about tradesmen's bills sometimes happened. The undergraduate who stayed up during vacation was not *always* the hard-working individual who wanted to do extra reading, but very occasionally a debt-ridden wastrel, or an amorous alien.

I was troubled by one most vexatious incident in the middle of the Christmas vacation, the theft from the Bodleian of a valuable book. The culprit was never discovered, but, as careful investigation proved, was probably one of two individuals. But the methods of Sherlock Holmes were not within the power of the proctorial staff, who could not disguise themselves as gas inspectors or touting agents, in order to get entrance into a private house: and it so chanced that neither of our suspects was living in College or in licensed lodgings.

Each proctor had two assistants, the pro-proctors nominated by himself. They took over, during the week for which the proctor was responsible, four of the obligatory night-promenades so familiar to the public of the highways, while their chief was responsible for the other three; he of course chose the evenings when any trouble might be expected—such as the 5th of

November—always lively with fireworks and even at late as 1894 liable to be diversified by ' town and gown rows '—though they were beginning to go out of fashion. There was also a certain expectation of mischief when there happened to be a parliamentary election in progress, or when some abnormal political meeting was announced. It did not fall in my own year—but I remember a case where a future Lord Chancellor was mixed up in a conflict with the police, and had to be reclaimed from their hands by the proctor of the night—this was in 1897. I never myself got involved in any tiresome circumstances of riot—other proctors have been less lucky. My two pro-proctors, who relieved me of duty each for two nights of the week, were Arthur Headlam of All Souls—now Bishop of Gloucester—and H. D. Leigh, a fellow of Corpus, who had been one of my New College pupils a few years back. They took many a rainy walk, and exacted a certain amount of fines from minor delinquents ; major offenders had to be referred to the proctor himself.

With the proctor or the pro-proctor on duty for the night there always marched the rank and file of the university police, the ' Marshal ', their non-commissioned officer, and two or sometimes three of the ' bull-dogs ', as undergraduates called them. The Marshal was a most intelligent person, for long years a sergeant in the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and very much the old soldier. I had many an amusing conversation with him, when business was slack and streets empty during our nocturnal rambles. The bull-dogs were all middle-aged or elderly men, not chosen for their powers of running, but for their encyclopædic knowledge of undergraduate personalities. Within a few weeks of the beginning of the Academic year they had usually obtained a very fair idea as to which of the freshmen were sly or noisy boys, while among the second and third year men they had a marvellous acquaintance with our usually very genial and amusing ' criminal classes '. Of course they did not know the abnormal catches of the proctorial net—quiet and harmless undergraduates who fell by mere chance into our purview, while on their legitimate errands but capless and gownless. I used to pass the studious youth with books under his arm, or the dusty ' hiker ' returning from a long evening walk with a nod and a caution.

The Marshal and the senior bull-dog had both of them extraordinary capacities of long sight : while we were fifty yards away they would warn me ' members of the A club going home in

liquor', or 'Mr. B. of C. College clinging to a post', or 'Mr. D. going along breaking gas-lamps again', or occasionally 'a member and a "character" down that dark entry'. If a fleet-footed suspect absconded, he was not generally followed, for the chances were that he was known by sight to one of the proctorial band; if not, he could certainly have outrun a pursuer of forty-five years of age. The individuals with whom I had to deal were generally *not* in a condition to use their heels to any great effect. The bull-dogs, besides their wonderful acquaintance with the junior academic public had also a sight-knowledge of certain undesirable town-dwellers of both sexes, 'bookies', 'touts', and light ladies who occasionally came under our notice.

Five-sixths of the 140 cases with which I had to deal in my year were trivial and often amusing breaches of the academic by-laws, for which fixed penalties were provided in the printed code passed on from proctor to proctor. Such were 'smoking in academicals'—worth 5s. in 1894 but now an obsolete offence—making loud noises in the streets, playing billiards in public rooms after 10 p.m., giving dinners in hotels to large parties of friends without having first obtained official leave, haunting tap-rooms with obvious signs of the visit when discovered, climbing up buildings or monuments without harm done, or running away with advertisement boards and replacing them in inappropriate spots. I had many a laugh with the criminals on the morning after the offence, and they left little money behind.

Of all my interviews with these genial offenders, the most amusing was one on the 5th of November 1894. The spire of St. Mary's Church was under repairs, and its gallery was accessible by a series of long ladders. The Marshal pointed out to me a figure far aloft. I shouted up to the climber a recommendation to come down. He replied with an intimation that he could stop up there as long as he pleased, and that the bull-dogs would not like the climb. To this I made a practical retort by ordering my staff to remove the lowest of the ladders, and then reminded my interlocutor that he could not get down, and would have to stop in his lofty and rather chilly perch all night, unless we came to an agreement. He saw the practical wisdom of compromise, and the ladder was replaced. When we resumed conversation on *terra firma* he explained to me that he had gone up to get a bird's eye view of the many bonfires which were blazing in College quadrangles on Guy Fawkes' night. I agreed that the

idea was inspiring, but objected that dangerous ascents of University buildings by night were against the rules. However, I rather admired his initiative, and assured him that no great fuss would be made when he came to the proctor's room at 10 a.m. on November 6th. When he presented himself I had to fine him a sovereign—a modest penalty : this coin having been passed over, he (to my surprise) produced a number of other coins—Anglo-Saxon pennies just dug up on his uncle's estate, and asked me to identify them—which I did. We had a pleasant archæological chat, and parted good friends. He is still alive—a very distinguished and prominent personage—we have met several times in later years, and laughed over the incident. I had always a weakness for the climbers of the 'Oxford Alpine Club' to which at least one future Cabinet Minister belonged.

On two occasions I had to deal with climbers in much more unpleasant situations than my friend on St. Mary's spire. One unfortunate had endeavoured to get over the revolving spikes above the iron gate between Corpus and Merton. While he was straddling them, they gave a twist, and he was caught with clothes perforated by several spikes, and with one at least impinging in a soft part of his person. Unable to move without danger of further bodily damage, he gave tongue loudly—and attracted in a moment the attention both of a policeman and of the proctor and staff, who happened to be passing through Oriel Street. He had to be got down with the aid of a ladder—his bodily punishment was already, I considered, almost sufficient, and he got off very lightly. The other case was that of a ne'er-do-well who had been 'sent down', but had returned surreptitiously to Oxford : he was caught three-quarters of the way up a rope, which had been let down to him by a friend living in a second storey in lodgings. Just as he was nearing his destination, the Marshal spied him, hauled on the rope, and shook him down, supposing him to be a burglar. When brought to the ground he proved to be merely some one who ought to have been in London in disgrace. He was sent back there after being mulcted with a fine, which he had great difficulty in paying, as his return to Oxford had been with the object of borrowing money from acquaintances. This was his last visit to the University, which was well rid of him.

I made one or two other catches of an odd sort—one was that of a distinguished member of the Eleven who had been playing

the part of the Prince of Morocco, or one of his suite, in *The Merchant of Venice*. He was roaming rather unsteadily around Radcliffe Square after a merry dinner, still in his 'make-up'. I was surprised to note his swarthy countenance, but he put me right by answering the formal proctorial enquiry with a Shakespearean tirade :

' Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.'

I had him conducted to his College, and fined him only five shillings, as we were both in a humorous mood.

The undergraduates had a fixed idea that fines went into the pocket of the proctor or pro-proctor to his personal profit. This was of course a delusion : the official had a fixed—and very moderate—salary, and it did not matter to him in the least from the financial point of view whether he imposed a large or a low penalty on the law-breaker. My own intake rather more than balanced my salary, though I was considered a lenient proctor ; of my predecessors and successors some paid more into the University Chest than they took out of it—others less. The total varied from year to year according to the amount of local disorder in the period—for there were quiet years, and others in which some single occasion of riot led to the infliction of a large number of heavy fines.

In addition to fines the proctor could impose 'gateing to college' after hall, for any number of weeks, even for a whole term. This was the natural penalty for the bibulous, or for those who persistently made unseemly noises in the streets, or in places of public entertainment, or who turned out gas-lamps or moved advertisement boards—in one dreadful case the town fire-escape. But that was not in my year.

Above the limit of what I may call offences of the humorous sort, there came another class of misdoings of which the proctor had to take notice, those in which damage was done to person or property in moments of exuberance. These varied in moral turpitude from such small silly pranks as squirting passers by with soda water syphons, or dropping crackers into the street from a window, or ringing the bells of quiet citizens, or turning out gas-lamps, up to really serious and dangerous offences. I remember one party from a club dinner who smashed many pounds' worth

of shop windows while reeling home, another when the proprietor of a air gun shot across the street, and extinguished the lamps of an unpopular opposite neighbour : the owner might have been killed, but the marksman did not think of that.¹ Another and more extraordinary case of ballistics was one in which a student, maddened by one-finger exercises on the piano continuing for a long period by a man who had rooms facing him across a passage, hurled a full soda-water syphon at the pianist. It broke his window, and then burst like a bomb-shell and deluged the room and the musician. This cost the very accurate projector of the missile £2, but I fined the man who used the air-gun £4—it was a much more dangerous experiment.

The heaviest fines that I can remember inflicting were for mere hooliganism—not at all frequent—but one hybriatic individual in liquor went shouting all down Cornmarket Street, thrusting citizens into the gutter, and actually knocking down at least two. A still worse case was that of a man who at midnight for some reason took offence at a harmless coffee-stall keeper, beat him, and broke up his kettles and cups and saucers. He was fined £5, gated for a whole term, and made to pay for a complete new outfit for the unfortunate dispenser of non-alcoholic drinks.

It is surprising to have to record that the 'Police des Mœurs', which some misguided writers have supposed to form the most important part of the proctor's duties, as a matter of fact took up very little of his time. I had to deal with about eight cases of this kind out of something like 140 offences of one sort and another which came under my notice, and of those half were not very serious matters—as for example loitering at the stage door of the theatre, with no serious consequences. This led to 'gate-ing to college after hall', and profitable lecturing as to perils.

The proctors had both at Oxford and at Cambridge the right to arrest and incarcerate prostitutes taken *flagrante delicto*, and it was a case of this kind which led at Cambridge, a little before my time, to a scandal and a lawsuit. The practice of actual arrest had ceased at Oxford very shortly before my year of office. The existing custom was that notorious persons, against whom clear evidence was available, were sent summonses to appear before the Vice-Chancellor's court on a date a week ahead. They invariably left Oxford before the day arrived. The neat bedroom in the office of the University police, in which persons arrested

¹ I meet him occasionally to this day, in a most responsible position.

used to be confined, before they came on the following morning before the Vice-Chancellor's court, was still visible in my day—but had not received a tenant for some years.

I and my colleague had to deal with three grave cases only during our year of office—one was a very painful one, in which an erotic individual had to be sent away from the University, after three scandalous escapades. The misfortune was that the punishment broke his career, by costing him a post which he had been promised. His aged and invalid father called upon us in person, to beg that his son might be granted a *bene discessit* from the University, to show to the persons who were to have given him the post. This was a distressing scene, for a refusal was inevitable; we could not possibly hush up a course of conduct which would have made it morally criminal for us to allow the culprit to be placed in a position of grave responsibility. He had been warned and sent down for a term after his first scandal, but on arriving back to Oxford had relapsed into his deplorable habits. He must have broken his father's heart. The interview with the old man is a painful reminiscence—the only one indeed of an unhappy sort that remains in my memory from my proctorial year.

Most people have heard of the University 'Black Book' in which the proctors commit to record, in Latin, the names and offences of all members of the University who have committed serious delinquencies: for example, any one 'sent down' for good would be noted in it, and a certain but limited amount of other notorious culprits. I made a very trifling number of these entries—personally I think that my Latin appears only about six times.¹ The book goes back only to the seventeenth century—and no information concerning the Middle Ages is available.

The first really long entry is about a case which got into the public prints, and indeed into Parliamentary debates of the day, so that I am not breaking the rule of proctorial silence when mentioning it. This was an affair of high politics in 1716. 'Dominus Meadowscroft', a B.A., of Merton, a rampant young Whig, was drinking with noisy friends in a tavern, when Pro-Proctor Holt of Magdalen, a notorious Jacobite, came in, attracted by the din; the Whigs, headed by Meadowscroft, clamoured at him, and compelled him to drink King George's

¹ Sometimes the Latin equivalents of modern things were hard to find—a poker had to be styled *ferramentum*: an air-gun was still more puzzling.

health—perhaps by threats of personal violence. Meadowscroft was fined and refused his M.A. degree, and put in the Black Book. He was a very contentious person, who wrote later to inform the Home Secretary that he was being persecuted for his loyalty to the House of Hanover and incidentally to denounce the Professor of Poetry for Jacobitism. Much correspondence opened up between Whitehall and Oxford. After great delay and argument Meadowscroft did get his M.A. degree—and long years after became sub-Warden of Merton—a very Whig college. The story of Meadowscroft is an odd and exceptional entry in the Black Book, which is generally in the eighteenth century a rather dull record of how Jones *frequens noctivagus exstitit*, or Robinson was found *cum femina haud dubiæ famæ*, or Brown *procuratorem compellavit verbis injuriis*. Names of persons of note are singularly few among the offenders.

The nineteenth-century records are much more interesting, and contain some well-known names—but official silence weighs upon me. I think, however, that it may be permissible to mention that once, in Mid-Victorian times, an even more elaborate case of impersonation of a foreign royalty was imposed on the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor than the well-known modern instances of the pseudo-royal visits to H.M.S. *Dreadnought* and the Town Hall of Cambridge. The Latin account of the incident is delightful. Possibly Mr. Cole and his friends may have heard of the story—at any rate their joke was not quite original. Our illustrious visitor was the Hospodar of Wallachia, a gorgeous and long-bearded personage, who arrived in a four-horse chariot, accompanied by a suite, and called on the authorities. In later years he made a literary name.

Besides the Black Book I had access, by means of the rusty proctorial keys, to some other archives, of which I am at liberty to tell. One booklet I found in the actual University Chest, which contained some odd leavings. It was a private manual of advice to Vice-Chancellors, compiled by the Rev. Frederick Plumtre, Master of University College, and Vice-Chancellor in 1848. It contained private hints to his successors as to the most tactful ways of dealing with various sorts of people, who might be thrown into contact with the official head of the University. Such were royalties, foreign notables of the political sort, judges, military and naval heroes receiving honorary degrees, bishops and mayors. With regard to the last-named class of magnates particular

caution was recommended ; Mayors of Oxford though most respectable people, must not be encouraged to undue familiarity. There were also notes as to problems which have now ceased to press, such as the long-defunct Oxford Races, and political riots. There was advice as to the proper relations of the Vice-Chancellor with his hierarchical chief, the seldom-seen Chancellor of the University, and as to the ways of dealing with two proctors who fell out with each other on administrative or ecclesiastical questions—the latter quite a possible difficulty in the days of the Oxford Movement. All these problems were discussed at length in the most sonorous Johnsonian diction. I greatly wonder what has become of the little book.

XVI

TRAVEL, 1883-1914

WHEN Vacation had arrived, and I was no longer engaged in daily duties with my excellent New College pupils, nor in editing the *Oxford Review*, nor in taking my humble share in contending for the Conservative cause in academic politics, I succeeded in putting in an immense amount of travel in all directions. This was possible because I had (for the first time in my life), what seemed to a young bachelor, a purse that was competently filled. Putting together my regular salary from New College, casual examinerships, and literary earnings that were beginning to be quite perceptible [the *History of Greece* brought in about £100 a year from 1888 onward for some time] I had £500 or £600 as my annual budget. So I made it my object to see all that was worth seeing in nearer Europe. Although—unlike my friend Haverfield—I did not penetrate to the Dobrudsha, or the Bukovina, or Slavonia, I ran everywhere from the Dover Straits so far as Berlin, Vienna, and Sicily. Greece I first visited in 1895, after my marriage, and Spain and Portugal from 1903 onward, a voyage that was often to be repeated.

I generally put in two turns of travel : one was usually with my mother in the spring to Italy, which she loved above all other lands. As she was a rapid and a restless traveller, we did not settle down in any one centre, but moved on at a good pace up and down, from Turin or Como as far as Palermo or Girgenti. If we liked a place, we did not tarry there long, but resolved to revisit it again in the next year. Thus I got at any rate a passing acquaintance with many a small city, places like Rovigo, San Gimignano, Volterra, or Pienza, as well as with all the more famous ones.

One or two incidents from these old travels remain fixed in my brain. Oddest perhaps was a passing moment on the heights of Epipolae, where a country road commands an illimitable view over the blue Ionian Sea, with the long white peninsula bearing Syracuse town close beneath one's feet. As I was jolting along in a little local car with a typical Sicilian driver, I got a start. On a knoll at the highest turn of the road stood a withered old

woman—a figure from the first scene in *Macbeth*—with her arms raised, screaming unintelligible words downward towards the town and the harbour. ‘Throw a soldo at her feet, or she will turn the evil eye on you,’ whispered my driver leaning back to me. ‘Who is she?’ I said. ‘A witch and a strong one,’ he answered, ‘she stands there every evening, and curses Syracuse and the *carabinieri* for an hour. Her son was a smuggler and got shot—ten years back. Ever since she comes out to curse, and she will turn the bad eye on any one who passes by if she is disturbed. If *you* won’t throw her a soldo, I shall.’ So I cast a two-soldo piece before her, and we drove cautiously by: her screams continued to make the air unholy till we were round the next corner.

Another distressful memory is of an old inn at Arezzo. I had stopped there before, and was known to the people. I found that the landlord was recently dead, and that his widow was being ‘sold up’. This was the last night that the place was to be open—chaos was to come next day. The landlady wept over me—about to be her last guest—at the door. The old waiter dropped tears in my soup, and mumbled of bad times all through a scanty dinner. The still older chambermaid could hardly be induced to leave my bedroom, so long was her piteous tale. I was never in such a perfect atmosphere of misery—next morning, as I paid my (very moderate) bill, legal birds of ill omen were already hovering about, and papers being hung up. One could do nothing for the poor folks, yet felt an irrational feeling of responsibility, when one had only sympathy to offer.

Both in France and in Italy the inns of the towns that lay outside the ordinary routes of tourist travel were in many cases most astoundingly behind the level of modern civilization. Not indeed in the matter of food—which was generally palatable and even attractive—but in almost every other respect. Not only were bedrooms badly in want of sweeping—scraps and dust went under the bed before the lazy broom of the chambermaid or the chamberman—but sometimes the ‘terror that walketh in darkness’ was only too obvious. Sanitation was woefully neglected: bathrooms were unknown, and if a portable bath was asked for, it was usually exiguous and occasionally leaky. There was often no means of heating a room on a cold night—on enquiry an inadequate *scaldino* or *bassinet* might be produced, but no fireplace existed. I still remember with a shiver one time in Italy in the

end of a March that had not yet verged towards spring-weather, and a January night in high-pitched Perugia.

And for sanitary needs France was even worse than Italy, when one had got well off the normal travellers' track. The worst experiences that I ever went through were in small cathedral towns in France, where sanitary science seemed to have stood still since the sixteenth century, and the traveller who complained was thought squeamish or effeminate. Indeed in many places modern ideas did not seem to penetrate till the nineteenth century was out—or even till the twentieth had begun. I think that it was left to the French Automobile Club to introduce reform in many remote regions. Germany and Switzerland at their worst could not compare with provincial France !

In roaming up and down Italy for ten years I picked up the language without any tuition—whence it has always remained on my tongue fluent but not at all academic in style—what may be called railway and museum Italian—not that of polite society. The same fatal facility attended me in later years in Spain—I could always keep up a conversation, but could not trust myself to compose a literary article, and though I have made formal speeches in both tongues, I have an idea that they may have contained phrases that horrified Castilian or Italian audiences of a cultured and pedantic taste.

These Italian turns were always confined to the University Easter Vacation—hence (to my sorrow) I have not seen Italy in May or early June. As I have never missed a term of residence for sixty years, I have been denied the sight of the most splendid southern months of all. But 'orders is orders', from the academic no less than from the military source of command.

Every year without exception however I managed a second bout of travelling in the long vacation, with one companion or another. In later years my wife often went with me : very occasionally I did a solitary turn. On the rare occasions when we were more than two, I found that the old proverbial warning against the third person had a certain amount of reason in it. When two travel together, each can consent to fall in with the other's hobbies—but with three one gets into majority and minority voting, and the outvoted individual has a grievance, which (if he is of self-centred disposition) may rankle unpleasantly. I have even known it end in breaking up the party. Undoubtedly the companion among my contemporaries with whom I was

happiest was Joseph Wells of Wadham, the most wise and sweet-tempered man that I ever knew : our tastes and interests never led us in different ways, and our ideas of pace, food, and rest were absolutely identical. It was with Wells that I made the roughest of my many journeys, though by no means the most remote of them. In the summer of 1887, the year of the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria, we resolved that we neither of us knew anything of Orkney and Shetland—save indeed by reading Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate*—and that it would be good for us to see what they were like : guide books were hardly existent and of little profit. My own particular ambition was to visit the parish of Orphir in Orkney, where my ancestors had been settled for three centuries or more.

This involved some very rough travel, as we 'hiked' up the long island of the Shetland Mainland, relying on knapsacks, and putting up casually with crofters, when we found ourselves benighted. There were no inns in Shetland in those days save at Lerwick and Scalloway, both close together in the middle of the sixty-mile tramp. There was a fine drizzling rain for the greater part of every day, and we always arrived well soaked at the farm where we hoped to find shelter—and never failed to do so. We found the crofters an interesting study—many of them had never left the islands, nor seen a railway train or a forest—there are no trees in Shetland save eleven pines on a knoll near Scalloway. But they were by no means uninterested in the outside world, and had usually a shelf of books for reading in the long winter nights—it was astounding to find *Tom Brown's School Days* in one croft, and to be led into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the Public School system ! We lived on herrings, porridge, and boiled eggs, always washed down with rather sodden tea. But they seemed to suit our digestions, and we turned up at Hillswick in the northern corner of the island, to catch the local steamer, in very good form.

Another episode of this tour I shall never forget. We were to have caught our boat at Wick, hard by John o' Groats, at nine in the evening. Eleven o'clock came, but no steamer, as we waited by the landing pier in rain and howling wind. Only some twinkling lights far out in the firth. To us came the pier-master with cheerful intelligence : 'they have signalled to us from the steamer that it was impossible for them to get into the harbour, owing to the rough weather'. But a smack might take

us out into the open sea, run under the lee of the vessel, and hoist us on board. If we had fully understood what this meant, we should undoubtedly have given up the idea of sailing that night, and waited twenty-four hours in the very uninteresting town of Wick for daylight and calmer water. But being ignorant of the humours of the Pentland Firth, we consented to the experiment, and shoved out in a heavy, very seaworthy smack, to toss for half an hour over waves on which we were sometimes high as heaven, and sometimes in a trough that seemed near the bottom of the ocean. It was both rainy and pitch dark, and our only guidance was that when we were on the crest of a wave we could see the lights of the steamer, which was bobbing up and down just as we were. How we ever contrived to get under the lee of her passed my comprehension—the smacksmen must have been true descendants of the vikings who first dared the awful Pentland rollers. But suddenly we were against the side of the steamer, towering for a moment above her; then the two decks came level. Jump! said the smacksmen, and one of us was on board the dripping steamer. The smack then descended into the abyss. As she came up again—Jump! came for the second time, and we were both on the Aberdeen boat. At a third arrival of the moment of level decks our Gladstone bags were pitched in after us.

This was an unpleasant start for a most unpleasant voyage, for going north we came into more moderate weather but a dense fog. The captain wisely refused to make any attempt to get into Lerwick harbour, and steamed in a circle for twelve hours over a rolling sea, the aftermath of a storm, trusting that we should not bump against Bressay or the Noss, which could not be very far off. Suddenly the fog rose, and we saw Lerwick clear before us four miles away—the bells were going for Sunday morning kirk, and we had been expected at eight o'clock on the Saturday evening.

One curious memory of this turn among the northern seas is that of the vast isle-flecked length of Scapa Flow, with its six complicated entrances. We had visited it to get a glimpse of Orphir and Stenness from which all Omans come, whether of Onstay, of Savedale, or of Kirbister. There were barely two fishing smacks visible, and a local steamer, in all its fifteen miles of land-girt water. If any one had told us that for four years this lone expanse would shelter the main fighting strength of the

British Fleet, in 1914-18, we should have laughed at such a wild prophecy. But how much more absurd would it have been to be told that Scapa Flow was to be the graveyard of the whole German Navy, which still for the most part rusts at its bottom ! My friend Storer Clouston, whose house of Smoogro faces its central reach, was one of the few privileged to see the Germans go down. He was on the road when he was roused by news that they were all on the sink, and was in time to watch for several hours their successive disappearances. The small vessels, destroyers and such like, he tells me, took headers, and for a moment exposed their sterns and propellers high in air. But the battleships 'turned turtle' going down sideways, and exposing their keels for a time before disappearing. The hour and the event were so unexpected that I believe that no one got a snapshot on his camera of this most unique phenomenon.

Another British 'hike' which I can remember with pleasure was one made in 1885 with my old tutor, Hereford Brooke George of New College. Though thirty-five years older than myself, he was still a stalwart walker at sixty. This was a turn with military objects—we neither of us had seen the Roman Wall from Solway to Tyne, nor the great castles of the Northumbrian coast from Morpeth to Norham. I have three times followed the line of the Wall, once on this occasion, once with Craster and two other fellows of All Souls in 1905, and once with my son in 1913. But on the two latter occasions we were cursed with very wet weather, while in 1885 the air, the temperature, and visibility were all perfect. Unfortunately we did not know so much about Hadrian and Severus as the antiquaries of to-day, and were sometimes walking about among things not understood. Haverfield and his disciples had not yet made matters plain, and Severus, in 1885, was being credited with a good deal more than was his due. But the long bracing tramp along the camps and mile-castles on the wild moors was an education in itself as to the power and grasp of Rome. The walk along the Northumbrian coast was less inspiring : between castle and castle it was often dull. But after the isolated strength of Bamborough, and the weather-beaten wreck of Dunstanburgh, the thing that struck me most was the long treacherous sands south of Holy Island, with two or three wrecks sticking in them—mostly Norwegian timber-ships. This was a most melancholy stretch, with the shifting sand squelching beneath our feet, and the gulls screaming overhead.

Lodgings were pretty rough outside the towns in 1885—in later years I found that the tourist on the tramp had introduced many amenities unknown to George and myself.

But British walks were the exception rather than the rule in my young days. I was much more frequently pervading France, Germany, and Switzerland—in Holland I never walked, for its flat roads are uninspiring, and only the towns are of interest. I happened upon some curious incidents from time to time—a State visit of Kaiser William to Frankfurt in the summer of 1880 is remembered for the deliberate and undisguised apathy of the citizens, who had not yet forgotten their conquest and annexation, though it was fourteen years back, and failed to give any enthusiastic greeting to the wonderful trio of old men, the Kaiser, Moltke, and Bismarck, whom I saw parading between a long hedge of bayonets. In Hanover, some years later, the hatred of Prussia was still more evident. I saw a new Governor received with surreptitious hoots and hisses—but of this I have told the tale elsewhere, in *Things I Have Seen*.

The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, seen in August 1890, is a less gloomy recollection. I had been afraid that I should find the whole affair artificial and exploited, but was agreeably surprised to discover that to the good Bavarian mountaineers it was really a purely religious experience, and that the business of harbouring the stranger was a secondary consideration, taken off their hands by a committee. I was put up by King Herod Antipas, and found him wrapped up in the play, and not at all over-concerned with catering. I cannot sufficiently praise the stoic efficiency of the chorus—a drenching storm came up during the performance, but they paid no attention to it, and sang on with their robes clinging to them, perfectly wet through and dripping distilled purple dye on the floor of the platform. The storm washed away the railway at the foot of the pass, and several hundreds of spectators on their way back to Munich were marooned at the village of Partenkirchen while the line was being restored. The resourceful villagers, seeing that we were stranded among them for the best part of a day, rose to the occasion. They prepared an immense cauldron, into which they threw all manner of edibles, vegetables and meat and flour. They found bowls or big saucers for each of us, also a large ladle. We took the ladle and had one dip each in the cauldron, which brought up both liquid and solid stuff. My luck was a

big knödel or dumpling, swimming in a kind of broth—quite palatable and satisfying. The cost was a mark—really not unreasonable, considering the trouble that the villagers must have had to improvise the meal. In the evening the rails had been relaid, and we steamed back to Munich.

Since I have mentioned Munich, I may recall a memory of some years back from 1890—a surreptitious run through the palace of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, who had not yet been dethroned and placed in an asylum. He had 'ochlophobia', or the insanity that causes the sufferer to shut himself up, and to refuse to see even the most necessary visitors. Though nearly always lurking in one of the romantic and impracticable castles which he had built among the crags of the Alps, King Ludwig had a theory that he *might* turn up at any of his abodes at any moment, and so ordered them to be closed perpetually, even though he had not visited some of them for years. This did not suit the petty officials who had been wont to draw gratuities from the tourist—hence came underhand arrangements for unauthorized inspection. But there was always the bare chance of an unheralded royal descent. Wherefore one saw King Ludwig's pictures and antiques in a hurried fashion, under the care of lackeys who were nervously on the look-out for a visitation of the unwelcome master. A connection of mine was once caught in the middle of the palace by the sudden rumble of a furiously driven royal carriage—and then it was a case of '*In Himmelsnamen! Entfernen Sie sich augenblicklich!*' and a dive down a service-stair into the basement, and a back door. How the Bavarians suffered this eccentric sovereign for so many years, I cannot understand.

A queer but inspiring fellow pedestrian on roads both in Italy and in England was John Henry Middleton, sometime professor of classical archæology at Cambridge. On roads round Rome—we sometimes went on very considerable turns—it was his foible to point out the exact date of every broken monument, even of every small architectural fragment—and I think he was always right, and that his explanations as to the *raison d'être* of each structure were convincing. One had to be aware, when starting out with him, that his scheme of life did not include a lunch, and that it was well to fill one's pockets with some sort of food, as while we walked from ten to six there would be no halt at a village inn—indeed the midday hours would probably fall in some waste solitude. When not descanting on Roman ruins

Middleton often waxed anecdotic, and told of strange adventures : one had to be careful in accepting them, for some were very weird. He had seen the celebrated Indian 'rope trick' done, not in India, but by a Senoussi holy man on the edge of the Sahara, when visiting unexplored Roman ruins at the back of Algeria. And still more cautious had I to be in commenting on a tale of his being waylaid by Comanche Redskins between two forts in the woolly West that was still wild in 1860-70. Though the narrative was full of convincing local detail, I learnt from friends that J. H. M. had never been west of the Mississippi. However the tale was a good one.

It was not only over the Alban Hills that I walked with John Henry Middleton ; his mother lived in Cheltenham, and when he paid his midsummer visits to her, we used to foregather and visit the Roman ruins of Gloucestershire—insignificant enough compared to what we saw in the south, but often quite interesting, especially the well-preserved villa at Chedworth, in the lovely valley of the Coln. It was then a new discovery, though now it is one of the best known Roman sites in England. The walk thither, either through the woods and the highground from the south, or by the picturesque grey village of Withington and the water meadows of Compton Cassey, was always delightful. But so are all Cotswold walks, whether one cleaves to the edge and looks down for long miles over the plain of Gloucester towards the Welsh mountains in the far west, or whether one strikes across the rolling uplands of the watershed to Northleach or Cirencester. I used occasionally to purvey me a horse, and take very long casts in the hills all alone, dismounting occasionally to look at a village church or a British barrow. There is no region that I love so well—alas that walking and riding days are over, and that the motor takes one too fast and too far ! I never put into print any of my memories of this blessed land, save in one chapter of *Walks Round Oxford*, where I dealt with the Windrush valley, down which I had often strolled with my friend Hutton of St. John's, when he was the happy tenant of the 'Great House' at Burford, ere ecclesiastical promotion tempted him away from Cotswold.

Oddly enough my many walks, spread over long years, never took me into the Eastern Counties or Yorkshire—which still remain more or less *terra incognita*, but I think that I may claim to have done some thousands of miles in the West Midlands,

South Wales, Devon and Cornwall, and Scotland—both Lowland and Highland. Isolated memories of particular walks sometimes come back to one's mind, some for a record of beauty, others for an acute recollection of fatigue and discomfort. The worst trudge that I can recall is one endured in company with my brother-in-law, Robert Maclagan, and his cousin, Hamilton Maxwell, over the Glen Tilt pass from Blair Athol to the Castleton of Braemar—thirty miles in blinding and blistering rain. Ere we were half way to the Dee valley we were soaked through so completely and irrevocably that we waded through the Tarf, the Bynach, and Geldie burns, without looking for stepping stones or fords, for we could not have been wetter than we were. By the end of the journey we were barely able to shuffle along, and our feet were a mass of blisters and bruises. Staggering in, absolutely done up, to the 'Invercauld Arms', and calling for a hot bath, I was astounded to find myself confronted by my old New College scout, Burrows, who was acting as second in command in the hotel staff, and gave me all that I needed, including a potent draught to stop my shivering. It was common forty years ago—and may be so still, for all that I know—for senior Oxford College servants to be taken on in responsible positions at Highland hotels during the Long Vacation.

We were all three of us rather feeble on our feet next day, but not so feeble but that we went out to see the Braemar Gathering. We had timed our walk so as to enable us to witness this picturesque but not quite convincingly authentic ceremony. I have seen other Highland festivals which seemed much more genuine and spontaneous. Queen Victoria was incidentally visible, not at the games, but driving over a by-road in her celebrated 'one-horse shay' with John Brown sitting up behind. This was neither the first nor the last of my sights of the wonderful old lady, whom I had watched years before in the Isle of Wight, and was to recognize once more in Italy—a rather inappropriate but awe-inspiring figure among southern pines and olives. I am, and always have been 'Victorian' in my outlook on the world, and it is a pleasure to remember that the face and figure of her who has left her name to the epoch were quite familiar to me.

I can recall one journey of an archaic kind, neither on horse nor on foot, which can never be repeated—I mean a long drive in the old-fashioned diligence, with its six mules, from Toledo

to Talavera. When I first went to Spain the motor was still unknown, and if one was off the line of one of the few railways the diligence was the only method of conveyance. Its harness, its curious compartments—the *berlina* was stuffy but free from strange companions—and its driver and his aide the *zagal* were still just as Borrow described them fifty years back. We jingled along with many vocal exercises by the *mayoral*, and frequent halts. On the main roads the progress was fairly rapid : but the by-roads were still abominable. I stuck fast in the mud once near Salamanca in a two-horse vehicle ! One did not expect mud in Spain ! And till then I had been a little puzzled at Napoleon's denunciation of the *infames boues de l'Espagne*.

But I have had to travel on vehicles much more primitive than the diligence in New Castile—rattletrap country machines procured in out-of-the-way corners of the world. I can still recall the jolts of a small Greek country cart which took my wife and myself over the central mountain range of Argolis, in an excursion from Mycenæ to Epidaurus. We passed on our way a long procession of shepherds conducting endless lean sheep from the plain to their summer pastures in the hills up a narrow defile. Getting past them was a tedious business.

But of all wheeled adventures the most risky was a ten-mile drive from the ruined town of Almeida to Villar Formoso,¹ behind the battlefield of Fuentes de Oñoro. Almeida is barely inhabited, many houses still showing the devastation of the great explosion of 1810, when Massena's shells fell on the great central powder magazine in the citadel. When we wanted to get away, after inspection and incidental starvation, there was no one who could produce a decent trap of any sort. Much enquiry discovered one man who had a mule which had never been in harness, being a pack-mule, a second man who had a mule which *had* been driven, and a third who had the wrecks of what he called a *carro*. This last enterprising young man undertook to manage the mules, and got them harnessed in the dusty *plaza*, where an old woman and a hen looked on—the space was otherwise empty. When we got to the ruined gate, the untaught mule began to jib, and refused to go under the arch. The driver and two stray soldiers got him across, with much persuasion of poking and shoving. But then the creature put down tail and ears and proceeded to run away, dragging the more

¹ Which my friends will call Villa Formosa, quite erroneously.

sophisticated mule along with him. The bolt went on for many miles—at headlong speed—and one expected a final smash against a rock or into a ravine. But half-way to Villar Formoso the runaway seemed to have become exhausted, he dropped down into a walk, and we got tediously to our destination. I gladly gave the driver much over his covenanted sum of *milreis*: he had stuck splendidly to his reins and seat.

All these were ordinary incidents of travel, but occasionally—even before the Great War of 1914-18—one blundered into high politics and rifle-fire. Three times I was caught in corners where lively insurrections were on foot, and the tourist, bred in Victorian complaisance, was surprised to find that there were places where civil war might break out. I have given some account of these experiences in *Things I Have Seen*, so will grant them but scanty record in this screed. The earliest befell in September 1890, when I happened upon civil war in what most people believe to be the quietest land in Europe—Switzerland. The Liberal faction in Canton Ticino rose against the dominant Catholic faction, stormed the cantonal palace at Bellinzona with some little bloodshed, and established a revolutionary government, which lasted precisely three days, before it was crushed by Federal troops. I heard much firing, and saw many excited people running about with rifles. But this being Switzerland—though Latin Switzerland—it never occurred to me at the moment that I was witnessing more than a *schützenfest* or *tiro federale*, carried out in a casual and disorderly fashion. I got away without difficulty: no one interfered with tourists—profitable visitors—and I only discovered from the Lucerne newspapers next day that I had been present at an insurrection.

My next experience of civil war was a much more noisy affair, and cost a certain number of lives—though not so many as might have been expected. On April 3, 1903, I was working at the archives in the Ministry of War at Madrid, when chaos broke loose. A republican mob, taking advantage of a general strike, seized and barricaded the Plaza Mayor and other points, and held out for two days against the police and troops before they dispersed, on finding that they were getting no general support. The Ministers behaved with great caution, and did not turn on artillery or storm the entrenchments, but gradually surrounded the focal points, and swept the central streets with cavalry charges. The most spectacular incident which came under my

eyes was rather ludicrous than terrifying—a charge caught a demonstrating mob, mostly unarmed, and drove it against the glass walls of a large restaurant. The rioters, thrown together and unable to escape, crashed backwards in a heap, and lost their footing—they fell in absurd postures among the tables and chairs, some of them badly cut by broken glass. The cavalry used neither sword nor firearms, and swept on down the street, allowing the rioters to scramble off as best they could, mopping their bleeding hands and faces. No one, so far as I could see, was killed at that spot. The insurrection was a complete failure, the defenders of the barricades melted away under cover of the night.

The third incident of civil strife into which I was cast in Lisbon on October 3–5, 1910, was a much more serious, and to me a most distressing, affair—it saw the end of a monarchy which had lasted eight hundred years and had a splendid history. It was a miserably managed business on both sides—the organization of the insurrection broke down, but that of the defenders of the old régime broke down in a still more hopeless fashion. Suffice it to say that Admiral Reis, the leader of the rebels, committed suicide prematurely, because he thought that the *coup* had failed, while, on the other hand, the luckless young king and his family fled from Lisbon long before his cause was really lost. For his disappearance on the high seas led to the surrender of his partisans throughout the country. The most unpleasant personal experience which I can recall from these unhappy days was a retreat to the Spanish frontier, over a railway line where bridges had been maltreated most ineffectively by mines laid by the insurgents. There were many signs of malevolent activity, but no bridge had been actually broken—our very short train crawled on looking for a definite breach, but did not find one, and we reached the Spanish frontier at Fuentes de Oñoro to find that no one there knew exactly what had happened, or was happening, in Lisbon. No one was certain whether the insurrection had been a failure or a success !

All these happenings were before the outbreak of the war of 1914—I have had later adventures in troublous places, but this book only deals with things which befell me before that whirlwind swept across the hitherto rather tranquil course of my life, and led me to new and surprising fields of activity.

XVII

OF OXFORD SENIOR COMMON-ROOMS, 1883-1900

IT is more than fifty years since I obtained my fellowship, and became a guest at the high-tables of the colleges, to which as an undergraduate I had only looked up from a lower and noisier level, without too much curiosity as to the individualities of the dons who sat above—though some of them looked rather odd characters. After 1883 I gradually acquired friends in almost all the College governing bodies—and got to know Oxford from the point of view of the resident graduate.

I do not know that any account of the personnel of the various bodies of fellows in different colleges at that period has ever been committed to paper ; at the most there are notes in certain autobiographies as to the conditions of two or three of these societies in late Victorian days. I had rather exceptional opportunities for observation, and was much interested in the personalities that I met.

There were of course strata of very varying types of fellows in most colleges—in some, as in my own New College, the elder generation had practically disappeared. There were none of the old Wykehamist life-fellows visible—though one or two existed invisibly—one had become a Roman Catholic *Monsignore*, another was insane. But this was an exceptional case—in many colleges there were still four classes of fellows existing. (1) Very old men dating back from before the First University Commission of 1854-6, who held life-fellowships with no duties, but had been compelled in most cases by the old Laudian Statutes to take holy orders ; lay fellowships, save at All Souls, had been very exceptional. (2) The fellows elected after 1856, who still had life-fellowships, but had no obligation either to take orders or to reside in Oxford—only they must remain celibate—marriage forfeited the fellowship. The last life-fellows of this sort were elected as late as 1876-7. (3) Official and tutorial resident fellows, who held their posts by virtue of their contract with the College and were often married men : these were by my time the largest class visible. (4) Seven-year 'prize-fellows', an

invention of the Second University Commission of 1876, when life-fellowships were abolished. Most of them were out in the world, but some in residence, and of these many had begun to take up tutorial work and so to pass into Class (3). There were also a limited number of professor-fellows, on old special foundations, holding the original 'Regius' professorships, and certain others. No college had many of these—some none: Christ Church alone had a considerable number, owing to the fact that most of the old divinity professorships carried with them a canonry in the House.

(1) The class of life-fellows elected before 1856, under the old Laudian Statutes which prescribed holy orders and celibacy, was growing rare. But there was a survival of them even after forty years. They were mostly non-resident, only drawing their stipends and appearing once or twice a year at compulsory 'Stated General Meetings'. We had at All Souls an exceptional phenomenon—a resident clerical life-fellow who returned to live in Oxford after forty years in an Essex living, in the person of old Doctor Bertie, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, but such antiques were rare, though I remember two or three others.

(2) The celibate lay life-fellows of 1856-77 who had not taken up academic work were for the most part an abuse and sometimes a nuisance. They absorbed in many colleges quite a considerable portion of the available income, and discharged no useful function, being mostly non-resident and engaged in business, politics, literature, the bar, or the civil service. It was preposterous that the head of a great department in Whitehall, or a judge, or the inheritor of broad lands, or a very successful literary man, should draw several hundreds a year from a college, because he had passed an examination thirty years back and had never entered into lawful wedlock. But this sort of life-fellow at least was non-resident. Far worse were a perceptible number of 'returned empty' life-fellows, who came back into residence when they had failed to make a career outside Oxford. There was quite a considerable survival of these derelicts visible in 1885, when I became acquainted with various high tables. Some were merely pathetic—broken men; others were passively deleterious—often bibulous and a source of amusement to undergraduates. Their presence brought down the dignity and respectability of a governing body: some were eccentric to the verge of mental affliction, and hardly any showed a remnant of intel-

lectual interests. But they could cling to their right to rooms, their free meals at the high-table, and their stipends—often rather meagre ones.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the eccentricity of some of them : I can remember, as I mentioned above, one who was under the impression that he was a reincarnation of Zoroaster ; the subject of ancient religions had to be avoided in his presence. Another was so liable to exceed in the wine-cup that he was never allowed to dine unless a responsible mentor was placed beside him—he agreed to the infliction, for which a special common-room rule had been passed. Another was so unrestrained in his language that the most painful scenes sometimes occurred. I have heard him start the thesis, in a loud voice and apropos of nothing particular, that the Christian religion was an organized hypocrisy—with two clerical fellows opposite him. Another—very deaf—was given to what he believed to be whispered remarks to his neighbour concerning other persons present—unfortunately they were by no means *sotto voce* and boomed along the table : his criticisms were always sarcastic. The minority among these ‘ returned empties ’ were wanderers who had beaten about the world, and could tell interesting stories—sometimes (I fear) ‘ traveller’s tales ’. The majority were merely bores, who button-holed the visitor to relate to him academic social or literary anecdotes concerning forgotten personalities of Mid-Victorian times.

(3-4) But the main body of the fellows of a normal college, whom one met in hall, were the tutorial and official members of the governing body, discharging their various duties. Some were celibates, more by 1885 married men. After the old race of life-fellows began to die down, the official group came to have the management and policy of the College in their hands. But in some foundations, when I was young, there was still a block of life-fellows visible, whose views did not always coincide with those of the tutors. And in many cases there was still a President, Warden, or Provost of the elder generation surviving, who did not appreciate modern ‘ progressive ’ theories.

From one reason or another the tendencies of various colleges were diverse in 1885-90. Where the old head had passed away, and the ruling majority of the official clique had elected one of themselves to succeed him, the body became homogeneous, and a college policy of a definite sort would be produced. And such

a governing body tended to recruit itself by electing to official posts, as they fell vacant, junior fellows of their own ways of thinking. Seven-year prize fellowships, chosen by competition, which the University Commission of 1877 had intended to make numerous, were rapidly ceasing to be given. There was a good excuse for this to be found in the fall of college agricultural rents, which set in during the eighties, and no doubt made economy necessary. But I suspect that there was a strong prejudice in many foundations against the intrusion, by examination-competition, into the governing body of young men who might have views alien to those of the ruling oligarchy. There were certainly some colleges at which, by some dispensation of providence, a Conservative, a strong churchman, or a holder of 'traditionalist' academic views, never received a fellowship. Nor could it be pleaded that Liberalism had a monopoly of brains and teaching ability. For there were other colleges in which elections were not standardized to a single type. When I was a busy member of that once-famous body the 'Non-Placet Society', which existed to criticize modern innovations, we had canvassing rolls by which we knew that in some colleges we could count on a dozen or a score of votes—while in others we could not hope to get a single one at some important meeting of Congregation, owing to the way in which the recruiting in them had been managed of late.

(5) The professor-fellows in these late Victorian days were still in a small minority, and the occupants of the series of new professorial chairs which came into existence after the University Commission of 1876 were not always very welcome to the colleges into which they were intruded by an external force. In some cases all manner of good excuses were discovered for postponing the creation of the chair—college finance was the usual hindering plea. In others the college paid the salary, but managed not to accept the professor as a full member of the governing body: I remember one holder of a new chair who complained that he was a 'helot professor'—not admitted to full citizenship.

It was of course true that the incomer was sometimes an incongruous sort of person, brought in perhaps from Cambridge or from a long life spent outside the University, by an electing board which his destined college could not control—or sometimes by the Crown. He could not be expected to assimilate himself easily to new surroundings—especially if he were a man of

marked individuality, and of general views not consonant with those of the majority of the colleagues among whom he was placed. Moreover most of the professors were married men, who did not live (and never had lived) in the particular community among whom they were placed, and had some difficulty in understanding its prejudices and picking up its traditions. Those who came from outside, intruded by some electoral board or by the nomination of the Crown, often failed to appreciate the fact that professorships had counted for comparatively little in Oxford in 'pre-commission' days. They failed to understand the underlying feeling among old-fashioned fellows of the tutorial class, that the education of undergraduates was primarily the tutors' job. Hence friction arose, of which I shall speak in my last chapter.

When one dined out in another college, the common-room table was generally well filled in my early days. There was a nucleus of non-official fellows and life-fellows who were not tied by any post-prandial engagements. But as the years went on, the common-rooms began to break up more and more early—as the older generation died off. At 8.30 or 8 even, tutor after tutor began to make his excuses, and to hie away to take after-dinner pupils—a habit unknown in the seventies—till the visitor seeing his host growing restive, would also make his adieux. Only on Sundays and possibly Saturdays was there a chance that a long evening sitting of conversation in the coffee-room or smoking-room would supervene. In very far-off days I remember that a rubber of whist was sometimes known to end the evening—a thing unknown in these busy times.

Conversation in common-room varied in different colleges. In some it tended toward 'shop' between tutors interested in changes in the regulations for examinations, or the relative merits of prescribed books, or of pupils. In others one might get a 'returned empty' life-fellow telling of strange accidents by field or flood that had befallen him in remote quarters of the world, or retailing anecdotes of political personages to whom he had rendered service. Athletic 'shop', speculation as to the fortunes of the College on the river or the football ground was, of course, not uncommon: but football did not in the 'eighties' have the importance in University life that it has since attained. Purely literary talk was not common—when one did hap upon it, the topic was only too often criticisms by specialists, on the much misguided views of other specialists, who had dared to produce

an edition of some classical author on whom the critic thought himself the primary authority. This was boring—almost as much so as tales concerning the eccentricity or incapacity of some college magnate of early Victorian days, whose very name was unknown to the listless auditor. Scandalous tales, in the technical sense of the word, were rarely to be heard—and never (as far as I remember) humorous hints at ancient lapses—the ‘smoking-room stories’ known to the outer world. But in the eighties local Oxford scandals did not exist—the one astounding shooting affair in Logic Lane which befell on November 6, 1890, was the only thing of the kind that disturbed the equanimity of the generation with which I was then acquainted.

Politics were, of course, very frequently the cause of long and occasionally acrimonious discussions—one found many varieties of political freakishness—the mentality of some disputants would be even pre-Victorian, that of others wildly iconoclastic in an academic way—incipient Bolshevism. But noisy personal wrangling did not often occur—the atmosphere of the common-room was against it. Such argumentation as did break forth would always be after the departure of the Warden, President, Master or Rector, in whose presence it would have been unseemly—in many cases, where he was in extreme old age, it would have upset his sense of propriety. My old Warden at New College, Dr. Sewell, was a very rare visitant in common-room—I sometimes wonder what he would have made of the mentality of some of the fellows of to-day, if his life had been prolonged for another thirty years. He could just remember Waterloo, and the inauguration of the first railway lines; what he would have thought of a sub-warden who took a prominent part in local municipal affairs as leader of the Socialist party it is almost impossible to conceive.

When I first remember common-rooms Port was the regular drink of the majority—a minority preferred Brown Sherry: quite a few were interested in Claret. As the elder generation died out—they were port-drinkers almost to a man—there was a strong revulsion towards claret, and one heard disputes between specialists as to the virtue of one ‘Chateau’ or another. This was synchronous with the appearance of a class of water-drinkers, who eschewed all alcohol, and had to conceal their contempt for neighbours who discussed seriously the merits of one brand or another. The water-drinkers were naturally among those who

disappeared early from common-room, generally to take an 8 o'clock pupil. It was not till the twentieth century that one might note individuals who got for their special behest little carafes of whisky and soda-water splits. The thing, however, that I seem to note at present, in modern common-rooms, is the revival of sherry, and a decided drop in interest in all the varieties of claret. But this is not specially an academic phenomenon.

In Victorian days, when the members of a common-room were much more numerous—Worcester had twenty-three fellows in 1850 and New College forty—they were also much more homogeneous than they are at present, and humorous discussions on all sorts of topics were often prolonged. Several colleges kept common-room betting books, in which wagers were made, sometimes in bottles of port, sometimes in modest sums of cash, on all manner of disputed points. The most frequent, perhaps, was on the question of marriages inside the governing body—it will be remembered that till 1877 marriage forfeited the life-fellowship. Bets generally turned either on the improbability of wedlock for those who seemed confirmed celibates, or on its early inevitability for those who were reckoned susceptible to female charms. Forecasts were often deceptive—the troglodyte sometimes made an unexpected match: the 'ladies' man' remained for ever a bachelor. But there were bets on other subjects at large—political or personal—over a broad range of subjects. I believe that most of the college betting-books have now practically gone out of use—the only one still running with vigour is that at All Souls, wherein the custom still prevails. Looking through the hundred and thirty years of its records, I am more than ever convinced of the truth of the cynics' old epigram that 'political prophecy is the most futile occupation to which the human mind is liable'. Our nineteenth-century fellows made strange forecasts as to Palmerston, Napoleon III, and Gladstone, just as their twentieth-century successors did with regard to the Emperor William and Mr. Winston Churchill. There are still bets outstanding about Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

Inter-collegiate friendships among people of congenial tastes and interests had long before my time led to the formation of two social clubs, dining once a month in the rooms of members in rotation. They were small and select units of a dozen or fifteen persons, and to be elected into either of them was a privilege highly appreciated by a junior fellow. They were called respec-

tively 'The Club', and 'The Tutor's Club'. The first named was the elder, and dated far back into the earliest years of the nineteenth century: the second was apparently in its inception a protest by the tutorial body against seniority and officialism, by a class which were beginning to grow more important and self-conscious as the Honour Schools of the University came to loom larger in the academic atmosphere. I fancy that in the very early nineteenth century old heads of colleges felt a certain superiority over mere tutors. But the 'tutors' of 1820 developed in many cases into magnates themselves; looking through the list of the first fifteen members of the 'Tutor's Club', I find that it included Thomas Arnold—destined to be headmaster of Rugby, Charles Longley, who was in 1862 to become Archbishop of Canterbury, Vowler Short who was afterwards bishop of St. Asaph, and Frederick Plumptre who became Master of University College in 1836.

But the two clubs continued to co-exist all through the century, and no one who started in the 'Tutor's Club' ever moved on into the other. By my day—I was elected into the junior society, quite young, in 1885—there was no practical difference in personnel between the two institutions. The 'Tutors' of 1885 included many heads of colleges and professors, and the actual working members of tutorial staffs were almost in a minority. Of the former class were Anson of All Souls, Talbot of Keble, Monro of Oriel, and Heberden of B.N.C., of the latter Henry Nettleship, Robinson Ellis, A. V. Dicey, and Scott Holland. We were a most unhomogeneous and yet friendly body—some of our members such as Cuthbert Shields (who sometimes thought that he was Zoroaster) and Robinson Ellis, were decidedly eccentric—but we got much amusement out of their company, and they, as it appeared, out of ours. The Great War, of course, broke up the Clubs: and when it was over I had been elected to Parliament, and had to send in my resignation. I was delighted to find myself re-elected when I ceased to go to Westminster in 1936, and discovered that I was now the oldest member, with only a small nucleus of pre-war colleagues left. But the delightful friendly atmosphere still survived. I wish I could say something of the elder Club—but can only believe that it has remained as pleasant an institution as the younger: it has certainly had many distinguished members: as institutions we had no cognizance of each other.

XVIII

CONCERNING SOME 'CHARACTERS' IN VICTORIAN OXFORD

IT is, I believe, a common idea among the young that a considerable proportion of their seniors are grotesque and eccentric personages. This was certainly my own impression in the last years of the Victorian period, when Oxford seemed to me to be full of 'characters'. Of course this may be one of the delusions of youth, and possibly the survivors of my own generation may be appearing as queer archaic survivals to the junior fellows and undergraduates of to-day. But I think nevertheless that eccentricity is less obvious in 1940 than it was in 1890, and that 'characters' are not so numerous as once they were.

One obvious cause of this is that Oxford in 1890 was still, to some extent, the remains of a celibate institution, and that our seniors were often men who had spent all their lives in College, and had little touch with things external. The typical old bachelor don, who had never 'gone down', and had occupied for some thirty or forty years the same set of rooms in his quadrangle, was undoubtedly prone to develop a certain self-centred pedantry, and to look upon the world from the point of view of the Senior Common-room. I will not say that there is much truth in the Limerick of 1885 which sang how

'The senior fellow of John's
Is quite the most donnish of dons
He wears cap and gown when he goes up to town
And in his own bedroom at John's.'

But certainly our seniors did worship formality, and seemed to regard the human species as composed primarily of dons and of undergraduates, the latter an inferior race of irresponsible creatures, capable of any senseless pranks. It was this type of old-fashioned fellows who loved to keep up the most archaic sort of college rules and ordinances, and had an eagle eye for detecting breaches of them.

Some explorers of antiquity may possibly have seen a set of coloured caricatures displaying the 'Freshman's Road to Ruin', which began with such offences as crossing the grass of the

quadrangle, or wearing a brown coat in hall, and ended with the horrid crime of entering the porter's lodge with a spaniel at heel. I can quite appreciate the old college dean's reaction to these lapses—but apparently in very early Victorian days they would have ended in expulsion from the society. These caricatures were no doubt an exaggeration, even in the first half of the nineteenth century, but I can remember Mr. Gladstone in his last memorable visit to Oxford in 1890, expressing his dismay at costumes which he had just seen, which seemed to him to exhibit the complete decay of academic discipline.

A tale current in my own day may illustrate the attitude attributed to the last of the old college disciplinarians by undergraduate humour. A very lively and reckless junior had unfortunately been killed, while executing feats of climbing on the college roof. To his bereaved father, who came to arrange about the funeral, the dean is said to have observed, 'I sympathize with your affliction, but it may perhaps be some mitigation of your grief when I tell you that your son would in any case have been obliged to leave the College at the end of this term. For he had just failed, for the third time, to obtain a certificate of having satisfied the examiners in Pass Moderations.'

But lest I should seem to be attributing the obvious eccentricities of old Oxford residents of fifty years ago to the effects of mere cloistered seclusion, and ignorance of the common ways of life in an age of change, I must confess that some of our 'characters' were not domestic pedants, but men who had been out in the world, and had returned to Oxford after a space, to enjoy the meagre emoluments of a life-fellowship, because the world had failed to provide them with any other means of living. This, no doubt, had been due to their own defects of character—whether on the active or the passive side. They never settled down to any serious work—many of them belonged to the old days when a college fellowship did not necessarily imply any intellectual interests, but merely a qualification by founders' kin or some county preference. Having nothing to do after returning to Oxford some took to drink, others drifted into eccentricities such as strange garb, objectless mumbling in the street or quadrangle, and a general disregard of tidiness and self-restraint. There was one, I remember, who was said to have been, much to his disgust, the recipient of unsolicited alms from benevolent visitors, who mistook him for a mendicant. His was an extreme

case, but I can recall others whom no one could possibly have guessed to be life-members of very distinguished colleges. But this class of eccentric has fortunately died out, since the abolition of life-fellowships unattended by any academic duties.

Much more frequent was the eccentric who was merely a bore, who dropped in at untoward hours to worry some one who was hard at work, with a grievance, a fancied slight, or a supposed discovery of some important piece of news. I can recall one such who came in upon me while I was hearing a pupil's essay, and told me to 'send that boy away', for he had made a really important archæological find. It was about the date of certain stones in the Cathedral! This call was at a particularly inexcusable hour, but I can remember being detained most unwillingly on other occasions to listen to strange theological, economic, or literary maunderings.

It was not always, alas! the idle life-fellow 'returned empty' who was prone to play the part of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner to the unlucky acquaintance whom he had buttonholed while on the way to some engagement of importance. There were at least two professors so garrulous and so regardless of other men's time that when I saw them nearing me in the street, I made haste to remove to the opposite pavement, before I should catch their eye. And if I were dining at a high-table where one of them was present, I used every form of polite diplomacy to get placed as far from him as possible. Almost equally to be feared were certain seniors, who had fallen behind the times, were of opinion that their college was 'going to the dogs', and loved to indulge in acrid criticism of individuals, illustrated by more or less trustworthy anecdotes, when they could find a listener. As a young man who was known to have no love for 'Progress, falsely so called', I was a frequent recipient of such confidences.

In my undergraduate days the tall silk hat had been not only the badge of important individuals such as heads of colleges, but the full dress wear of all self-respecting persons of any age. When I made my obligatory call on my tutor's wife on a Sunday afternoon, I should not have dreamed of mounting any other head-gear—and it was equally obligatory at non-academic garden parties, where cap and gown were inappropriate. Ten years later the fashion had changed, and the tall hat became the distinguishing mark of the elder generation of old-established magnates, or of eccentrics. I can well remember the shock that

came to me when I first saw a Warden or a President in a low soft hat. But the sight gradually became a normal one. By the end of the century the tall hat was exceptional : one took it for granted in the case of the venerable Warden of New College, or of a canon of Christ Church, but most of the minority who continued to mount it were oddities in some way or another.

There are two professors who live in memory inevitably connected with hats of this sort—always hats of the style of a good many years back. One was that strange being Professor Robinson Ellis—equally remarkable for the size of his boots, whose toes turned up in a peculiar way, and the strange cut of his coats, which never seemed to sit aright upon his shoulders. The visitor always enquired as to the status of this odd lengthy figure with the head thrust forward and the shambling gait. The answer was, of course, that he was the greatest of English Classical Scholars, famed for editions which had swept away all rivals, and the ultimate referee for all enquirers who wanted to solve a hard passage in any Latin poet. One might not have expected the answer after a cursory glance at the weird-looking pedestrian, but it was correct—he was the Corpus Professor of Latin, and had well earned his chair by many years of minute and ingenious study. But his eccentricity was something more than external : he was one of the oddest psychological problems that I ever met. He appeared to live in a world of his own, unaffected by the changes in Oxford which had been passing over his head for the last fifty years, and apparently uninterested in anything save pure scholarship. But occasionally he emerged with devastating observations, which showed that he was not incapable of contemplating things external. One was never sure whether they came from sheer simplicity, or from a sardonic contemplation of mankind in general, such as might develop in a perfect troglodyte. The one that I best remember was addressed to a colleague recently married to a most attractive bride. ‘ I wonder how long it will take you to get as tired of your wife as I am of my sisters ! ’ And this was not intended in the least as an insult, but as a reasoned observation on the female sex. His lectures sometimes contained unexpected remarks of an equally astounding kind—which was apparently the reason why they were attended by humorous persons in search of a thrill in the way of some observation of an extremely ‘ malapropos ’ sort concerning the ancients, their manners, and their morals.

The other professor whom I always recall in a queer and rather battered tall hat was as different from Robinson Ellis as can be imagined, save in the matter of eccentricity of costume. This was Frederick York Powell, the Regius Professor of Modern History by the grace of Lord Rosebery, who was in 1894 Prime Minister and in control of crown patronage. Powell had been law tutor of Christ Church while Rosebery was an undergraduate of that house, ere he left it after the well-known dispute about the keeping of race-horses. He had evidently been struck with the genial, many-sided and very unconventional tutor, who was so very unlike other dons, and remembered him with kindness. I am sure that he made no enquiries in Oxford as to the suitability of his old friend for an important post hemmed round with all sorts of rules and regulations. For Powell was a systematic breaker of conventions of every sort, social or academic, and spent his time in doing very pleasantly the things that he need not have done, and leaving undone the things which he ought to have done. If any particular task happened to be required of him at any moment, he would always find that job repulsive, and half a dozen others more attractive. His pupils found that a tutorial hour with him ended in a discussion on field-sports, boxing, or horse races, in all of which he had extensive knowledge and practical experience.

Powell was a burly, bearded man, always in a blue serge suit, and a low collar with a wisp of black tie, surmounted incongruously by a battered tall hat five years out of date, and with a general air of carelessness, and hasty dressing. Save in lecture hours he was likely to be toying with an aged pipe. A most exceptional figure in the Christ Church of 1894, and the terror of old-fashioned traditionalists—for his politics were very much of the left wing—he was popular with undergraduates: for he was most genial and accessible, and full of good stories and general information—except on the technicalities of the examination schools. At week-ends he vanished to London, where he had a wife whom no one had ever seen.

He was an untiring browser in every field of knowledge, but a very scanty producer of any finished work. The one considerable book with his name upon it was an edition of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, the Northern Sagas, in which he collaborated with the Icelandic scholar Vigfusson. It was always said that when some section had to be finished, Vigfusson found it necessary to sit

permanently in Powell's rooms—or that particular screed would never be completed. Powell would have slipped off, when not watched.¹ For any piece of writing that had to be done against time became repulsive to him, and to be avoided if it were possible.

Lord Rosebery sent Powell the offer of the Regius Professorship of Modern History, on the death of James Anthony Froude, whose brilliant lectures had for two short years attracted such audiences as no Regius Professor had ever seen. No answer came for many days to the Premier's formal epistle. The explanation was odd. Powell hated all correspondence, and in particular used to shove all large envelopes with O.H.M.S. upon them to the bottom of his file. As he opined, they probably contained tax-demands. Personal enquiry by friends had to be applied, and the letter was discovered, very dusty and with the seal unbroken.

It was quite in keeping with Powell's casual temper that he accepted the offer, but made no attempt whatever to carry out the duties which his acceptance involved. We had hoped that he would rise to the occasion, and show that he could utilize his undoubted ability when greatness was thrust upon him. Alas ! the Regius Professorship made no alteration in his manner of life. His inaugural lecture, to which the whole university had thronged in hope of hearing something distinctive, was almost a scandal. He came in very late, and looking rather bored, with two or three scraps of paper in his hand. He made a few disjointed remarks for about twenty minutes, intimated that he had never known his predecessor Froude, so could not speak about him, and complained that Oxford was destitute of the proper apparatus for original research. When we were expecting him to warm up to some eloquent thesis, he suddenly slapped down the last of his scraps, observed that he had no more to say, and departed.

And apparently he *had* no more to say, for in his eight years of professorship he produced no book, nor gave any serious course of lectures, but pottered on, writing very occasionally a review

¹ Vigfusson's ingenious account of their collaboration is: 'We have sat day after day together, he taking down across the table my thoughts and theories. Thus though the substance and the drift of the arguments are mine, the English (with the exception of bits and phrases here and there), is Mr. Powell's throughout. The constant exchange of thought, and the sympathetic conversation on every kind of subject, has been of great benefit to me.' Powell was certainly a most interesting conversationalist.

in some periodical, but for most of his time browsing at large on miscellaneous literature, neglecting all appointments, and breaking many an engagement.¹ As far as the school of Modern History was concerned, he might as well never have existed.

But his casual figure, his old tall hat, and his genial small talk on all manner of odd fragments of information remain well fixed in the memories of his contemporaries. When he died in 1904 it was found in his will that he requested that his interment might be accompanied by no ceremony, religious or secular, or academic. We defiled past the deep pit in Summertown Cemetery in blank silence—and that was all : it was very depressing.

Another silk hat which I well remember—but this always a sleek and respectable one, was that of 'Lewis Carroll'—to give him his proper name, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, student of Christ Church. I was just of the generation to appreciate as a boy *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, which I read at school with glee, and ere I came to Oxford I knew most of Dodgson's verse by heart. What a surprise then to find this purveyor of joys for young and old, when he was identified, to be an austere cleric, always dressed in the correct garb of a clergymen of low-church tendencies—sober black, with a waistcoat cut rather low, a large, well-arranged white tie, and an impeccable tall hat. He looked severe to the passer-by, and no one outside the limited sphere in Christ Church in which he moved would have suspected him of being the author of such cascades of riotous fun as the ballad of the 'Walrus and the Carpenter', or the White Knight's dolorous ditty about the 'aged, aged man a sitting on a gate'. I had always supposed Edward Lear to be supreme in the composition of nonsense poetry, but had to own frankly that even the fate of the Jumblies or the Woes of the Yonghi Bonghi Bo moved me less than Dodgson's lyrics. Lear's effusions were gems, undoubtedly, but unset gems. Lewis Carroll's verses were gems set in appropriate filigree work of priceless value. The White Knight's Song gathered additional attraction from the character of the White Knight himself, and all his inconsequences.

I suppose that very few readers of the 'Alice' volumes or the *Hunting of the Snark* realize that Dodgson was not only in

¹ I well remember how on one occasion, when I had asked some interested people to meet him at dinner, he never turned up. But a few days later he sent me a little Japanese tea-pot, inscribed 'a trespass offering.'

holy orders, but a very distinguished mathematician. He examined in both the Honour Schools of Mathematics. I think I must confess that he was the only mathematician that I ever knew who enjoyed an overbounding sense of humour—enough to humanize fifty mathematicians of the normal sort. But students of his scarce and forgotten *opuscula* know this well: one of the most notable of them is the pamphlet on 'the Evaluation of Π ', which renders into mathematical terms the whole of the long dispute about Dr. Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek, in cryptic but unmistakable jibes. Another of his lost brochures is the one entitled 'The Tunnel and the Meat-Safe'—a bitter criticism of some rebuilding in 'Tom Quad' of which he greatly disapproved.

I wish that I had ever had the chance of studying Dodgson in personal intercourse—but save that I saw him once or twice in the Common-room of Christ Church I cannot say that I was ever in touch with him. I think that I was no more unlucky than others—for he moved in a narrow circle, and only unbent with the children whom he loved. In some ways he must have been a lonely being, for when he died no relations cared to take possession of his belongings, and they were disposed of by auction in Holywell Music Room—including all the quaint costumes of the White Rabbit, the Knave of Hearts, and Humpty Dumpty, cut to children's size, and a large collection of photographs of Christ Church people and buildings. They ought never to have come under the hammer. His memory will always live as the contributor to English literary humour of characters like the Hatter and the March Hare, the Duchess, or the White Queen—whom every one recognizes when utilized with modern political comparisons in the pages of *Punch*.

Eccentrics of a less dignified status, notable for their abnormal appearance, abounded in those Victorian years. Two of them were among the last of a class that was dying out, the 'private coaches', to whom, in the days of neglectful tutors, who gave their pupils no attention, the undergraduate used to have recourse. One of them, a Master of Arts of Balliol, but very far from being a protégé of Dr. Jowett, was well known for his capacity, but still more for the frightful aspects of his chin. He apparently shaved only twice a week—but never grew a beard; the casual visitor to Oxford was appalled to meet him, but he was really a philosopher and a well informed and polite personage. The other notable private coach—a non-collegiate graduate—

worked on less promising material than my Balliol acquaintance, being the last refuge of the much-ploughed man who was on the eve of dismissal from his College. His aspect was most strange—and led to his acquiring the sobriquet of ‘the British Workman’. He wore an old grey jacket, a very baggy pair of flannel trousers, and a woollen scarf or comforter twisted round his neck instead of a collar. His headgear varied between a straw hat and a shapeless felt. But he was a Master of Arts undoubtedly, also a member of the Union Society for countless years. He was nearly always to be seen in its lounge on afternoons in term, swilling tea. I never heard him speak to any one, nor was he ever guilty of indiscretions. But he was a most incongruous figure among the undergraduates, though he was perfectly inoffensive.

An even more frequent visitor of the Union was an old gentleman of dignified and chubby aspect, whose habits, unlike those of ‘the British Workman’, did give frequent annoyance to his neighbours. This was a Doctor of Divinity of St. Alban Hall—the last if not the only Doctor of Divinity which that long-defunct institution produced. One’s first impression on noting his correct and archaic clerical appearance, was that he must be a cathedral dignitary of some sort, though one missed the gaiters. He had nothing, apparently, to do, and spent all his days in the Union, mostly in somnolence and sternutation. For it was his custom to subside into the largest armchair in the library, in front of the fire, and there to snore intermittently for hours on end. Countless devices for waking him were tried, such as banging two books together behind his chair, or throwing heavy lumps of coals upon the fire, but he usually woke for a few seconds and then relapsed into slumber. But an even worse habit of his was to pick up two or more daily papers, to sit on one while reading another, and then to fall asleep over the first. He much resented attempts to twitch either of the periodicals out of his possession. I was told, but not on official authority, that he made complaints to the proctors as to the ungentlemanly conduct of undergraduates. But really he was an intolerable nuisance, though of a most venerable aspect.

The memory of this somnolent D.D. reminds me of the ways of another and a very different cleric, whose foible was action not quietude. He was a heresy-hunter, and used to sit, all attention, in front of the preacher in the University Church, when the sermon was to be delivered by a prominent divine of

the latitudinarian type. His ears were open, his note book received copious verbatim reproductions of chosen phrases, in which unorthodoxy peeped out. Quite a number of them would be set down. And these he used to send in to the Visitatorial Board, with comment and explanation, exposing their pernicious tendencies. The Board duly received the complaints, but as far as I can remember, never took any action in consequence of them. Yet it was not once or twice that the formal accusation was sent in.

I sometimes meet men of the Younger Generation who know nothing of the Older Oxford, who congratulate me on having lived through the period of change when the University went through a blessed transformation from Victorian narrowness to the triumph of Progress, and the diffusion of the Wider Oneness. They speak to me of the reign of Dr. Jowett, as the commencement of a sort of Golden Age, and ask me as to influence which Mark Pattison had on scholarship, or Pater on æsthetic culture, or Ray Lankester on Medicine. I generally have to contain myself in the face of such enthusiasts—lest I should appear to blaspheme. It would seem ungracious to insinuate that we regarded Dr. Jowett as less of a scholar than he fancied himself to be, a ruthless seeker after notoriety for himself and his college, a cultivator of the great, and a deliberate *poseur*. The old rhymes about him recur to my memory :

I come first, my name is Jowett,
All that's knowledge well I know it,
What I don't know isn't knowledge,
I'm the Master of the College

followed by the similar limerick on his classical factotum, the meekest of men :

Oh ! I say ! my name was Forbes,
Now the Master me absorbs
Me and many other $\mu\eta$'s
In his great Thucydides.

I wonder whether any one in these latter days ever reads Mallock's *New Republic*, which gives a humorous account of Jowett and his circle. Probably the book has passed entirely out of memory, as satirizing a phase of life that has long vanished.

As to Walter Pater, whom some literary folk in London seemed to take quite seriously, he was of little account in Oxford, being regarded as a *poseur*, not at all as a leader of thought.

Personally I disliked his affected verbiage, and thought not too well of his historical outlook—but then I was by way of being a historical specialist myself. I always wondered why he seemed to have left more impression on the world outside Oxford than his contemporary Andrew Lang—a much more brilliant and attractive figure, and one who wrote so well on so many different lines. But Lang was not a ‘superior person’, and perhaps took himself less seriously than his merit warranted. I knew him well, and rejoiced in every hour that I spent with him. Pater I only met once or twice; he talked in a ‘precious’ style, and absorbed the conversation.

Mark Pattison, unlike Jowett or Pater, had become a sort of troglodyte and was practically invisible to the ordinary member of the University.¹ But tales of his cynical epigrams circulated widely. That some of them may have been authentic seems likely, when one takes a glimpse at his very self-centred reminiscences, full of grievances and criticisms. The only occasion on which he came out into the limelight in my time was when he made his surprising marriage in 1881. This indeed was the sensation of the moment, and speculation was made as to the exact disparity of years between the bridegroom and the bride. The popular conception of Pattison’s ways in social life had certainly been those painted in rather cruel detail by our local novelist Rhoda Broughton, when she wrote her once well-known *Belinda*—in which ‘Professor Forth’ figured largely. It used to be said that the victim had been quite conscious of the caricature, and that with his typical sardonic humour he had left a card at Miss Broughton’s house, with the inscription ‘The Rector of Lincoln College’ scratched out, and ‘Professor Forth’ written instead. I doubt the authenticity of the tale.

John Ruskin’s great days were rather before the time of my residence in Oxford. By the dates that I remember he was becoming more and more eccentric, and those who had swallowed all the artistic doctrine of *Modern Painters* were beginning to doubt the infallibility of the guide, perhaps in many cases because he had turned aside from æsthetic to social propaganda, ‘Fors Clavigera’ seemed to be wandering more deeply, month by month, into teaching that was not acceptable to all ‘superior persons’ of the late Victorian age, even though they might be

¹ Though, as I have told elsewhere in Chapter VI, our Wykehamical songs once roused him to an explosion of wrath.

devout worshippers of Giotto, and admirers of the architecture of our new Science Museum in the Parks. Its strange attempt to make Florentine Gothic adaptable to modern uses was supposed to be the prime example of Ruskin's predominance over the artistic mind of Oxford—but few considered it a success. It is curious to realize that Ruskin to-day is more remembered for his later social teaching than for his earlier cultural ratiocinations.

I chanced to put in an appearance at that last weird visit of his in Oxford in 1883, when, far gone in eccentricity, he delivered the series of lectures on the 'Pleasures of the Centuries'. The earlier ones on the 'Thirteenth Century, or the Pleasures of Faith', and so forth, were coherent, but the 'Nineteenth Century or the Pleasures of Nonsense' was rhapsodical and vituperative. The wicked nineteenth century, when it tried to be scientific, was like a pig delving in a dunghill: when it tried to be religious it produced repulsive phenomena like self-advertizing revivalist preachers. This lecture was a painful exhibition of a disordered mentality, and one was not surprised to hear that Ruskin was withdrawn into retirement by those responsible. His last touch with Oxford that I can remember was when it was discovered that by two deeds of donation he had given his lovely collection of water-colours, long the pride of the University Art Gallery, by one document to Oxford, and by another to an institution that was dearer to his later years. Much legal argument led to a compromise, as was but reasonable—but the effect was painful.

XIX

CONCERNING EXAMINATIONS, GREAT AND SMALL, AND THEIR HUMOURS, 1885-1905

AFTER I had exchanged the bachelor's black and white hood for the more brilliant crimson of the M.A. I was offered, very early, the chance of starting on junior examining work, as a 'Master of the Schools' for 'Responsions'—alias 'Smalls' in the slang of the time. I have always had a perhaps unholy and inhuman love for examinations, in which there is no small humour to be found—at least when one is inflicting and not receiving the set papers. In 1887 'Responsions' meant the time-honoured combination of elementary Latin, Greek, and arithmetic, with an option between algebra and Euclid. That Euclid would ever perish out of the land after two thousand years of fame would have seemed incredible in my days as a Master of the Schools. His supersession by geometry must have been a paralysing blow to the worthy mathematicians whose School-Euclids sold so many thousands a year—'Todhunter' was the popular book in those days. The loss in royalties to the authors (or rather editors), and in sales to the publishers, must have been as unpleasant as it was unexpected. How well do I remember the plaint of the undergraduate who murmured that he could always draw the 'pictures' from Todhunter, but could not be certain of writing the correct argument below them.

I seldom or never had the Euclid papers to deal with in 'Smalls', being set aside by my senior colleagues for the Classical branch, and not infrequently for Arithmetic. In this last I revelled—the correct answers gave no trouble, the incorrect ones often gave cause for humorous rejoicing. My speciality was the 'problem' at the end of the paper, in which the muddle-headed examinee often gave delightful miscalculations. Some people never seemed to realize that the answer given ought to have some sort of plausible relation to the facts set forth in the question. I can remember a problem, craftily devised, about trains between Oxford and Cambridge (a difficulty in real life in those days) in which the answers giving the time of transit varied between four

minutes and three months. Much more delightful were the elaborate calculations of a candidate who, being set to paper and carpet a room of ample dimension, of which the exact measurements were given, sent me in a bill for some thousand pounds. The process by which this was reached was logical. The room is a solid void. If carpet costs 3s. 3d. per square yard, and has to be used in a cubic space, then cubic carpet must cost 9s. 9d. per yard. So he filled the room from floor to roof—the height being given—with solid blocks of cubic carpet. He then, knowing that wallpaper was to cost 1s. 6d. per piece, made out that cubic wallpaper must run to 4s. 6d. per block, and filled the room a second time with these rectangular masses. A still more idiotic example of a refusal to read the question set was a case, which I remember, of a battalion which took the field 960 strong, and lost carefully prepared fractions and decimals of its personnel in killed, wounded, sick, and missing. What was its force at the end of the campaign? Not one but two candidates replied 1648—having added the casualties to the original figure instead of having subtracted them!

When I had served several times as a Master of the Schools, I moved on to examine in 'Groups'—the sections of the Pass Final Schools of which several were required to enable a candidate to obtain his bachelor's degree. My beat was in the Groups called B.1, 2, and 5 in those days, i.e. history, French, and German. The papers were harder to set than in 'Smalls', and harder to look through, when a careful eye had to be kept on the matter of French and German genders and inflections. But the number of candidates was so much less than that of the men who entered for 'Responsions', that the total effort of examining was not very great. I could quote some strange attributions of various works to Molière and Voltaire, Schiller and Heine, but refrain, for fear of growing tedious.

When vacations came round, and the Oxford Schools were over, I not infrequently went into the country to examine in public schools for scholarships, etc. There was a college connection with Tonbridge School, on which an All Souls Examiner was imposed by its original charter—Sir Andrew Judde of Elizabethan days had been one of our 'Founder's Kin' and had a proper respect for his college. Possibly I am his successor in this myself, for I have two Judde descents in my family tree, though I cannot trace them back to Sir Andrew. This examina-

tion involved the making of a Latin speech in praise of Tonbridge and Sir Andrew—delivered from a four-horse chariot, in which the examiner sat in company with the Master of the Skinners' Company—the other patron of the School. This was simple if the horses kept quiet—but I remember one occasion on which they made a sudden start in the middle of my oration, and, losing balance, I only saved myself by clutching the top hat of the Arch-Skinner, which came off in my hands, and flew into the arms of the Head Master, who was waiting to reply in similar choice Latinity.

Beside Tonbridge I can remember Winchester, Charterhouse, Maidstone, Malvern, and Cheltenham as schools visited. Somewhere in the late 'eighties' or early 'nineties' I kept a note book for strange *obiter scripta* from various schools, which turned up lately from the dusty bottom of a drawer. Some still provoke a smile—e.g. 'Hengist and Horsa were two saints who came from the Isle of Iona, and converted the North of England to Christianity.' 'St. Alphege was a King of Scotland: when the Pope heard of it, he exclaimed Hallelujah!'—this is an echo, much perverted, of Pope Gregory's observation about King Ella in the Roman Forum. 'Simon de Montfort, Earl of Pembroke, was illegally made Archbishop of Canterbury by King John.' 'Runnymede was the meadow near London where horse-races were held in the Middle Ages.' 'Henry of Bolingbroke was a very cruel king: he murdered his little nephew Richard II in the Tower.' 'Napoleon was defeated by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, he was taken prisoner and sent for life to St. Helena.' 'Malta is derived from Mel honey: it was the sacred island of the Anglo-Saxons, who used to worship their God Hertha in it.'

For geography I have two glorious notes: 'the Severn rises in the Bristol Channel, and flows past Gloucester, Worcester, and Shrewsbury into Wales—where it ends.' But this is beaten by a still wilder piece of geography, 'the Thames rises in the North Sea and flows into the Bristol Channel: its chief tributaries are the Mersey, the Don, and the Volga.' What did 'rise' mean to these two candidates at work on a 'General Knowledge of Geography' paper? It is clear in the second case that the mention of the Yorkshire Don, involved a corollary of the Volga—the two names being always associated in the young mind. I could enlarge on Scripture papers also—but will content myself with mentioning that Elijah was the prophet who went to heaven

in a whirlpool, and that Our Lord was born when Cyrenius was Governor of Siberia—I could add other replies still more eccentric, but too profane for reproduction.

Of course these quotations are unfair to the general level of intelligence in the schools which I examined—they come for the most part from 'general knowledge papers' of junior scholarships; the senior forms usually gave one good and promising stuff, in which the only difficulty was to differentiate between individuals for a prize competition or an entrance scholarship to Oxford.

Undoubtedly my prize blunder of many years came from a geography paper on the British Empire, set to junior forms in a Midland public school. Among other towns whose situation and importance the examinee had to designate was Ballarat. This was in the year 1895, when even small boys were reading about the Tranby Croft Scandal in the daily papers. Confusing Ballarat with Baccarat, a candidate informed me that it was 'a gambling resort frequented by the Prince of Wales'. To fully appreciate the beauty of this answer, one must, I suppose, be of the late Victorian generation.

It was not till some years after my first experiences in the minor examinations that I took part in the more important ones. I served as an examiner in the Final School of Modern History in 1896-7-8, and in *Literæ Humaniores*—the splendid old 'Greats' School in 1903-4-5. I rather think that no one else before me examined in both these schools, i.e. had been engaged at the same time in modern and in ancient history teaching. Among my colleagues in 1896-8 were Lodge, Bury, and Hutton, and in 1903-5 Macan, Alexander, Burnett, and Walker.

Both of these times of examining were as exhausting as they were interesting. The number of candidates was always very large, and the results had to be produced in a class-list about the 1st of August. The majority of the examinees wrote at great length—there were few of the short answers that one got in the Pass Schools, and the screeds had to be examined with great care, as a good proportion of the competitors were aiming at high classes, and often deserved them. In the 'Greats' School there were very few men who were obviously weak, and could be relegated to the bottom of the list with small trouble: in the History School there were a certain number of such people—it was a relief to come upon some one who could be marked down

for a 'plough' or a fourth class with no trouble. But for a majority of the candidates, who wrote at great length, one could not reckon on reading more than three papers an hour with due care and discrimination. Hence one had to work for some twelve hours a day all through late June and the whole of July, in order to dispose of the vast bulk of manuscripts that had to be passed on for counter-marking to one's colleagues.

And when one's own marking had been done, there were long and often contentious meetings with the other examiners, to compile the class-list. Such conferences were often protracted far into the night hours. The main subject of dispute was always the basic difficulty of deciding whether excellence in two or three papers could atone for hopeless failure in two or three others. In the 'Greats' School it was generally the problem as to whether a good historian or philosopher must go down a class for hopeless incompetence on the side of the work in which he was not interested. Some examiners were for overlooking sectional disasters, and for marking a candidate in the class-list up to the level of his best work. Others held that no brilliance in one direction could compensate for entire neglect of part of the prescribed curriculum. Looking back over the class-lists of many years, I find that again and again New College men, whom I knew well, failed to get first classes—to my disappointment. It nearly always came out that they had a congenital dislike for philosophy, and had not been able to screw themselves up to make even a moderate attempt to muster a competent modicum of it. This is the explanation of the fact that some of the cleverest men whom I have known got second classes, though their after-careers showed that they possessed first class ability.¹

Generally discussion on this class of candidate, when the examiners tugged in different directions, ended in a compromise, and the problematical individual was classed neither by his best nor his worst work, but placed somewhere in the Second Class, if he were lucky, or in the third if he had too much irritated some of the examiners. The most odd case that I can remember was that of an eccentric Hertford and Ireland scholar, who plagued my colleagues terribly by showing beautiful classical

¹ Among my own contemporaries I remember three second-class men all of whom wrote books of eminent merit—two became professors, the third became Viceroy of India. All three could not abide philosophy, and neglected to qualify on it. These were Haverfield, C. H. Turner, and George Curzon.

translations and compositions, but sent in one-page or two-page quite ribald philosophy papers. He ostentatiously went to sleep on one occasion while I was invigilating, and snored so loudly that his neighbours petitioned that he should be forcibly wakened. Some of us were for 'ploughing' him for 'contempt of court' so to speak, but the scholars among us insisted that he must be given some sort of class—so we put him in at the bottom. In spite of this a daring college gave him a fellowship—on his excellence in classical work—but had to discharge him at the end of a year for persistent disregard of rules and ordinances. This was the only case in my memory of a 'probationer' fellow being cashiered at the end of his first twelvemonth. It is almost unique—though I know of one other such an incident in early Victorian days.

The obligatory viva-voce examination, which really served in many cases to settle whether a candidate got a higher or a lower class, but very occasionally decided the difference between a fourth-class and a 'plough', was often a tedious and uninteresting business. Some men brightened up and improved their position, but with others there was difficulty in making out whether incoherent silence meant mere nervousness or fundamental ignorance. In the Modern History School there were generally a few idle and jaunty young men who had done no work, and were conscious that they had disaster before them. This sometimes led to reckless and undesignedly comic answers in viva voce. 'On what constitutional theory' asked Professor Lodge 'was James II alleged to have forfeited the crown?' 'Well', replied a desperate candidate, 'you see, sir, he had married Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic, and by the Royal Marriages Act his son did not count.' Lodge, keeping his countenance, went on 'But if the Pretender did not count, how did that affect his father's rights?' 'Oh,' said the floundering but ready-witted undergraduate, 'the son being non-existent in the eye of the law, by a legal fiction the father becomes non-existent also.' The fate of this candidate was soon settled. Nothing quite so absurd ever came to my own share in viva voce, but I remember that once on asking information as to the charge against Lord Strafford, I was told it was the most decisive delivered by Cromwell's Ironsides during the whole of the Civil War: and on another occasion I heard that Canning once fought a duel with Robespierre (for whom read Castlereagh).

But these treats were not common : as a rule the hopeless candidates preferred to keep a sulky silence.

By the time that viva voce was over, and the class-list issued in the early days of August, one was always in a state of complete exhaustion. It was only disturbed by belated complaints in semi-sarcastic letters from College tutors, who asked for their pupils' marks, and insinuated that grave injustice had been done to their most brilliant men. Such letters required very careful answering. These having been dealt with, one fled to the Highlands, or perhaps to Switzerland, the richer by £100 but the poorer by much lost vitality. But I regard the *corollé* of examining in the Final Honour Schools as an experience well worth having—almost as informative as to undergraduate mentality as was my year's duty as a Proctor, of which something is said elsewhere.

Far the most interesting kind of examination in which I have ever taken part was the annual competition for the All Souls Fellowships in October. The number of candidates was never very great, and all (with few exceptions) were picked men—there were only a few whose judgement of their own capacity was hopelessly optimistic, and rested on 'Union' oratory, or popularity among their own particular literary or political clique, won by persistent self-assertion. These candidates gave little trouble when pinned down to the rather searching papers set before them—though I have known one or two who did give the fellows some little annoyance in the smoking-room, where they tried to sparkle, or to demonstrate that they were men of the world or epigrammatists.

The real difficulty in these examinations was to make the final decision between three or four candidates, whose merits were presented to the College meeting by the board of examiners, with a warning that they were all up to 'fellowship standard', though individual examiners had their personal preferences. Some very notable persons in all ways of life have sat for but *not* obtained an All Souls Fellowship—I have carefully kept lists of candidates for many years, and can conscientiously say that when a really capable candidate was not fortunate, a search through the list of competitors shows that he was beaten by some one who was still more capable. He was unlucky in falling into a year when the standard was very high indeed. There are a few cases where the individual perceived this, had the courage

to stand again, and was successful in his second endeavour. For, of course, though the standard is never low, the competition is occasionally less strenuous in one year than in another. Twice in my memory the College meeting refused to make any election, on the ground that there was no outstanding merit which required recognition, and on another occasion one candidate only was elected, though there were two vacancies—the explanation being the same.

One ludicrous anecdote from our All Souls Fellowship examination I cannot refrain from inserting. In one of the last years of the nineteenth century the subject set for the essay was that very provocative slogan *la propriété c'est le vol*. An accurate knowledge of idiomatic French was not universal among the candidates on the Law side, three of whom wrote essays on the following topics : (1) Our ideas of decency and indecency are voluntary ; (2) personal identity (every man's *proprium*) rests on volition ; (3) ' Riches have wings ' (i.e. property is flight). The examiners thought the last the most brilliant rendering. All these candidates had got first classes in the Law School.

XX

CONCERNING THINGS OCCULT, AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, DEALINGS WITH FREDERIC MYERS, ANDREW LANG, AND 'CUTHBERT SHIELDS'

I HAVE already mentioned that quite early in my Oxford days, when I was still an undergraduate, I had been attracted by our local society which had taken up the formidable task of enquiring into the evidence for the occult—primarily to investigate stories concerning ghosts, apparitions, second sight, spirits of all sorts human and non-human. It was a sufficiently large and bold task for some twenty undergraduates to take in hand, when it had defied so many greater men. We called it the Phasmatological Society, and it dated from the year 1880, long before the famous Society for Psychical Research came into existence in London. Of our honest but inconclusive explorations I have spoken already.

Now it happened that my personal inquiries into this vast topic were not limited to Oxford meetings and discussions, as I came into touch with three or four of the people who founded the London society, and worked with them for some years. My introduction was through Frederic Myers by a curious chance. He was a Cambridge man, and not often seen in Oxford, but it came to pass that in my vacations I spent many spare weeks at my mother's pleasant home at Cheltenham, St. Philip's Lodge, at the corner of the Park. And our 'opposite number' was a very aged lady who was the mother of Frederic Myers, and often gave him shelter, as my mother did me. Old Mrs. Myers had a classical Georgian house, which had been built for the exiled heir of the Bourbons, the duc de Berri, about 1808. It was there that he kept his half-acknowledged English family, the young ladies to whom Louis XVIII, after their father's murder, gave the titles of Countesses of Vierzon and Issoudun. The interior of the house was pure French of the 'Empire' style: there was one room papered with a gorgeous view of the Tuileries Gardens under the *ancien régime*, with ladies and soldiers promenading—a favourite decoration scheme of the time. I often

wondered how so much French wallpaper could have been smuggled over to England about the time of the Napoleonic Wars. All this decoration was swept away forty years ago, when old Mrs. Myers died, and the large old house was turned into a school.

Being opposite neighbours in vacation time Frederic Myers and I soon got to know each other. He was a most delightful companion on the long walks to which the lovely slopes of Cotswold lure the dwellers in Cheltenham. We talked of many things human and divine, but most of all on the various branches of Psychical Research—from the old-fashioned haunting ghost to 'veridical hallucinations', death-warnings, and the alleged miracles of spiritualistic mediums. Myers was no agnostic enquirer, but eager in search for confirmation of his wish to accept the existence of psychic phenomena of all sorts. I have often heard him discuss with perfect seriousness stories of 'poltergeists' and 'elementals', and such like freakish entities, of whom tales not unfrequently came to hand, some from places not far off. I remember his suggestion that the silly objectless 'elemental' might be the will that brought about small unimportant disasters, such as inscrutable breakages, or the mislaying of properties that got into improbable hiding-places. On the other hand, there was often tiresome evidence that a half-witted human being, often an abnormal boy or girl, was not far off when 'poltergeists' were playing their mischievous tricks. Oddly enough one of the most suggestive instances of this sort of thing came to me from (of all places!) the neighbourhood of Mantua, when I happened to be travelling in Italy.

It was a permanent source of disappointment to Myers that, despite of many endeavours, he could never himself get into personal touch, visual or even auditory, with any single absolutely authentic, clear and demonstrable case of a 'haunting', though he sought for the old-fashioned ghost all up and down the realm. What he did discover were groups of first-hand declarations, often by several witnesses and not by one only, of spiritual manifestations of all sorts. But when he put himself in one of the spots where there was good evidential testimony of strange happenings, he was never able to see or hear anything abnormal—that is to say anything that might not conceivably be explained on a materialistic hypothesis. The critic in him had to concede that 'malobservation', or misinterpreted physical happenings, or the

strained expectation of a witness who was waiting for phenomena to appear, might conceivably account for many of the batches of evidence that were laid before him. He came to the conclusion that if 'hauntings' did exist, he himself was immune against them.

Much the same happened to another old friend of mine, Andrew Lang; they both specialized on a well-known house in Perthshire, from which there had come a long series of strange tales, vouched for by about a dozen different witnesses male and female. But where more impressionable people saw distinct figures, and heard voices, as the culminating experiences of many minor happenings, neither Myers nor Lang could ever discover more than odd noises, which might or might not be explained by purely accidental and natural causes, such as the creakings of an old house, or the results of atmospheric disturbances. The believers said, of course, that certain persons were incapable of psychical experiences, but that they themselves were sympathetic towards supernatural phenomena, which actually occurred. The severe critic refused to see anything evidential from the whole batch of records, holding that the more striking incidents were all recorded by witnesses who could not be trusted, owing to their predispositions, though their *bona fides* might be indisputable. It was a great disappointment to Myers, who after a long visit to B— House placed on record his conclusion that there was no such evidence as would justify him in publishing the results of a long enquiry in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. But he printed the whole of the evidence—very curious and often obviously unsatisfactory—in a little book of 1899, drawing no positive decision of his own.

This was the 'haunt' of which the S.P.R. got the most elaborate and voluminous details. But we came upon some others, supported by less numerous witnesses but to my mind much more worthy of consideration, because the percipients were unaware of any local story, and did not come to the spot predisposed to see something abnormal. One, which we of the Oxford Phasmatological Society discovered and investigated, related to an old house not very far from Bath, where three separate occupants, at long distances of time, saw and described a figure in practically identical terms, though each had no touch with the last occupant of the manor. Oddly enough each of the three witnesses saw the figure—a 'blue lady'—only on a single

occasion, but in each case the circumstances were such that no real human being could have been in the place and position designated. Yet it would be possible for the agnostic critic to plead 'malobservation', hallucination, and the fact that in each case the percipient wrote down his or her story weeks (in one case years) after the puzzling experience.

Like Frederic Myers I seem myself to be of the 'immune'—that is to say, that I could never see or hear anything abnormal in places where 'seers' declared that all manner of strange things had happened to them. And this becomes all the more suggestive, when I remember that I have on more than one occasion spent a night in rooms with a bad tradition, and in some cases of very sinister appearance, where one was distinctly predisposed to look out for experiences. But nothing whatever happened—which led one to the suspicion that certain persons of one's acquaintance would undoubtedly have fared otherwise, not because there was anything to see, but because they were expecting to see something, and so would have been liable to what S.P.R. members sometimes called 'autosuggestion'—a most horrible word villainously compounded of Latin and Greek.

This leads to the further suspicion that in taking account of well authenticated cases, supported by the testimony of witnesses who are obviously doing their best to give a straightforward narrative, one has to be cautious as to the personal equation. The narrator, who is not as a rule under one's observation for any long period, may be hysterical, abnormally credulous, over-impressionable, or gifted with the fatal facility for suppressing facts that do not fit in well with the main story. One cannot detect these unfortunate idiosyncrasies without a close personal examination, which is sometimes difficult, and more often impossible altogether without straying over the limits of tact and courtesy. For the witness naturally dislikes to be questioned like a criminal dealt with by a prosecuting counsel in a law-suit.

Myers, in the end, resolved to put hauntings and other classes of spiritual problems aside, and to specialize on what he called 'Phantasms of the Living'—as opposed to 'Phantasms of the Dead'. His large two-volume book treated of cases where there was evidence of the appearance of persons still alive, though often on their death-bed, or in some state of mental or physical stress, to other persons, generally relatives or friends. Occasionally, however (by some freak), the visitation seemed to have come

to individuals who had little or no knowledge of the appearance of the visitant, as if the manifestation had gone astray to the wrong quarter. The collection of the hundreds of cases which Myers and his friend Gurney investigated was a matter of years, and their book bears witness to a most meticulous anxiety to exercise the critical faculty, and to look for weak points in every narrative.

On the whole the effect on the reader was disappointing—of the infinite number of cases dealt with, a very small proportion discomfited every possible allegation of error. The perfect case should have been recorded at the very moment that the experience took place, and before the percipient could have had any knowledge of whether the apparition was 'veridical', and coincided with the death (or perhaps only with the extreme mental stress) of the person whose phantom was seen. Unfortunately those to whom such an apparition seemed to come were, as a rule, loth to take note of it in writing. Usually this was because they were afraid that they had been subject to an hallucination, and that they would feel ridiculous if nothing abnormal had happened to justify them for making written record of it. Sometimes, however, it was obviously because they had a strange experience of an uncomfortable sort, and were hoping that there was nothing in it—but rather thought that there was. In the house that I know best I never see anything myself—but gifted friends have definite experiences, which never come to me.

The 'Census' which Myers and Gurney carried out consisted in making enquiries from some 5000 or 6000 persons, the large majority of them educated people, as to whether they had ever had any abnormal psychological experience, whether it was a mere hallucination or delusion, or on the other hand a happening which they believed to have something veridical behind it. The proportion of the persons who confessed to having had such an experience was somewhat higher than had been expected, though it amounted to no more than a few hundreds out of some 6000. After cases of obvious delusions of eyesight or hearing, or simple dreams and hallucinations, had been eliminated, there was still a large body of curious evidence. Myers gave me some of the census sheets, and I got one hundred residents in Oxford, graduates and undergraduates, to fill them up. Oddly enough, my wife—that-was-to-be carried out a similar investigation in Kensington—we were quite unaware that we had helped in the

same task till some years later. About seven of my hundred Oxford folks put 'yes' on the side of experiences, and detailed them. Several were purely grotesque and obviously meaningless : one very distinguished graduate of my acquaintance declared that while wide awake, and in a lighted room, he had seen a pair of hunting-boots, with nobody in them, walk across his floor and disappear in the solid opposite wall ! But there were in my hundred sheets a couple of cases of coincidences of a suggestive sort, into which Myers had to search deeply, and to put them into the register of the unexplained phenomena in his big book. A certain amount of the people whom I had worried to take part in the census refused to do so, saying that they had been involved in a curious happening, but considered it too sacred to be put on paper for the eyes of investigators unknown to them.

From the collected results of the census Myers and Gurney produced their two solid volumes, with the conclusion that, after excluding all possible sources of error, they considered that they had a solid foundation for a theory of telepathic connection between persons interested in each other, of whom one was in some great mental stress, generally at the moment of death, but occasionally only at the moment of some agonizing experience. But though the bulk of suggestive evidence was very great, the number which withstood every possible critical objection was comparatively small.

Myers never produced any similar reasoned set of conclusions as to apparitions after death, i.e. the traditional ghosts, though I fancy that the bulk of evidence for such phenomena was as great, or even greater, than that for 'Phantasms of the Living'. He was pre-eminently cautious in what he put on paper as a reasoned conclusion, and had been much disappointed in his personal failure to get into touch with such phenomena, despite of many honest attempts to see what other people had seen in some well-haunted house or castle. I once spent long dark hours with him in investigating a phenomenon of unaccountable lights in an old house, but to no effect. I should have liked to see a book on 'Phantasms of the Dead' produced with the same meticulous care and critical acumen as his other volumes. Perhaps my unsatisfied desire for such a collection came from the fact that my own insignificant researches with the Oxford Phasmatological Society had been largely devoted to the old-fashioned ghost-hunting. As I have said before, I could never myself be

blessed (or cursed) with a personal experience, but I had gathered a splendid set of declarations by witnesses who *did* imagine that they had been so visited. And while some of them were emotional or romantic people, others were individuals whose evidence I should have taken without hesitation on the ordinary events of life—one or two were very well-known and important persons.

After Myers' death my connection with the Society for Psychical Research gradually dried up. The régime that ultimately got control of the society soon dropped the study of the parts of its sphere of investigation in which I was interested, and trailed off into weary discussions of thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion. When this lapsed into endless and uninteresting records of sittings with Eusapia Palladino, Mrs. Piper, and American mediums, with statistical tables of the amount of times in which a group of persons could spot a playing card which had been shown to one of them, I began to realize that Psychical Research could become dull—a thing which I had never before suspected. And having many other matters which engrossed my attention, I finally dropped the membership of a society which for some ten years had engrossed a large proportion of my intellectual interests.

I had a good many talks with Andrew Lang about matters psychical during his not infrequent visits to Oxford. He was as interested in the problems as Myers, and was a good collector of evidence, but he took the whole matter much more lightly, and often let his elfish humour loose on the weaker stories. I shall never forget his demonstration of the fact that, if some witnesses could be trusted, there were ghosts afflicted with what he called 'aphasia', i.e. who when desirous of manifesting themselves, made grotesquely inadequate attempts to appear in full and intelligible shape. He could quote one case where a notoriously haunted house had shown to one expectant enquirer a white nun, to another a white hand only, and to a third a large woolly white dog. Another absurd hypothesis, which he once produced in a magazine article, was that when an old haunted house was pulled down, its visitant sometimes wandered a few miles, to quarter himself on another 'spooky' dwelling, already provided with its own ghost, quite disregarding the rules of trespass and courtesy. And so one witness might speak of his experiences with a black monk, and another of an interview with an old gentleman with powdered hair and knee-breeches.

Of course Lang was poking quiet fun in this article, on the sort of people who came to see some kind of a ghost, and told their friends that their expectation had not been disappointed. But though he loved to enlarge on the absurd aspect of some stories told by habitual ghost-seers, he was all the time deeply interested in the whole sphere of enquiry, and by no means a disbeliever. Indeed he had one curious story of his own experience, which could not be explained by any ordinary materialistic hypothesis. But his inexhaustible fund of humour was drawn upon even when he was dealing with very serious matters. He was, as I said before, one of the many visitors at B—— House, spoken of above, and like Frederic Myers could not declare that he had seen or heard anything evidential therein. Professor Oliver Lodge was also, I believe, for some little time one of the investigators of this much-investigated but very disappointing Highland focus of suggestive but not convincing stories.

Oddly enough among all my acquaintances the person who was most deeply involved in a first-hand narrative of occult happenings was a very odd fellow of Corpus Christi College, 'Cuthbert Shields', whose eccentricities I have mentioned elsewhere. I had met Shields dozens of times at the dinner-table of the old 'Tutors Club', and had frequently helped my neighbours in the endeavour to keep him off occult topics. When he began to talk of them the conversation became strained and uncomfortable, for there was no knowing when his tale would stop. He had a strong conviction that he had once been Zoroaster! But he never recounted to us an extraordinary adventure of his at Jerusalem in 1885, which is recorded in the chronicle *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* for 1901, pp. 356-70. This was a remarkable case of the prophet having no honour in his own country—for while we were smiling at his big amethyst divining ring and the visions that it brought him, two German artists thought it worth while to consign to a sealed and witnessed declaration a curious incident in which his prophecies all came true.

In 1885 Shields, travelling in Palestine, under his first name of Laing, came across four painters from Bavaria who had agreed to construct a large panorama of Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion. They were named Hubert Frosch, Bruno Piglhein, Renatus Reineke, and Joseph Krieger. After several days of casual acquaintance the Germans came to the conclusion that

Shields was more than eccentric—he talked to them of his powers of second-sight, of his memories of earlier lives, and of the visions which presented themselves to him when he gazed into his cherished ring. One evening he told them that he was interested in their Panorama, and that he was going to tell their fortunes, by calling up pictures of its future while consulting his ring. They gave him a hilarious consent, whereupon, after some ‘scrying’ in the amethyst, he proceeded to deliver a series of vaticinations, many of which were not at all of a cheerful cast. He told Frosch and Piglhein that they would some day become bitter enemies because of the Panorama, and that there would be not one but two copies of it made. Piglhein would some years hence owe his ruin to it. Frosch, on the other hand, would take it on a long sea voyage, on which he would be accompanied by two satellites dressed in long white coats, of a type which he had never seen in any country. There would be a lawsuit about the Panorama, but Frosch would come out of it successfully—on the whole a prosperous career awaited him. Reineke then asked how his share in the work would fare : Shields replied that as a matter of fact he would drop out of the venture, and never lay one brushful of paint upon it. Krieger asked jocosely whether he was ever going to be married. ‘Yes,’ said Shields, ‘but it will be an unlucky wedding, and it will end in a divorce.’ The prophecies having taken this unpleasant turn, the Germans broke off the séance.

In 1897 Frosch and Krieger chanced to meet in Munich, and, talking over their old experiences in Jerusalem, got on to the topic of Shields’ series of predictions. They noted with considerable surprise that all of them had come true. Frosch and Piglhein *had* quarrelled over the Panorama—and it had been duplicated. While Piglhein was exhibiting one copy of it in Vienna, a fire had occurred, and the rooms where it was showing had been burnt down with all their contents. The Insurance Company made difficulties about paying up for the damage ; and the unfortunate artist, who had a weak heart, died of syncope while the dispute was in progress. After his death his widow did succeed in recovering most of the insurance money, but meanwhile Piglhein had succumbed, believing that he was a ruined man.

Frosch had taken the other copy of the Panorama to America, where it had a great success in Boston, Chicago, and New York.

His two assistants, as he now remembered, had always worn long white overalls or overcoats of a peculiar local cut, unfamiliar to him, during their setting up and pulling down of the structure. And he had been plagued with a lawsuit about a contract, from which he emerged victorious.

Reineke had dropped out of the syndicate early, and (as Shields had prophesied) had no interest in its ultimate fortunes, and Krieger had made an unfortunate marriage, and had divorced his wife after very short wedlock.

The curious accuracy of Shields’ predictions so impressed Frosch and Krieger that they made a formal declaration about the incident, witnessed it in the presence of a notary in Munich, one Dr. Wenglein, and sent the sealed document to the Munich Psychical Society, who passed it on later to the editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. Oddly enough they had failed entirely to identify Shields, whom they only knew as Laing, because they had somehow conceived that he belonged to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and were unaware that a college of the same name existed in Oxford. They had spent some time in vain enquiries about him from the Cambridge registrar. They could only discover one Corpus graduate of the right name, and he was a schoolmaster in New Zealand, who denied that he had ever been to Palestine. So the story was published by the Munich Society with their note that the prophet was not to be found. If only application had been made to Oxford, the vaticinatory habits of Shields could easily have been identified. I rather fancy that he himself was dead before the story got into print in Germany, and that he never had the pleasure of seeing his powers so splendidly vindicated. The whole difficulty of identifying him came from the fact that the Germans got him down as a member of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, while he belonged to its homonym in Oxford !

I remember that on one occasion Shields told me that he had to be extraordinarily careful against evil spiritual powers when at Rome. The city was infested at night with malign influences going back not only to the Borgias but to Nero, and after dark he had to shut himself up in his little hotel, the *Angiolo Guardiano*, which was immune, because it was under powerful divine protection. If he were to have visited any of the old historical ruins at midnight, he was convinced that his body and soul would have been in danger. But there were other places

besides Rome where he could feel sinister spiritual pressure, and from which he had to depart at the earliest possible moment. From such confidences it may be judged how queer an evening one spent, when Shields had lured one into his beautiful rooms at Corpus.

I think that I should make mention of one other acquaintance of those old days who dabbled in the occult, though not in the way of scientific and critical enquiry like Myers or Andrew Lang, but in the spiritualistic line. He was, oddly enough, an officer in an Indian native cavalry regiment, and when not occupied with his secret communications with the unseen looked and behaved like any other major on leave. But when he became confidential he told me that he guided his actions in life by the advice of a guardian spirit, with whom he was in constant communication. He was a bit of a medium himself, but generally worked by table-turning. I had many a session with him in the winter of 1884-5, and certainly the table, when our hands were upon it, rapped out a string of disjointed messages upon all manner of subjects, human and divine. They ranged from advice about the approaching variations in the exchange value of the rupee to personal criticism concerning the enquirer's daily doings.

I remember one evening when the raps would give no other advice than an urgent warning to see no more of a certain young lady in Cheltenham, who had evidently made some impression on the Major. For a whole hour the table continued to spell out 'get far away from E——'—'see no more of E——'. I believe that these orders would have been duly carried out, but the need did not arise, for next day my friend got a telegram directing him to rejoin his regiment in India at once, as it was ordered on active service. At our last sitting that evening the guardian spirit rapped out to him 'quilt some chain-mail in the breast of your tunic'. I heard afterwards from his relations in Cheltenham that he had received an Arab spear-thrust in the chest at the affair of McNeil's Zariba (March 22, 1885), near Suakim, but had taken little harm therefrom, owing to his wise precaution. Now were these pieces of advice the working of the Major's own mind, inspired by his unconscious and latent second-self? I can only say that some of the many messages which I aided him to receive on the table related to matters concerning which he had no personal knowledge, and no interest whatever,

as he repeatedly declared. Nor did they come from my own lucubrations.

The only other friend with whom I made any serious trial of table-turning was a very distinguished scholar, a fellow of Hertford College, who would have achieved a high position in the academic world if he had not been cut off before he was much over thirty years of age. Whenever he touched a table it seemed to start off rapping and tilting at very short notice. But the messages which it vouchsafed to us never contained, so far as I can remember, any piece of knowledge that might not have been in the brain of some of the sitters. On one occasion, just before the 'final schools' were due, we rapped out the details of two hypothetical lots of questions that were to be set in the *Literæ Humaniores* examination. They were highly plausible, but when the real papers appeared they contained hardly one of the very searching questions which the table had propounded. My strangest memory of those sittings in Hertford is of an occasion when the table, after giving out some rather nonsensical phrases, proceeded to waltz across the room, and to perch itself on two legs upon the back of a high sofa. It quite defied all the rules of gravitation, and when it came down did not fall with a crash, but descended gently to resume its original position. The fourth sitter on this occasion was a friend who can recall the incident, no less than the late Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University ! He agrees that it would have been impossible for us to hold the errant table in the position which it assumed, if we had tried our best to do so.

XXI

CONCERNING UNIVERSITY POLITICS, 1885-1900. CONGREGATION AND THE NON-PLACET SOCIETY

THE moment that I had taken my Master of Arts degree in 1885, and had become a member of Congregation and Convocation, I joined the ranks of the University Conservative party as a very young but a very enthusiastic member of the section which was fighting for the perpetuation of the old conception of the University as against 'Progress'—falsely so-called as we judged. I do not think that any account of the long rearguard action which we maintained against the Academic Liberals has ever been put in print from the point of view of the vanquished minority. Vague laudation of the triumph of Modernism and the 'Wider Oneness' by members of the victorious party is all that can be found on record. The arguments of the other side must be sought in long-forgotten pamphlets, brochures, and appeals for votes on each crucial disputed point. Frankly I must confess that, on looking through the contents of many dusty drawers of forgotten leaflets, I find that on most of the points of dispute in 1885-1900 I should still vote to-day as I voted in that late-Victorian time. I think that the changes have not produced anything like a 'Golden Age', when looked at across the interval of fifty years. The result has been that we have a University much larger in numbers, and with a great many new Honour Schools and a vastly increased professoriate, but not one that gives more inspiration to the young, or takes a more worthy part in the national life. The increase in the personnel is undoubted—most especially the multiplication of the female element in the University body—but it has been accompanied with a displacement of academic thought in certain directions which fills me with distaste.

When I first began to sit on the very uncomfortable lower benches of the Congregation house, the 'Progressists' had been already for some years in possession of a majority in the academic assembly, unless some specially provoking statute turned up,

which might bring in the non-residents from the countryside to upset the balance. Undoubtedly the Progressists owed their domination to a revulsion against the ancient abuses which had persisted in the University before the Royal Commission of 1877, and more especially before the first Commission of 1855. Middle-aged men who could remember the days of the 'idle fellowships' for life, of the fellowships weighted with the obligation to take holy orders, as were a very large proportion of them, of the 'Test Act' excluding Nonconformists from degrees (it was only repealed in 1871), of the monstrous monopolies of 'Founder's Kin' fellowships and scholarships in many colleges, of the general neglect of their work by many tutors, were all for 'Progress', 'the broadening of academic studies', and the repression of collegiate particularism which impeded general changes, etc. etc.

So were we all, for the matter of that: but the difficulty was that while no one would have said a word for the 'close fellowships', the privileges of 'Founder's Kin', or the life endowment of fellows who had retired to London, America, or the Colonies, or for the exclusion of Nonconformists, there was a considerable body of us who thought it wise to maintain the University, as far as possible, on its old system of cultural education, and believed that the classical basis was the best, and that the mere fact that an individual was completely ignorant of Latin and Greek did not give him a primary right to be taken into the body of the University and given a degree.

The phrase about 'broadening academic studies' was one which we met with grave mistrust. We were of opinion that while there were many subjects on which the University could give competent and valuable instruction, there were some which had better be left to other institutions, since we had neither the teaching staff nor the apparatus capable of dealing with them. We thought that we were not bound to provide instruction in very specialized lines of study, for which there would never be any appreciable body of students, e.g. the Basque or Lettish language, or Oriental archæology, or tropical diseases. We thought it ill-judged to create professorships for subjects where the professor would never be able to collect a class, and which lay quite outside the normal University curriculum. And perhaps most of all, we considered that it was a misguided policy to institute 'Final Honour Schools', with all their apparatus of First, Second, and Third Classes, for studies in which the examiners

were not unfrequently more numerous than the examined. The value of an Oxford 'First Class' in Literæ Humaniores, Mathematics, History, or Law, was an acknowledged fact. But what would be the appreciable value of a First Class in a school in which perhaps three candidates presented themselves, and all got the highest honours? We thought that excellence in such subjects might, no doubt, be laudable, but that such studies would come easier to those who had enjoyed a more general training before they became specialists. As a matter of fact, eminence in out-of-the-way studies had regularly been achieved by men who had, as a preliminary, vindicated their competence by passing, with the highest honours, through one of the old and well-acknowledged schools as a preparatory test.

On the other hand, the urge to establish Honour Schools for all possible subjects led to, what we of the Non-Placet Society deplored equally with the creation of schools with three candidates, namely, schools with all too many candidates of low average standard—'soft options' for those destitute of a solid cultural basis. It is certainly possible nowadays for candidates to take a degree in French, Italian, or English, without having any preliminary mastery of the ancient classics which lie at the bottom of the literature of all these languages—except perhaps in 'cribs' or manuals. But the multiplication of 'Final Honour Schools' developed some little time after my first experiences in Congregation or Convocation.

We were in my earliest days of debate living under the régime of Dr. Jowett as Vice-Chancellor—a notable and a much detested figure to us, though his memory has grown dim after fifty years. He represented all that we disliked: modernism, advertisement, an autocratic pose, a tendency to push the importance of his college beyond the limit of its undoubted merit—was it not reputed that he had confided to a friend that 'if we had but a little more money, Balliol could absorb the University'¹—a pride in filling his lodgings at week-ends with all sorts of incongruous notabilities from London, and a penchant for introducing strange Oriental undergraduates into his college. He posed as a scholar, but the erudite shook their heads over certain bits of translation in his versions of Plato and Thucydides. As a guiding influence for the young we suspected him of giving no certain moral message, but advice to 'get on'.

¹ See Mallet's *History of the University of Oxford*, iii. p. 456.

The elder generation particularly disliked his patronage of the theatre—he was the first to introduce the licensed drama into Oxford—inaugurated by the well-known production of *Æschylus' Agamemnon* in Balliol Hall, with Frank Benson as a most impressive Clytemnestra—a majestic figure. The Vice-Chancellor smiled on him—so did a most miscellaneous audience of external notabilities, including 'George Eliot'—not at all an impressive figure but a weird one, with her husband behind. Jowett was a leading patron of the New Theatre in George Street, and sanctioned the formation of undergraduate dramatic societies. This has proved a doubtful boon—as Professor Freeman remarked at the time, when he burst out into the denunciation of the 'portentous rage for play-acting, which the chief resident officer of the University sanctions and approves'. What would Freeman have said if he could have realized the immense waste of time for study now prevalent, when every college has its dramatic society producing incongruous plays, with doubtful pleasure save to the performers? There are too many young men who are inspired with the same misplaced confidence in their own histrionic abilities that moved Shakespeare's Athenian weaver. As a method of wasting time that should be devoted to study, play-acting is more effective than any form of athletics. It also produces a self-sufficiency greater even than that of the successful athlete.

The first time that I saw a really disorderly meeting of congregation was on an occasion in Jowett's reign, when being as yet only a Bachelor of Arts I could not vote, but could only look on from a gallery. The debate was on the nomination of a Nonconformist minister, Robert Horton of New College, as an examiner in the 'Rudiments of Faith and Religion'. There was considerable hubbub: 700 M.A.s of all ages and sizes talking excitedly to each other while the set speeches were still going on. Dr. Jowett, in the Chair as Vice-Chancellor, was much disgusted with the influx of non-residents—largely very senior clergy, who mustered to vote against the nomination of his protégé. He tried to 'make a mock at them' by announcing that he was going to give the voting formula in English as well as in Latin, lest many might have forgotten the classical tongues, and be unable to follow him. Unfortunately he made a slip of a gender when he started to rehearse the Latin formula—

'Nomen propono vobis approbandus'

he began. But the old M.A.s knew that *nomen* was neuter, and there was a general hoot of derision. As the epigramatist wrote that afternoon

'Nomen propono vobis approbandus'

Quoth Jowett, 'but, as you'll not understand us,
Now in plain English'—but what followed after
Was lost in inextinguishable laughter.

The vote went against the nomination by a large majority—but that was in 1883, and to my regret the whole 'Examination in Rudiments of Faith and Religion' has long gone the way of the snows of yester year.

Jowett's slip of the tongue reminds me of a much more ludicrous one which happened when I was just qualified to vote in Convocation, and had assumed the magisterial gown in March 1885. This was at the 'Vivisection Debate', an occasion still remembered as a disreputable affair by those old enough to have assisted at it. Professor Freeman, declaring against vivisection, spoke with emotion of 'all the horrors perpetrated at the sack of Titus by Jerusalem'—after which no more of his oration could be heard.

The Vivisection Debate was really a scandalous riot. Vivisection is a topic which provokes bitter feeling, and hundreds of non-resident graduates had come up to vote from London or the shires. We had been inundated with leaflets from both sides, with the names of prominent men attached, for weeks before the day of debate. The Sheldonian Theatre was crammed, the upper undergraduate gallery no less than the lower, but the extraordinary part of the proceedings was that the undergraduates (contrary to ancient habit) were comparatively orderly, while the Masters of Arts on the floor gradually worked themselves up into riotous shouting worthy of the last hours of a college wine in those Victorian days.

The debate started in a fairly quiet way, with a speech from Dean Liddell, setting forth the official conclusion that the introduction of new methods of physiology was inevitable, and that the University must be requested to give its sanction to experiments on living animals, under all proper precautions and restrictions. The venerable dean's phrases were heard without interruption. Trouble began when Canon Liddon started the opposition.

He was a master of oratory, the greatest preacher of his

generation, incidentally a great lover of cats, and some of his telling phrases led to a certain amount of 'booing' from those whom they provoked. By a pardonable but amusing *crasis* he quite unintentionally called Professor Burdon-Sanderson, the professor of Physiology, Professor Burdensome, which started noises of laughter mixed with disapproval. The speech was not fully heard, nor were any that followed after.

But chaos came during the fourth speech, that of Dr. Mackarness, the Bishop of Oxford, whose attempt to describe certain distressing incidents, concerned with certain foreign experiments of vivisection, was silenced by a sudden wild outburst of hooting. One prominent supporter of the decree got upon a chair, and led, waving his arms, a regular chorus of the word 'name' or 'shame'—I could not quite make out which. The Bishop kept his feet and tried to proceed, but the rhythmical din continued. Dr. Jowett rose for a moment to order silence, and to say that Dr. Mackarness was not out of order. But when he had resumed his seat the shouting recommenced, and the Bishop finally sat down discomfited. After this clamour was continuous—Professor Freeman got the worst of it, I have already mentioned his unfortunate slip of the tongue about Titus and Jerusalem—which was indeed provocative of mirth as well as of anger: he sat down in despair when he found that he could not shout out a multitude. Several people tried to speak at once, and the weary audience got completely out of hand, and exchanged rude personal remarks.

But the climax came when a speaker with a stentorian voice (he was never identified, but was a non-resident) got in enough sentences to demonstrate that he was about to defend vivisection by the example of Christ. Our Lord once caused several thousand swine to plunge into the Sea of Galilee. But pigs notoriously cut their own throats when they try to swim. Christ therefore authorized auto-vivisection. This curious biblical incursion into the argument so irritated the opposition that they became as wildly vociferous as their opponents. After some hustling and personal recrimination the Vice-Chancellor rose, and announced that he should call no more speeches, and put the question to the vote. The decree was carried by the unexpectedly large majority of 412 to 244. The whole scene was unworthy of an academic meeting—and showed that when feeling ran high 650 Masters of Arts could dissolve into an ill-mannered mob.

I have been present at several other debates when contro-

versial matters were being handled—for example, when the question of degrees for women was being considered—but nothing that I can remember could compare for noise with the Vivisection Debate of 1885.

When the first statute to set up an honour School of Modern Languages was introduced into congregation in 1887 it was rejected, mainly owing to an eloquent speech by Sir William Anson, who urged the impossibility of the University or the Colleges providing a teaching staff for every possible language. In the scheme for the school which was laid before congregation provision was made for examination even in Lettish and Hungarian—not to speak of Swedish and Portuguese. Some of the supporters of the statute urged that it would secure training in colloquial modern tongues for young diplomats or commercial travellers. Nevertheless, this was but a successful ‘detaining action’ by the rearguard of the old academic conservative party. The Modern Languages Statute arrived in a modified form a few years later in 1903, and now ministers to a clientèle very largely feminine. Mademoiselle Lefèvre can get ‘distinction’ for Colloquial French, and Signorina Rossi for Colloquial Italian. See *The Examination Statutes*, p. 169, §7. I have heard it said that this is the honour school for intending schoolmistresses—and there is some truth, if some exaggeration in the quip.¹

The English Language and Literature School, which came a few years later than the first rejection of the Modern Languages School (1894), was, oddly enough, opposed bitterly by Professor Freeman, who had consistently supported the Modern Languages School. His conversion to the ‘die hard’ camp amused us vastly, and took violent expression. I can well remember the debate in which he suggested that the examination in Literary History must necessarily be a test of second-hand knowledge acquired from manuals—for no one can read the whole of English Literature. He feared that criticism of ‘literary history’ would drift into anecdotic ‘Chatter about Harriet’—Shelley’s Harriet, of course—or the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. And since fashions in literary taste come and go, there could be no fixed standard by which the views of candidates could be approved or reprobated, by examiners who probably had different preferences of their own. All this was delivered in the bluff and controversial

¹ Of eighty-four First Classes awarded in this school in the ten years before the outbreak of war in 1939, forty went to the ladies.

style in which we were accustomed to hear Freeman denounce the Turks, or extol the Anglo-Saxons and their folk-moots. But he did *not* think that the curriculum would be saved from frivolity by a modicum of philology, for a study of the forms and transmutations of individual words tends to distract the mind from the effect which those words, duly juxtaposed, produce in poetry or prose. There is no inspiration to be got by analysing the forms of the words which compose the Lord's Prayer or the 'Ode to a Skylark'. But the English Literature School got much less opposition than the Modern Languages School. It is much favoured by the ladies and the Greekless.

But to survey in a reminiscent fashion the academic battles of my earlier days, I can recall many other innovations besides Honour Schools against which we of the long-forgotten 'Non-Placet Society' used to deliver our generally ineffective protest. I can remember defending in vain the integrity of the University Parks—a happy Victorian legacy, whose once ample sward has been so much infringed upon by red-brick Science Departments during the last forty years. We demonstrated many times against the acceptance of grants from the State, defending the time-honoured independence of the University from governmental control. And we had grave doubts about the way in which the finances of the University were managed, by bodies which could not be interrogated. One of the few successes of the 'Non-Placet Society' was an agitation for leave to address questions, in parliamentary style, to responsible official persons. The right was granted, but in a very grudging fashion, since such a question was only to be allowed if asked in force by a very large number—fifty, I think—of enquirers: and then no debate was to be allowed to supervene.

We had our temporary successes, but in the end we were beaten, there is no disguising the fact, though we were often led by that sturdy fighter, Thomas Case, President of Corpus Christi College, and approved by Dr. Bellamy, President of St. John's, the Nestor of our party. We got sometimes unexpected support from other magnates. Hence the modern University, with its plethora of Honour Schools and new degrees, its enterprising and advertising finance, and its enormous proportion of women students, whose colleges contribute so many hearers at the lectures of the staffs of the old academic foundations, but so few teachers to whom any male undergraduates go for instruction. Of course

they train their own students—but that is not a contribution to the general teaching of the University considered as a whole. The benefit is practically unilateral. Even the predominant 'Progressive' party has had to put a check on the growth of the female element by restrictive legislation in recent years. How comparatively happy is Cambridge !

I still believe that the University, as a centre both of learning and of education, gets neither profit nor increased reputation by the importation of young people of both sexes who get low classes in the new Honour Schools. It might be said, in reply, that the old 'pass man' of Victorian days was no good advertisement for *Alma Mater*. But I fancy that he was put through a curriculum which, with all its faults, was a better general education than that provided by many of our modern schools, taken at the end of some vague form of entrance examination. The theory of academic culture has been sacrificed to those whom Bishop Latimer called the 'Lack-Latins'. No doubt we have by our altered examinations attracted considerable numbers of students who would not have been found in the old University. The changes are useful to those who wish to obtain the Oxford B.A. degree, a marketable thing, on a minimum of general culture as well as of expense !

Of all the more recently-established Honour Schools the one which most provoked my disapproval is that which 'the Gods call *Philosophia Politica et Economica*' [I quote the *University Gazette*] but men 'Modern Greats', to use a Homeric form of diction. This was specially framed for the benefit of the Greekless, who could not take *Literae Humaniores* because Plato and Aristotle were inaccessible to them, and in a minor degree for ambitious philosophers who found the bulk of ancient history in the old school nauseous, and disliked the rather difficult translation of screeds of Thucydides or Tacitus. Instead of this in 'Modern Greats' they may take up some scraps of very recent history, ignoring the ancient world. The first-hand reading in philosophy starts with the seventeenth century—a modicum of earlier ways of philosophic thought must be got from 'cribs' or pabulum administered by the tutor. Around the whole school we may detect an atmosphere permeated with twentieth-century slogans concerning 'Social Science', and 'the broadening of the mind'—procured by narrowing knowledge of things which do not fit in to the scheme.

For my own part I have come to the conclusion that for the ordinary citizen this school is a 'dissolvent'; while history, law and science, with their definite facts, may be regarded as 'astringents'. Alas for the state where 'Philosophers are Kings'. How will it fare in presence of the revived crudities of 'Totalitarianism', and minds coerced into slavish obedience to uniformity of thought imposed by the force of the state?

As I have written elsewhere, I am no believer in any 'Philosophy of History'. History is really a series of happenings, not a logical progress towards an inevitable end. It is full of unexpected turns, which could not have been foreseen by the wisest, and these turns have often been towards the worse instead of towards the better. Its 'might have beens' and 'ifs' are as important to study, in many cases, as its record of what actually happened. To the observer it gives a series of warnings, if you will, but no guide to perfection. And to look at the world-record of the past ages gives no encouragement to optimism, such as nineteenth-century thinkers vaguely imagined. It may even lead to pessimism—such as that which was to be found in certain thinkers of the fifth or the fifteenth centuries, surveying what they conceived to be the end of order, and the imminence of moral and material breakdown—a sort of 'Ragnarok'. We know that feeling again to-day.

Over and above the creation of the new Honour Schools, the movement which continued for many years to divide congregation, and to lead to many a debate, was the question of the creation of new University degrees. I remember giving constant support to those who deprecated the institution of the 'Doctorate of Philosophy', a status obtainable by external people 'graduates of another University who have been approved for admission by a faculty board' with no original Oxford training, by the method of theses on subjects for which in many cases no teaching was provided in this Academy, and for which competent examiners have to be sought from outside. Occasionally I was put in nominal charge of some of these visitors, and wondered how the University could consider it consistent with its dignity to confer degrees on subjects for which it failed to produce any teachers or lectures. I remember being asked to take supervisory duty over one candidate who offered the constitutions of the towns in Gascony during the English domination in Aquitaine, and another whose topic was the seigneurial tenures in Lower Canada.

The boards or committees which granted permission to offer a subject seemed to take very lightly their duty to discover whether that subject could be profitably studied in Oxford. For if, as sometimes occurs, it cannot so be studied here, how can researches made in Paris or Quebec (for example) be considered part of the Oxford Education, for which the degree is supposed to be given? I cannot help recalling my original suspicion that these new degrees were instituted not so much for their ostensible purpose of broadening the *curriculum*, as with the design of attracting to the banks of Isis degree-hunting persons who would otherwise have sought the addition of letters at the end of their names from some continental university. And this touting for patronage from persons external, in competition with the foreigner, I hold to be degrading.

If the Doctorate in Philosophy had to be created, as was perhaps advisable, it should have been bestowed only upon those who had gone through a real Oxford education. I can quite well understand that a Baccalaurate and Doctorate in Letters or Science was a reasonable demand for persons who had acquired a certain eminence and distinction in this, their own, University, though their studies were not on lines that would have been valuable in the examination schools, or have led them to anything more than a plain M.A. It was absurd that doctorates should have been reserved for certain special lines of study—Law, Divinity, Medicine, perhaps Music, if we may take the Oxford Mus.Doc. as parallel with a doctorate in Law or Medicine. But obviously there were some among our seniors who had reached what I may call a doctoral (or. doctoral?) status, but had no degree to which they could lawfully proceed. Hence the doctorates in letters and science were created with little or no opposition from any side—though I cannot admire their slate-coloured hoods, which look dull among the brighter hues of the other faculties in assemblies and processions.

But for the Doctorate of Philosophy, as at present earned and conferred, I can still after many years find little in the way of praise. It can be, and sometimes is, acquired by those who have had no Oxford training, but have merely chosen a subject, and come from outside to ask the University to accept it as a proper topic for study. In many cases the topic could have been studied equally well in any other surroundings elsewhere in the world. It may have been acquired without any competent

residence—for residence is easily excused, when it is found that the material to be dealt with is lying in some distant archives. And the degree may be granted without any real examination from our local specialists, if the subject is sufficiently recondite, so that external examiners have to be sought. I do not trust the board that may licence a subject overmuch : once I remember a subject which was permitted on the application of the candidate—himself insufficiently informed when he made his choice—but was afterwards cancelled. For the material on which the thesis was to have been written did not exist, though it ought to have existed in all reasonable probability.

All this striving after the 'broadening of studies' was held suspect by many of us, as having as its originating cause not a real enthusiasm for the diffusion of knowledge, but a hidden desire to wreck the old Oxford system of examinations and degrees, which, with all its limitations, had very obvious merits. Among some of the most prominent advocates of change, we often thought that we could detect old acrimonies, social, political, religious, or what not, tending to a desire to sweep away existing institutions, not because they were superannuated, but because they were old-fashioned, and belonged to the ancient traditions of the University.

One change which I bitterly regretted was the complete disappearance, after certain minor cuttings down, of an institution which I have already had occasion to mention, the old examination in the 'Rudiments of Faith and Religion'. This was not, when I myself passed through it, an imposition of Church of England doctrine on 'conscientious objectors'. For any one who disliked it, e.g. a Jew, an oriental, or an agnostic could offer substituted matter carefully scheduled for his choice. What it did secure for the majority, as it stood when I first knew it, was a fair knowledge of the Bible, under the undergraduate's nickname of 'Rudders'—short for Rudiments—but later of certain portions of the Bible, when it had been cut down to what the young men called 'Divvers'—i.e. Divinity. A notable result of the abolition of this venerable examination is a well-marked ignorance in the modern generation of familiar biblical quotations and references, which once were wont to sum up a decision or sharpen a point in literary or political discussion. One can never be sure nowadays that an audience will appreciate 'to your tents, O Israel !' or 'hast thou found me, O my enemy ?'

or 'what is that among so many'—as an audience of Victorian days would have done. I found a similar want of comprehension of phrases that once were familiar to all men, in the House of Commons, in which I sat thirty years later. The Bible as a source of common literary culture (if not to every one of spiritual inspiration) was known to all educated persons—but is apparently not so any longer. Occasionally when I slip into a biblical quotation in discussion, or in print, I find that it is received with blank want of comprehension.

But I must not wander too far from my main topic—the long rearguard action of the old conservative academic party against 'Progress' or the 'Wider Oneness', as I once heard it styled by an eloquent left-wing orator. After our last defeats, I recognized for my own part that our efforts had been unsuccessful, and ceased to frequent the meetings of Congregation at which I had been for many years so regular an attendant. The development of 'Progress' continued, but I ceased to take part in the numerous debates upon its later developments, when some new school, certificate or degree was being created. I felt, perhaps, a little like the Persian nobleman in Herodotus, who remarked to the Theban that the most disheartening of all things is to see mistakes coming and to be unable to prevent them.

I have a certain amount of self-respect, and realized that I had no wish to play the parts of Jeremiah or Cassandra perpetually, or to keep on voting in hopeless minorities. I dropped off from Congregation, and ceased to enter my protest against even the most preposterous innovations. I turned to my more regular activities, and continued to produce books—the pleasure and duty of research, and of exploiting the results of research, being sufficient to engross me till I was, most unexpectedly, caught up in the whirl of the Great War of 1914, and sent to unfamiliar tasks, first in Whitehall and then in the House of Commons, where a specialist might be useful. Of my experiences from 1914 onward I may speak elsewhere. Sometimes I even hoped that I was doing my much loved, if much altered, University certain service. That my rather Victorian views on internal academic studies did not prevent me from winning five successive contested elections is, I think, sufficient proof that, whatever might be the views of a majority of the resident teachers, I continued to command the support of a body of Oxford graduates much more numerous than the local votaries of 'Progress'.

XXII

CONCERNING SOME LIFELONG PLEASURES. COINS, BOOKS, AND PAGEANTS. 1884-1914

IT certainly tends toward 'the joy of eventful living' if one has interests in many, sometimes rather incongruous, subjects outside one's daily round of work, but not incompatible with it. The danger is, of course, that subsidiary activities may waste the time that ought to be devoted to the greater ends. This remark may seem to be a 'glimpse of the obvious': but I have known many talented people who missed their harbour through drifting away into attractive backwaters. And hobbies may grow into obsessions.

It was fortunate for me that none of my lifelong side-interests were incompatible with the main purpose of writing history into which I settled down: indeed, they fitted on to it rather happily. The taste for 'collecting', already traceable in my forbears, took in my case the form of collecting coins—not but what I collected other things in a minor scale. It was started, as I have remarked elsewhere, by my being given a very fine Roman sesterce—a 'first brass of Trajan'—by my great-uncle; and from the age of nine or so I was always seeking coins of historic interest, so far as my limited pocket-money allowed. Coins took one into archæology at large and architecture, also into looking at old books, china, engravings, and anything else that had a historic connection. The only things that I could never get myself to gloat over were flint implements and prehistoric pottery.

By the time that I got to Oxford I was a sworn numismatist, with a little collection of my own that had its historic meaning. Now Oxford has always been the foster-parent of Archæology, from the days of John Leland and William Camden down to those of Arthur Evans. But, for some reason that I cannot fathom, one branch of it, Numismatics, was practically dead in the University when I was a young graduate. There was only one member of the Numismatic Society resident in the city in 1880, and I found myself a lone worker, when I tried to discover

what collections of coins there were in Oxford. There was a vast but unsorted accumulation in the Bodleian ; when I tried to get information about its Bactrian-Greek coins from the charming and scholarly old librarian, H. O. Coxe, he told me that he did not think that there was much there in my line of research, and that the coins could only be inspected in the presence of the librarian or one of his two sub-librarians, who had many other duties to discharge. As a matter of fact he knew little about the contents of the dark and rather dank coin-room in the Upper Gallery, where they reposed. I never got into it in his day—but then I was only an undergraduate.

Things changed completely in 1882 when Edward Byron Nicholson succeeded Coxe, and threw everything open to me. He was, as he said himself, the 'new broom', and swept out many corners that required attention, thereby attracting much criticism from his curators. Nicholson knew not much more about coins than did Coxe, but he was determined to find out what there was in Bodley's cabinets, and picked up a good deal of information before he had been long in office. He solved the archaic rule about the constant attention of one of the staff being required when a visitor appeared, by taking me to the room himself, and then locking me up in it, with an engagement to return in an hour, or two hours, or whatever space of time we could agree upon, or else by allowing me to bring trayfuls of coins down into the reading-room. I discovered that I had to report a most extraordinary state of affairs—the old collections of ancient coins given by Archbishop Laud and his generation were resting in their separate original cabinets, never amalgamated, just as Hearne and Wise had left them in the eighteenth century. Modern gifts were often found unsorted in the registered envelopes in which they had arrived ten or twenty years back. Forgeries were often lying mixed with genuine pieces in the Roman and Greek series. There were bags containing hundreds of Roman and Greek bronze coins unsorted, with merely a note on a tag, giving the names of the donors. The only sections that were in good order, properly arranged in modern style, were the Oriental series, which had been dealt with by Stanley Lane Poole in 1885-6, and the Bactrian-Greek Elliot collection, which had been given a few years back, catalogued by an expert. This was precisely the section which dear old Coxe had assured me was practically non-existent. Altogether it was found that there were

about 50,000 coins in the cabinets, and only 19,771 were arranged or catalogued in 1885 !

Nicholson entrusted me with the interesting but tedious task of combining all the scattered Roman and Greek collections and unsorted packets into a logical sequence, with a label attached to each piece showing the name of its donor, and a reference to the British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins for each type or to Babelon's *Monnaies Romaines*. There turned out to be quite a perceptible number of specimens of which there was no duplicate in the British Museum. I sent one list of unpublished coins of Smyrna to the *Numismatic Chronicle*—with Nicholson's leave—there was a long series of them. Forty years after, Milne of C.C.C. can still find similar *inedita* to communicate to the same periodical ! But numismatic interest is awake in these days in Oxford—it did not exist in the 1880 period !

There were other forgotten and neglected collections on a small scale in several Colleges. I got one of these opened at New College—it had not been touched for half a century ; Driver, the librarian of the day, had a tradition that there were some coins given by one Cracherode somewhere in one of the bureaux on the library stairs. No key could be found, but on getting the lock picked we discovered a drawer covered thickly with impalpable dust, in which there were visible round, flat objects completely hidden. A puff and a whisk revealed the fact that these were all Roman and Greek gold coins : the dust had done them no harm. Lower drawers contained a quantity of silver of various sorts. This was no exceptional thing in Oxford Colleges ; the other half of Cracherode's collection had gone to Christ Church, which had some other important legacies. I discovered it in a similar state of intermittent oblivion, but not vexed by dust, but by damp, which was much worse. Somehow moisture had permeated the back of the cabinet, and a few of the silver coins—mostly Greek—were a little oxidized and discoloured. Some time after, I made a catalogue of one large section : they were a group rather superior to the New College part of the ancient gift.

There were more small hoards given by old collectors in several other Colleges. Milne discovered one in C.C.C. which had not been touched since 1830, mostly gold of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. St. John's had a little collection which was kept, quite inaccessible, in the President's lodgings. In happier days, now that numismatics have been discovered to be one of the

most useful side-helps to the historian, both the Bodleian collection and most of the College hoards have been amalgamated in the Ashmolean Museum, and placed in charge of a competent curator ; so no one need now hunt about for forgotten cabinets, or trouble librarians who have no knowledge of the value of what they have in charge. But I think that I may say that

‘ I was the first that ever burst into that silent sea ’,

just as I was the first candidate in the School of Literæ Humaniores who ever offered an archaeological special subject.

Perhaps the oddest pocket of mislaid (but almost valueless) coins that I came upon was one in All Souls Bursary—a little bag of very worn silver pieces of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I, labelled ‘ refused at the Mint, as sent in too late ’. This referred to the great recoinage of 1696–7, when William III called in all ‘ hammered ’ money, and replaced it with new ‘ milled ’ money at the expense of the state. There was a date fixed after which none of the old issues would be accepted for exchange, and obviously the bursar of All Souls had been tardy in delivery—very probably tenants had paid up belated rents, in coins which he would have been justified in turning back on them.

Happy is the man whose hobbies do not fail him in his old age ! I can feel the same pleasure in sorting through a ‘ find ’ to-day as I did in 1880. And some of the finds have been very interesting—for instance, I was once brought precisely eighty half-crowns of Charles I, which had been found in a decayed leather pistol-holster, imbedded in the thatch of an old house close to the spot where the unlucky armies of the king suffered one of their last defeats. They were an extraordinary collection, embracing pieces from nearly all the rare local royalist mints of the Great Rebellion—Oxford, Bristol, Weymouth, Worcester, Exeter, with one or two so badly struck as to be unidentifiable. The dates showed that they must have been hidden in 1645, and the exact roundness of the sum, all in one denomination, with no crowns, shillings or sixpences, implied that some royalist officer must have laid aside precisely ten pounds, which he never returned to pick up, in his spare pistol-holster.

Equally suggestive was an oak beam in which an auger-hole, neatly drilled, was filled from end to end with angels of Edward IV, Richard III (only two of *them*), Henry VII, and the early years of Henry VIII. There was not one whose mint-mark

showed a date later than 1535. As the beam came from a house in a town famous for its abbey, the hoard must have been one of the unobtrusive results of the Dissolution of the Monasteries. I wished that I could have purchased some of these angels—but it was impossible.

Sometimes, however, unexpected luck befalls the collector. Once I discovered in a money-changer's bowl at a terminus railway station, the third known specimen of the gold aureus which Trajan struck in honour of Tiberius, before the reputation of that gloomy prince had been blasted for ever by Tacitus and others. It was mixed with twenty-franc pieces of Napoleon III and five-dollar pieces of the U.S.A. Less memorable, but almost as interesting, was it to pick up in Bologna 'touch pieces' of the Elder and the Younger Pretender. They both resided at times in that papal city, 'touched' there for the 'King's Evil', and hung round the necks of the favoured children these little silver medalllets, commemorating 'James III' and 'Charles III' with all their British titles. I had a less tangible but more honourable reward for many years of collecting coins and writing about them, when I was made for ten years president of the Numismatic Society.

I have often heard it said that the man who has the Collector's obsession will seldom stop at one form of collecting. This I found true in my own case. Though my main urge was to put together a representative cabinet of coins ancient and modern, I found it hard to pass by an attractive book, picture, or piece of porcelain if I could afford to make it my own. Fortunately there are financial limits to acquisitions: however much one may admire them, one cannot purchase the Parthenon or the Ansidei Madonna which are not for sale. The next best thing (I speak as a collector with the collector's fatal acquisitive tendency) to possessing an object of beauty, is to learn to contemplate it with æsthetic or historical satisfaction. Such is one's lot with regard to most fine things in this world.

Since one cannot possess them—and probably would not even desire to possess them—it is a high privilege to have free and ready access to contemplate them. Hence I regard as most fortunate people the directors of great museums, and the librarians of national libraries, and the curators of important picture galleries. One of my vain yearnings was to possess a really complete historical working library: since I could not hope to accumulate

it for myself—the mind shrinks from the idea of the countless shelves and the vast room-space required—the nearest approach to the ideal would be the chance of having personal access at all hours to such a collection. No library, of course, is perfect—even the best of them have their gaps, which often cannot be filled because the *desiderata* are impossible to procure. But some approach perfection more nearly than others. And there is opportunity for the energetic and conscientious librarian to commence the filling up of gaps—so far as the financial resources of his charge will permit.

Now, in 1883-4, I could not have foreseen that I should one day become Librarian of the Codrington Library, though I was beginning to comprehend its many strong points and its still more numerous weak ones. The splendid building itself was an inspiration to any one who loved light and space and dignity. It was true that the books were chaotically arranged, and that the collection, though amazingly strong in some lines, was absurdly deficient in others—the results of a century of neglect and casual administration. In 1890 there was a general feeling in the College that ‘Codrington’ required a complete revision in order to make it useful to the general academic public, who had been admitted to it some fifteen years back, mainly owing to the energetic pleading of Sir William Anson, in the days when he was reader in English Law. My habitual lightness of heart in taking over congenial tasks led me to accept with glee the opportunity of doing some service to my College, when it was decided that there was a ‘felt want’ (horrid phrase!), that, indeed, it urgently required a resident librarian to manage its splendid collections of legal and historical books.

By a perverse survival of the eighteenth century habits of All Souls, the Librarianship had been an annual affair, held in rotation by all fellows of the foundation, whether resident or not. The real work, which had become quite serious after Anson had opened the law library to undergraduates, was carried on by a worthy library-clerk named Etheridge, who had served many masters. At last the College came to see that rotatory annual librarians, with a salary of £50, always non-resident, were holding a useless sinecure. For several years John Doyle, the genial Americanist and sportsman of whom I have spoken elsewhere, was continued in the office, and put in a few weeks or week-ends every term in rearranging some of the history shelves, which were

in a state of chaos in some sections, and almost empty in others. The annual librarians had hardly ever bought German or Italian or Oriental history books, and not very often French ones.

But Doyle was not a resident, and it gradually became evident to the College that continual supervision, and not intermittent week-end visits, was required for the re-organization of the Library, if it was to be useful to the general academic public ; the readers had long been complaining of its patchy condition. Being the only available resident in 1890 I was given the job of putting the library in order, and of filling, as far as might be, the vacant shelves where modern history books ought to have been accumulating for the last half century.

The task turned out to be a very large one—as large as the £50 salary attached to it was small. But there was much joy in it. I gradually made the Codrington Library habitable, by introducing light and heating. It will seem incredible to readers of to-day that there was in 1890 no lighting of any sort, so that the splendid room was unusable after dark. If a fellow wanted a book, there was provided for him a candle-lantern in the ante-room, by whose aid he might peer about for any individual book that he wanted after four o'clock in winter or eight o'clock in summer. But in winter he would not tarry long in the dark space—for there was no form of heating whatever, and the vasty hall was bitter cold. I got the College, after much insistent urging, to introduce the electric light. But heating was almost more necessary than illumination, and I had the triumph of securing a grant for introducing hot air pipes all down the long range of 201 feet from end to end. After this it became possible to sit and work in the great library, which had hitherto been uninhabitable for half the year.

The lighting and heating were comparatively easy matters to execute, when I had secured the necessary grants. But the re-arrangement of the books was a matter that extended over thirty years. The original shelves had been fixed and immovable, and books had been thrust into them in accordance with size, not with contents. Doyle had made some attempt to get together books on English history, but the arrangement of the rest was still chaotic. Works on medicine, archæology, and pure classics stood together, if they were folios, and small rare books, sometimes of great value, might lurk anywhere on top shelves. From time to time I discovered items of extreme interest (not to speak of financial worth)

such as the *Hypnerotomachia*, the original Cambridge edition of Milton's *Lycidas*, the Oxford *Jerome* with the date 1468—the first book printed in Oxford in the fifteenth century—the Venice edition of *The Assize of the Kingdom of Jerusalem*, two unpublished *Americana* dealing with the first days of New England, Lateburius' *Latin Grammar*, some splendidly-bound little books which had belonged to Henry IV of France, not to speak of dozens of incunabula. The existence of none of them had been noted.

But hunting for rare books was a mere by-amusement. The real prolonged effort required was the collection of all books on the same subject into the same cases, and this could only be managed by tearing down all the fixed shelves, and bringing together volumes that had for ages been divorced on account of their size. English, French, and Ancient History came to their own at last. But the surprising thing was to find that some sections were almost empty categories, which had to be filled up, since the old annual librarian seldom or never bought a book in German, Italian, or any other modern language save French. Students of Modern History had to be provided with all the more important foreign books on European history that had been published within the last two or three generations. In Ecclesiastical history a huge gap in texts was filled up by a personal gift from our then senior fellow Cholmondeley, who gave the countless volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* and Migne's *Patrologia*. American history, or at least that of the English-speaking regions, was in 1907 brought up to a high state of completeness when John Doyle, my predecessor as Librarian, left us his whole library, the working collection from which his volumes on the English in America had been compiled. Some years later, W. P. Ker left us a similar legacy of his Scandinavian collections, and quite recently Colonel Phipps gave us a noble military collection.

The logical development of 'Codrington' as a specialized Law and History Library brought, in the end, one rather distressing consequence. The eighteenth century fellows had often bought books on all manner of subjects, such as Mathematics, Dogmatic Theology, Hebrew, and Natural Science: but none of these sections had been added to since 1850—I had almost said 1800. They occupied many shelves needed for the new extension in law and history specialization, and were all out of date and valueless, save that some of them showed to the enquirer of to-day the state of studies in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. Much

regretting the necessity, but determined that Law and History must have space, I got the College to present all these series to the University of Leeds, which was anxious to accumulate old representative books, since it had no past to draw upon in its accumulation. The gift was thankfully received—it ran to no less than 4000 volumes.

I think that the best testimony to the result of forty years of my efforts to make 'Codrington' a useful institution is that the number of new readers admitted to it was in 1893 just 90—in 1938 as many as 331. This was before the outbreak of the war in September 1939.

From 1895 down to this very day I have been blessed with the most competent, energetic and loyal assistant that the heart could desire, in the person of Algernon Whitaker. He entered the library as a boy of fifteen, and is now an honorary Master of Arts by a special decree of Convocation, in acknowledgement of the admirable fashion in which he has dealt with the requirements of thousands of readers. Some of our visitors have not been very easy to deal with, but Whitaker understands how to manage them all. He knows every shelf of the re-arranged bookcases, and can supply the vague enquirer—a common specimen among undergraduate readers—with necessary books of whose very existence he had no idea. Save for the three years, 1915–18, when he was absent on War service, his activities have been continuous, and he now knows as much about the library, its wealth and its still-existing gaps, as I do myself. Indeed, I think that he loves it as much as I do. Happy is the Librarian who has such a second-in-command.

A much more unusual occupation for a hard-working don than collecting coins or managing a library was another activity into which I was quite casually drawn, and from which I derived much pleasure for a good many years. I had always nourished a concealed delight for pageantry, as opposed to mere play-going. For though I had a rooted dislike for 'problem plays', broad farce, and, above all, 'leg pieces', I found considerable attraction in watching well-arranged display and colour, such as one got in properly-produced Shakespearian plays, as old Henry Irving used to stage them, and in some operas. A visit to the Scala at Milan or the Grand Opera at Paris often gave one's eyes real satisfaction. The same delight in contemplating rhythmical motion and flashing colour may sometimes be obtained in gazing on great ceremonies, processions, or large-scale military reviews.

I can remember two or three moments of æsthetic pleasure of this sort even thirty or forty years after the incident. One was the simultaneous movement of hundreds of arms when at the Coronation of King Edward VII all the red-robed peers and peeresses lifted their hands to adjust their coronets—a flash of scarlet, white and gold. Another was at the great review before the ill-fated Czar Nicholas at Rheims in 1901, when 5000 French cavalry, charging apparently headlong at the imperial dais, suddenly checked themselves and drew their swords in salute—a wild radiance of steel above the many-coloured uniforms, when rapid motion ended in absolute halt. A third, insignificant to compare with the other two, but real in its way, was a well-managed ‘apotheosis’ scene of the Gates of Heaven in a well-staged opera at the Scala, as the curtain fell. The individual figure does not matter in such scenes—it is mass and movement and colour and rhythm that produce the glamour.

Now of all causes that inspire and justify pageantry, I think historical commemorations are the most justifiable, and this conviction it was which led me to take my small share with some enthusiasm, in the Winchester pageant of 1884. This was about the first of the series of such shows, which became so frequent in the last years of Queen Victoria. I enacted the part of King Edward the Confessor, in robes of green and scarlet, carefully copied from the Bayeux Tapestry, and a venerable beard. So clad I assisted at the ordeal of Queen Emma among the ploughshares, and the sudden death of Earl Godwin at the royal board, after he had sworn a false oath. I never again—oddly enough—took part as an actor in a pageant, all my later ventures being as author and adviser.

It was many years after the little Winchester show that I became one of the nursing-fathers of the Oxford Pageant, of which the only original begetter was that strange genius, Frank Lascelles. He came to me with the project, of which I thoroughly approved, and asked my collaboration in getting the academic people to take up the idea of reproducing the story of historic Oxford on the greensward. Lascelles had met with many doubtful answers as he went round among the serious folk and high-brows, who were inclined to think the venture frivolous. I was quite of the opposite opinion, and did all that I could to find him allies, and to plot out the successive scenes which were best for open-air representation. Some were obvious, others would

only occur to those with some historical knowledge. Lascelles searched all round the city for the best background, and showed (I think) extraordinary judgement when he selected the water-girt meadow between the two branches of the Cherwell, which is now the cricket ground of Magdalen College School. As he arranged the pitch, there was nothing behind the pageant-scene save trees and water, and some faint glimpses of the buildings of Christ Church and Merton seen through the foliage. The high stand for the spectators shut out all the modern houses on the eastern bank of the Cherwell—the sightseers had their backs to them. And the approach by boat down the river worked in beautifully for many of the scenes of the Pageant, especially perhaps for the first of all, when St. Frideswide and her maidens, fleeing down the channel, were pursued by King Algar and his warriors, in their galley.

It was hard work to interest some of the academic folk in our pageant: it presented traditionary glory, and not 'Progress'. Of actual residents but three undertook to write and supervise an episode—only A. D. Godley, the readiest of humourists and humanists, Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, the head of Lady Margaret Hall, whose annual *revues* had delighted many an undergraduette—in her wonderful old age, and my humble self. But we had a fine selection of collaborators from among non-residents: Robert Bridges wrote the Prologue, and various scenes were devised by Laurence Housman, Quiller-Couch, Laurence Binyon and Stanley Weyman. Perhaps the most successful of all was the work of a stranger, whom I never saw before or after, F. H. Markoe. In his 'Masque of the Mediæval Curriculum' there figured a most imposing *cortège* of the Arts and Virtues, balanced by a rout of the Seven Deadly Sins, very attractive ones as here represented, who contended with the serious allegorical ladies for the soul of a student of a wavering disposition. This was undoubtedly in the way of mere pageantry the most effective episode of all—a triumph of colour, melody, and rhythmical action. I shall never forget the entrance song and dance of the more sinful *cortège*, with Pleasure beaming in the van, and Sloth dragging in the rear, to the words of a reckless chorus.

The scene that I chose for myself was 'Friar Bacon'—whom (somewhat profanely perhaps) I chose to represent not as the persecuted scientist, but as the jovial friar of the old Oxford tradition, who (so the legend tells) made so many ingenious

inventions in his study over Folly Bridge. Some one had written that he 'anticipated all the great discoveries of the nineteenth century'. So I introduced him—and there is some authority for it in his works—making and successfully vending long-life pills, gunpowder, and a penny-in-the-slot machine. The last was his 'Brazen Head' which uttered oracles—famous in the play of 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay'. It would only work, in my rendering, if the proper coin were placed in the orifice. Finally, the friar went off, to the terror of the citizens, in a primitive motor-car shaped like a dragon. This version of Friar Bacon brought me one or two angry letters from serious-minded persons, some of whom declared that I had exaggerated the importance of Bacon's inventions, others that I had made a martyr of science into a comic character. But the humour served!

Altogether the Oxford Pageant of 1907 was a great success—an astounding testimonial not only to Lascelles' eye for colour and effect, but still more to his tact in dealing with all manner of folks who had to be coaxed into collaboration. Many who were doubters at first ended in being enthusiasts: I remember one old clergyman who was so fascinated with his robes as the Anglo-Saxon Archbishop who crowned King Harold Harefoot, that he was sometimes visible in the street still wearing them long after the Pageant was ended.

After this, though I was writing hard at several books, I found myself intermittently involved in pageanting for several years—and derived considerable pleasure from seeing my historical visions turned into realities on the greensward. I wrote a Chaucerian episode for the Oxford 'Pageant of English Literature', and another on the great princess Ethelflaed, the foundress of our city, when we celebrated its millenary in 1912. But my biggest job, undoubtedly, was my collaboration with Frank Lascelles in his great venture at the Crystal Palace, the London Pageant in 1911, a vast affair in which ten thousand willing performers strode the lawn, in every costume from that of bronze-age Britons, to that of Victorian adventurers in East and West. It was a triumph of Lascelles' power of moving multitudes, and managing folks, many of them imbued with the tiresome 'artistic temperament'. But all went well, and some of the scenes still recur to my mind as admirable pieces of organization.

My own two episodes were the naval triumph of Carausius, the Roman emperor whose British fleet swept the seas for the

first time on record, and—a different sort of subject—the great riots of 1381 led by Wat Tyler and John Ball, which terrified London for a moment, and ended so tamely owing to the courage and tact of the young King Richard II. The first was all procession—the second all wild motion. Lascelles managed them both with wonderful skill. The votaries at the sacrifice to Diana, the patroness of Roman London, and the marching legionaries with their spoils and captives, swerved rhythmically across the arena, with Carausius in his car dominating the whole. On the other hand, Wat Tyler's rioters were in constant fierce action, yet the chief incidents—the murder of the unlucky Archbishop Sudbury, and the King's retaliation, when Tyler fell by the sword of Mayor Walworth—did not get lost in the confusion. I appreciated particularly the working of the two semi-choruses which I had written for the insurgents—the fanatical hymn of Ball's zealots answered at each pause by the riotous slogans of Tyler's wild wreckers. Lascelles had caught my conception with wonderful skill. The pleasure of seeing historical thoughts realized in action was great to the deviser—I hope it was not wholly lost on the numberless spectators—of whom the majority had probably never heard of Carausius and his fleet, and had but vague notions about Tyler and his crew.

The War of 1914 brought my pageanting energies to a sharp close. Looking back over them I do not feel that my poor efforts to make history comprehensible were misguided, or inappropriate to a professor's proper duties. History had to be 'telescoped' sometimes—but surely it is quite justifiable to lay even 'telescoped' history before thousands who have realized no history at all, and get at least some suggestions of it from the pageants which pedants have so often decried.

XXIII

INDISCRETIONS OF A PROFESSOR, 1905-14

I TWICE refused to accept the post of Regius Professor of Modern History, once in 1904, the second time, just twenty years later, in 1924—on each occasion it was offered to me by competent governmental personages—orally and not on paper, and I rather think no one in Oxford save myself was aware of the fact, for there was no divulging of it by either party. On both occasions my reason for putting aside the offer was that I could not bear the thought of resigning my fellowship at All Souls and migrating to another college. In 1904 there was some slight temptation, since I was only deputy-professor in the Chichele Chair, for which I had been chosen in 1900, and there was no *absolute* certainty that I should be given the permanent post, when my dear old predecessor Montagu Burrows should pass away. But there was reasonable expectation, which was not disappointed, and I became Chichele professor in 1905, after a formality of competition, for other candidates sent in their names. In December 1924 it was a complimentary rather than a serious offer that was made to me—the minister who spoke with me was well aware that I should not accept the post, and asked my advice on the relative merits of other possible nominees. I well remember the incident, for it occurred in a very curious place and at a curious time.

When I was duly elected in 1905 to the Chichele professorship, I had not fully realized all the drawbacks of such a position, as for the five years during which I was deputy professor, I had been delivering some professorial lectures indeed, but was still working on as a tutor at New College, and dealing with other tutors in other colleges as one holding no particular status other than theirs. Deputy professors with moderate salaries and no *jus successionis* are not considered as much more than ephemeral phenomena, liable perhaps to vanish.

Things were to be altered, to my considerable astonishment : for when I was elected to the Chichele Professorship of Modern History in 1905 I found slowly but surely by experience that I had become involved in a very old quarrel, that between the

professors and the tutors, which had been smouldering on, ever since the first University Commissioners' Ordinances of 1856-7 produced the original clash. I think that I may say without conceit that I had been a successful tutor : my New College pupils kept obtaining a satisfactory succession of first classes—more than the College had ever known in earlier years. My lecture room was always full. The books in which several of my lectures had taken permanent shape went through many editions : some of them still do so thirty years after. Now I knew a good deal about history professors : Stubbs I had adored in my youth : Freeman, whose study-periods and interests were much like my own, had been a good friend to me, though gruff to some people. Montagu Burrows, who was already almost past work when I first met him, owing to deafness and old age, had prized me as a good Conservative, and made me his deputy on occasion. York Powell's better and weaker sides I knew well—we often met and exchanged quips on his wide range of information : but I was well aware of his inability to keep appointments or to finish a job, however attractive. He was a confirmed potterer. Only with Froude, whose residence in Oxford was very short—under two years—I had no personal touch.

I had realized that they were all rather discontented with their positions. But with some of them the empty class-rooms explained themselves—save indeed with the admirable Stubbs, whose neglect by the tutorial body seemed to me as inexplicable as it was unjustifiable. Froude lectured brilliantly to a North Oxford audience, mainly of ladies, so his case was exceptional. But Freeman had insisted on dealing with topics for which no audience could be expected—Gregory of Tours or the Norman Kings of Sicily. Powell had been wont to indulge in casual talk—he called it 'informal instruction'. Dear old Burrows was obviously out of date. Now I had formed the wholly erroneous idea that if I continued to give as professor lectures of the same type and scope as those which I had delivered as a tutor, I should continue to have the same sort of audience. But to justify my professorial status I would also provide, alternating with the others, discourses on more specialized historical topics, which could only attract a small body of hearers.

In this latter hope I was not deceived : I had a few enthusiasts who wanted to hear about the Peninsular War, or Wat Tyler's rebellion, or early Scandinavia or Russia, or trade-routes in the

Middle Ages. But there was at once a sad drop in the audience for my more general and popular lectures, intended for the whole body of students, not for specialists. This was perhaps what I ought to have expected. A very distinguished classical professor had confided to me, ten years back, that while he was a tutor in his old College he had audiences of fifty, and was considered rather an indispensable member of the classical teaching staff of the University. But when he was elected professor and had to move on to another College, the attendants at his lectures suddenly dwindled to a weak dozen. And yet, he maintained, the *pabulum* remained the same.

He attributed the disheartening change to the old established prejudice against professorial teaching—tutors, he said, had a traditional theory that ‘professors’ lectures were no good for the schools’. No doubt this was true of the teaching of certain holders of the academic Chairs, who persistently lectured on out of the way matters. But when a professor chose a large and interesting subject, it was heartbreaking to find few or no hearers, though he was giving of his best, on topics for which he was a recognized authority.

Now oddly enough the conflict between the tutorial and the professorial classes goes back to a period when the first University Commission set them in opposition. No one, I think, has been able to put up much of a defence for the Oxford of the eighteenth century, or even of the early years of the nineteenth. Every one has read Gibbon and Adam Smith on the condition of the University, with its tutors who showed a ‘frigid indifference’ to their pupils, or never saw them at all, and of its professors, who were often pluralists, and seldom lectured or wrote books. Hurdis of Magdalen made a very poor reply to Adam Smith, and even my friend Godley in his admirable *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century*, had to confess that the picture is depressing, though he can point out individual cases of tutors who cared for pupils, and of professors who wrote books.

It was not till the first year of the nineteenth century that there was any stirring among the dry bones, when something better than the old perfunctory and indeed scandalous examination system was impinged upon by the creation of the ‘Honour Schools’. Of these the first came into existence by the statutes of 1800, and created opportunities of ‘giving distinction to persons approving themselves to the examiners in a superior way’. In

1802, when the statute first operated, two candidates presented themselves—but in a few years the system became popular, in 1807 Classics (*Literæ Humaniores*), were separated from Mathematics and Physics—and classes ‘first’, ‘second’, and ‘third’, came into existence. The eager student found that it was possible to take a ‘double first’—Sir Robert Peel was the first holder of the distinction in 1808.

The institution of the Honour Schools was a challenge to the exponents of the old system, the tutors who did not teach and the professors who neither wrote books nor delivered lectures. It took many a year before the University adapted itself to the new idea that it should be an institution for the provision of instruction for the student, but also for the encouragement of learning as distinct from the general education of good citizens. Unfortunately the two theories ere long came into hostile collision. The old class of college tutors who neglected their pupils, and sent them off, if they proved too inquisitive, to that now extinct personage the ‘honours coach’, gradually died out. In time the tutorial body grew so conscientious and so self-reliant that it was prepared to take upon itself the whole system of education in the University. On the other hand, the professors, ashamed of the sloth of their predecessors, took to writing books of serious weight—Nares, an eccentric history professor (1813–41), with his big *Life of Lord Burleigh* was the first to start the record. The book was meritorious, though Lord Macaulay wrote a well-known and scathing review of it, mainly because Nares was a Tory. Nares complained that he tried to lecture, but that he could get no audiences, because the colleges, intent on keeping their men under their own hands, discouraged or prohibited them from going to external lecturers; there was no definite place for history in the existing curriculum. That college self-sufficiency was sometimes astounding may be illustrated from the fact that my own old home, Wykeham’s great foundation, prohibited its scholars from entering for the ‘Honour Schools’ till 1834. The plea was that the members of New College could, by old usage, sue for the bachelor’s degree without any need to indulge in such new-fangled inventions as honours schools!

The transformation of Oxford authorized by the Universities Reform Act of 1854, and taking definite shape in the Ordinances issued by the University Commissioners in 1857–8 was far from ending the problem which had lain dormant, because of apathy

on both sides, all through the eighteenth century. Was the primary duty of an Academy the training of good citizens, or the encouragement of learning and research? Or were both ends equally important? The Commissioners thought that the solution was the raising of the numbers and importance of the professoriate, and created many new chairs for which the colleges were required to find the funds. The colleges in many cases were quietly obstructive. Any one who likes to go back to the origins of the never-ending dispute may consult, among many other forgotten writings, the polemics of Halford Vaughan on the part of the Professors and of a body which called itself the 'Tutors' Association' on the other. As a matter of mental discipline the tutors maintained that College tuition was superior to the delivery of public lectures. This though at the time there was no system of intercollegiate lectures, so that an undergraduate was pegged down to the teaching of such tutors as there might be in his own College, and could not go elsewhere if he found the domestic instruction inadequate—as it often was. The Commissioners had tried to discover a sphere for the professorial teaching by requiring that candidates for the bachelor's degree should attend a certain number of lectures by the holders of the chairs. This obligation only lasted a few years from 1856 to 1861, when it was abolished.

The 'Tutors' Association' pamphleteers had a deeply-rooted jealousy against the professors for endeavouring to break up their college monopoly of instruction. In one of their productions they were tactless enough to speak of them as 'a body of men raised from a comparatively unimportant position', who were to be trusted with much power, and part-control of University examinations. They had a strange ally in Dr. Pusey, who issued a pamphlet to the effect that professors were to be distrusted on first principles—they were often exponents of scepticism and rationalism, and indirectly responsible for the relaxation of the moral code. He gave copious illustration to support his idea from contemporary Germany. Whence also the amusing quip called the 'New Phrontisterion' which sang of

'Professors are we, from over the sea,
From the land where professors a many there be'

with the chorus to the effect that professors might probably be humbugs. Pusey's weighty exordium to his pamphlet was to the effect that 'the problem and special work of the University was

not to advance science, or to produce works on medicine, jurisprudence, theology, or what not, but to form men's minds religiously to discharge whatever duties God in His providence shall appoint to them'.

Stated shortly this meant that the University was intended to train good and religious citizens, not to advance the knowledge of science, law, history, or any other branch of human culture. The advancement of learning was not its primary duty.

This argument implied that the multiplication of professorships allotted to all manner of branches of culture was a mistake on the part of the University Commissioners, and that college teaching, whether 'class' or 'pass', i.e. whether directed to securing for the better men good places in the Honour Schools, or merely to enabling the weaker brethren to obtain the baccalaureate on easy terms, suited to their more limited intelligence, was the ideal form of education for young Englishmen.

The Professors protested, being of the opinion that the advancement of learning was no less a primary duty of the University than the education of competent citizens. Sometimes, I think, they went a little too far, in decrying the tutorial system altogether, pointing out that in many colleges it was altogether inefficient, and that the fact that brilliant scholars were permitted, or urged, by their tutors to seek the aid of private 'honour coaches' was a sufficient sidelight on the teaching that the tutors felt themselves able to give. Research was not encouraged, but at the most the capacity to obtain a good class in the Schools. But the output of first-class men in some colleges was so absurdly low, though they had many scholars on the endowment, that it was obvious that the teaching must be careless or inefficient. The figures produced were startling.

This deficiency was only partly palliated when, starting in the 1880 period, many colleges consented, albeit unwillingly, to the 'intercollegiate lecture' system, by which some of their students were allowed to attend lectures outside the gates of their own establishments. This was an undoubted advantage in itself, but did not help the professors to obtain larger classes, for the exchange of students was purely intercollegiate, since the professoriate had no part in organizing it. As a venerable head of a college, who had long been a tutor himself, once observed, 'Oxford and Cambridge are the only Universities in the world which do not encourage attendance at professorial lectures'. And as another

contemporary put it, 'the Professors are called on to teach in the grand style, but no students in the grand style attend their lectures'. For the best men are restricted by their tutorial mentors to teaching which will get them a good place in the Honour Schools. Putting the case too strongly, my old and combative friend Freeman once observed that 'in the art of preparing—I will not use the ugly word *cramming*—an undergraduate for his class, the last Bachelor of Arts, who had just won his own good class, will be necessarily more skilful than I am'. He failed, I fancy, to see that the tutorial system did not only tend to get sound pupils high classes, but also gave them a good general education, which might be profitable not only to journalists—as he scornfully observed—but to those who were to be useful citizens in many lines of life, professional, administrative, political, and what not.

No doubt the system did not do much for the destined specialist in the way of 'functional education' for the particular line of research or discovery to which he felt himself destined. But as a sound preparatory ground-work it had its merits.

One of my colleagues summed up the situation as follows: 'It has gradually become plain that all hopes of seeing the Professoriate made an effective part of the teaching body of the University must be relinquished. Holding no collegiate position, the professor is neither to have the guarantee of an audience, which the compulsory attendance of honours-men to even one course of his lectures would afford, nor a place *ex officio* on the examining board, still less any control of the examinations (as in Germany); he is practically shelved. However distinguished he might be—and the more distinguished he might be the more was this likely to happen—his lectures would not be considered by either tutors or undergraduates as likely to "pay" with a view to the final examinations. He would not even be a *vox et prætereā nihil*, not even a *vox* at all, except so far as the putting forth of an occasional book might justify him in the retention of his Chair.'

The most obvious way in which it was intimated to successive professors in the History Faculty that they were to have no special part in determining the studies of the History School, was that for year after year in succession a college tutor was elected as Chairman of the Faculty Board, though there were five or six professors sitting upon it. A professor was to have no more

status than the most junior of tutors. My own experience during the many years in which I was a member of the board, first as a mere college lecturer and then as a professor, was that the tendency of legislation was all in the direction, sometimes avowed, sometimes not, but dear to tutors ambitious for their pupils, of 'not making the school too hard for the undergraduate'.

In short the professor, in my own Faculty at least, is allowed no official part in determining the general education of students or conducting examinations. The whole policy of the board had always been to show him that he has no special authority. I was myself never asked to examine in the Honour Schools, when once I had been made a professor, though while I had been only a college tutor I had been so honoured. Meanwhile, certain senior tutors were made examiners again and again. '*Fato Metelli Romae fiunt consules*' to adapt a classical parallel. Now I am rather of the opinion that the directions given in the 'Statutes for Examinations' are practically of less importance than the policy of the from-time-to-time examiners. And keeping an eye on the actual papers set, I conceived that there was much to criticize in the questions given: for example, for many years there has been a tendency to neglect historical geography—once upon a time there were 'starred' questions designed to elicit a knowledge of it. These have disappeared of late. And to my mind there has been for many years a tendency to set too few questions on definite historical facts, the answers to which test detailed knowledge, and too many on 'tendencies', 'evolutions', or 'developments', on which vague declamation may serve. The infection of 'political science' creeps in: personalities and incidents may be neglected in comparison with generalizations.

But I must not wander from the professor's fundamental grievance—the unavowed but too real fact that no audience is conceded to him from, apparently, the old tradition that 'professors' lectures are no good for the schools'. I have delivered many courses of lectures intended for practical use to the general student and bearing on the curriculum for the schools. That they were not worthless in themselves is, I think, vouched for by the fact that when they took shape as books they went through many editions. This was the fate of Dr. Stubbs of old—he lectured to audiences of a dozen, but his published works dominated constitutional study for a good many years. But 'the prophet has no honour in his own country'. I could command large

audiences in any place save my lecture-room in All Souls College. No one has ever hinted that my discourses were chaotic or inaudible—a charge that I have heard about the lectures of other professors. Indeed I have had much experience in delivery, when I was president for years at a time of such bodies as the Royal Historical Society and the Archæological Institute, not to speak of sixteen years in the House of Commons, where the reporters never found me difficult to follow. That the subjects on which I have lectured were on topics of value to the student with the schools in view, no less than to those with a general interest in history, may be verified by a glance at their subjects—‘The Spirit of the Sixteenth Century,’ ‘Early Britain’ (the book resulting from these courses went through nine editions), ‘The Historical Importance of the English Castles,’ ‘The History of English Currency and Coinage,’ ‘The Political Geography of Eighteenth-century Europe,’ ‘The Great Peasant Revolt of 1381,’ ‘The Art of War in Medieval England.’ But ‘charm I never so wisely’ they were delivered to very sparse audiences. They are ‘professorial lectures’, and therefore not on the advisory list of the practically-minded tutor. Any one who comes to them does it on his own risk, as his mentor will hint in no uncertain tone. I am grateful to those daring souls who take the risk.

But I am often told, by some who are ostensibly friendly, that the professor should take up ‘post-graduate education’, for those who have already passed through the schools and intend to devote themselves to advanced research. This plausible but insidious suggestion ignores a fundamental fact. The ‘advanced student’ is set on some particular thesis or line of enquiry of his own, and however many interests a professor may have, very few of them will come into the scope of the individual researcher’s special line of detailed enquiry. History is illimitable, and post-graduate researchers may wander where they will. As Sir Charles Firth discovered to his bitter disappointment, he was never able to form a class of researchers, because their desires were so diverse. It is impossible to find any ‘greatest common measure’ of instruction which would be useful to the heterogeneous band of ardent young researchers, each intent on his own particular thread of history. At the most the professor might be able to give useful instruction to the very few members of the researcher-class whose enquiries chanced to be on one of the topics in which he himself is a specialist. This is equivalent to advising the professor to become a sort of

private coach to a very limited number of students. But his real ambition should be to foster the study of history in a larger fashion among the whole body of students, undergraduate as well as post-graduate, and this he cannot do unless he has the audience—which is denied him.

Looking at the actual state of the situation from the professor's point of view, I can only ask why the terminal burden of twelve or fourteen lectures should be imposed on him, if those lectures are to be delivered to almost empty benches. The answer to this query must, I fear, be sought very far back, in a rather cynical conclusion which lurked in the minds of those original Commissioners who framed the Ordinances of 1856-7, under which the professoriate was first reorganized, and also in those of the subsequent delegates of the second University Commission of 1876-7. They remember that most eighteenth-century professors, and too many of their successors in mid-Victorian days, had neither written books nor advanced learning. Very often they never lectured at all, sometimes they had been scandalous pluralists. It was intended that in the future the professors should be compelled to contribute to the educative work of the University, in order to justify their existence. The original Commissioners enacted that the professors should deliver courses of terminal lectures—and, to keep them up to the mark, they provided that candidates for a degree should show a certain amount of attendance at professorial lectures. This enactment, as I have observed elsewhere, only lasted down to 1861, but when it was removed, the whole control of the system of education relapsed into the hands of the tutorial body. The zealous (and jealous) college teachers were no longer obliged to furnish the professors with an audience, and ceased to do so, being confident in the excellence of their own tutorial methods.

These disheartening conditions, I must not conceal it, had sometimes distressing consequences on the activity of professors. I can remember one who went on year by year giving a barrel-organ-like repetition of three courses of lectures, without attempting to indite new ones, or to publish a single book. Another put out the notice, term after term, that he would give 'informal instruction' twice a week at a certain hour. He, too, never wrote a book after getting his professorship. But the more conscientious majority, like Stubbs, Freeman, Firth, or myself, gave our statutory lectures, of the best that we had to give, and chafed,

more or less silently as the case might be, at the fact that the lectures were delivered to almost empty benches.

Two suggestions have been made to me as methods for putting an end to a state of things rather intolerable to a conscientious professor. The first, I think, is quite impracticable. It was that professors might be relieved altogether of the duty of producing the statutory terminal lectures, which few or none attend, on condition that they should publish at reasonable intervals books of merit facilitating the study of history. But it would be hard to define what was a reasonable interval—still harder (and more invidious) to decide whether a book was a real and valuable contribution to historical knowledge. The writer's opinions might differ from that of the critic. Yet if the terminal lectures were abolished, some check must be imposed on the man who profits by the abolition. I fear that this would be necessary, for (as I have argued elsewhere) some people, having once obtained a professorial chair, settle down to 'potter', and produce nothing in print. They leave behind them bundles of scattered notes, useless to any one but themselves. I could quote cases where a professor, supposed for long years to be preparing a '*magnum opus*', left to his literary executors nothing but unintelligible scraps.

The second suggestion which has been made to me for making the situation more reasonable from the professor's point of view, would be to restore his right to an audience of would-be Bachelors of Arts, the privilege which he enjoyed from 1856 to 1861—viz., that one of the conditions for entering a candidate's name for the final schools should be that he should produce a certificate of having attended a certain number of professorial courses, unless he could show good and sufficient reasons for not having done so. If the audience were provided, I make no doubt that professors would rise to the challenge—there is nothing that provokes good work better than a good audience. But alas! I fear that this suggestion is almost as hopeless as the other. The tutorial influence has got a complete grasp of the schools, and dozens of plausible reasons would be found against giving any special privilege to professors. So we shall continue to lecture to empty benches—a disheartening experience when spread over many years.

Fortunately for myself I have many other activities than those of the 'mere' professor, as I think that I have demonstrated elsewhere. Some day I may perhaps be able to give some account of

four very strenuous years spent in Whitehall in 1914-18, during what we must now call the 'old' (we can no longer call it the 'great') war. And there was considerable interest in the sixteen years, 1919-35, which I spent in the House of Commons as the Burgess for Oxford University. For all these years I continued to give my statutory lectures in All Souls, week by week, at no small inconvenience to myself, especially during the war, and perhaps with little profit to most exiguous war-audiences of strange people, exiles, and unfit. But the lectures *were* delivered, and some of them have taken shape in books, which (at any rate) have not lacked readers.

My sense of duty demands that I must continue to write, for so only can I profit the cause of historical enquiry. While this effusion of my old age is going through the press, I have another book already in hand, and half finished, on a sufficiently technical subject, which seems to me to have been dealt with in a very one-sided fashion by many learned predecessors. There are still many gaps in the shelves of the ideal historical library, and there will always remain one's obligation to endeavour to fill up some of them. But I still continue to chafe, as did Stubbs and Firth, at the lack of an audience for the lectures which I *must* give.

APPENDIX

CONCERNING MY FATHER'S AND MY MOTHER'S FAMILIES

I. CONCERNING OMANS

THE Omans, who have spelled their rather unusual name in half a dozen different ways since 1500, were Orkney 'odallars' as far back as records run. That is to say, they were settled as free landowners in the Orkney Mainland, and in the parish of Orphir, when first the northern isles were transferred to the Scottish Crown in 1469, as the dowry of that Margaret of Denmark and Norway who married King James III. There are practically no Orkney local documents extant before that change of allegiance—apparently they remained in the Norwegian chancery, and were never handed over to the Scottish Chancery. Ancestry is hard to trace without official documents, when family surnames had not yet been invented. Like all the other peoples of Scandinavia, most Orkneymen used patromynics alone down to the fifteenth century. Magnus Peterson had as his son John Magnusson, and as his grandson Christian Johnson, and so on. It was only after the annexation to Scotland that surnames became stabilized, and designations ceased to change at each generation.

Oman is apparently a very much rubbed-down form of some original personal name—different Scandinavian philologists have told me that it was perhaps originally Ahlmund, or Hamund, or Ogmund.¹ My first traceable ancestor was a Thomas Omand of Kirbister (1500–40),² who married Margaret Cromartie of Onston, and litigated with his brothers-in-law concerning his wife's share of her father's property in the lands of Onston. But the son of Thomas and Margaret, whose name was Edward, chose to sign himself Edward Omondson, as if his father's personal name had

¹ There are two twelfth-century Ogmunds mentioned in the Orkneyinga Saga, but, of course, they lived in times far too early for the starting of family names.

² Unless my friend, Storer Clouston, who knows all about Orkney genealogies, is right in suggesting that a certain Jehan Omon of Orkney, who served in the Scottish archer guard of Louis XI along with certain Cloustons, was a kinsman. He would have known Quentin Durward!

been Omond, and this nearly became the permanent family name, for Edward's son and heir Edward II, in the late sixteenth century, also used it, when he did not, for a change, write it more shortly as Owmond. Richard, son of Edward II, who married Janet Inksetter (an odd name!) varied between Ewmond and Owmond, but his son James preferred Omand, and James's heir Richard II of Savedale, somewhere about 1650, rubbed it down into the simple Oman, which my immediate forebears used. Other branches of the family continued some of them to write the final 'd', others to write Omond instead of Oman.

I will not go further into seventeenth-century eccentricities of spelling, but will pass on to John Oman of Clardon (1734-70), who married Barbara Ross, and was the progenitor of my great-grandfather, David Oman of Clardon. This David (1763-1838) married twice; by his first wife, Elizabeth Swanson of Bowers, he had my grandfather, the first of five successive Charles Omans (born 1792), by his second, Isobel Burns, three other sons and two daughters.

Three of this generation went to India. The Omans, like most Orkney families, had been occasional wanderers—I can trace a lieutenant of marines in 1740, a ship-captain who died at Bristol about the same time, and a quartermaster of horse, none of whom were among my own direct ancestors. Charles Oman I started in the service of the East India Company, like so many other Scots of his day, but left it to become one of those 'interlopers' to whom the Company so much objected, being one of the first Europeans to build up a large indigo-planting concern in Jessore. He returned for a short visit to Great Britain in 1816, and picked up a wife, not an Orkney girl as all his ancestors had done, but Sarah Judde of Bloomsbury, daughter of Philip Judde, a London merchant, and niece (as it chanced) to my maternal great-grandmother on the other side, Mary Judde, the wife of my great-grandfather John Chadwick. They were married at St. George's, Bloomsbury, in November 1816, as the Church Register shows.

Charles Oman with his wife returned to Jessore at once, and there dwelt for some thirty years, rearing a family of seven children—four sons and three daughters. He sent home to his family such favourable reports of the careers possible in India, that he was followed thither a few years later by his two half-brothers, David, who (like himself) became an indigo planter,

and John, who had taken an M.D. degree at Edinburgh University, and established himself as a physician in Calcutta. Charles Oman I flourished greatly for many years, and became proprietor of three or four indigo factories in Jessore. As far as I can make out he only returned once more to Great Britain, in 1834, when he wished to find a place of settlement and education for his elder children, as they grew to an age when the climate of Lower Bengal became dangerous to the young. He took his eldest son, Thomas, and his second son, my father, Charles Philip Austin (born in 1825) to Edinburgh, when the one was eleven and the other nine, and deposited them with his two half-sisters Miss Catharine Oman and Mrs. Barbara Mapleson (a widow) who lived together in Charlotte Street. Some years later he sent his third son, David, to join them. All three went to Edinburgh Academy, where my father was a pupil from 1834 onward for four years and a trifle over.

Charles Oman II joined the Academy at the age of nine—he had a very pleasant memory of the school, and got a prize or two, which I still possess, bound in the brown gilt leather of the old Academy regulation style, with a Greek inscription in a wreath outside, and the signature of the form-master, Patrick Macdougall, within. He had only reached the age of fourteen, however, when his father recalled him and his elder brother, then aged sixteen, to India—perhaps because he was about to 'plant his third son, David, and two of his daughters upon his most obliging sisters in Charlotte Street. I note that David's Academy dates begin a year after my father's exit from that famous school.

Fourteen was an early age at which to resume life on an indigo plantation, and my father regretted that he had no longer stay in Edinburgh—his Latin was good, his Greek very sketchy, though thirty years later he was able to give me help in my first explorations in that tongue.

Charles Oman II spent the years 1839–44 at Muddenderry, the chief factory of his father, and picked up all the details of the indigo industry, for which he was destined. The health of his father was beginning to fail about this time—he had grown far too stout, as I know from family tradition: I am told that to enable him to get well in to the dining-table, when he carved for his large family, he caused a slight semi-circular section to be cut out of his own end of it. The story is borne out by the miniature of him taken at the age of forty-two, during his visit

to Edinburgh in 1834, which I possess. He has a cheerful and rubicund countenance, not at all that of a typical East Indian, a wonderful waistcoat with gold sprigs, and one of those double-headed sets of cravat-pins which were in fashion in the 1840s.

Charles Oman I died in 1844 at Calcutta, to which he had gone for medical advice, leaving his widow who survived him for thirty-two years, with a family of which the eldest girl, my Aunt Sarah was in her early twenties, and the eldest son, Thomas, just twenty-one : but the rest, from my father (aged nineteen) to his youngest sister Emma, aged eight, ranged down the scale of ages. The estate was left in a complicated financial condition, as some old law-papers show me, owing to cross-accounts with Calcutta merchants, some of which were disputed. But there was enough to 'go round' ; my grandmother got a settlement for life, the rest of the property being left in equal shares to the seven children, as they should come of age. Muddenderry and the other factories were sold, as directed in my grandfather's will, my eldest uncle Thomas, just of age, having neither the experience nor the capacity to run a big business.

My father, Charles Oman II, who was a vigorous ambitious lad, served as assistant to various planters for some years, and then used the capital which came to him from his father's estate to buy a share in an indigo factory a long way from the Jessore in which he had been born, viz. at Hattowrie on the border of the Durbunga and Bettiah districts of Bahar. He held lands from the rajahs of both of those places. By the time that he was thirty-two he had acquired control over this business, and had other investments in the neighbourhood. I have a little of his correspondence from these years—one letter shows that he was secretary to a circulating book-club among the neighbouring planters, and had much difficulty in getting the parts of Dickens's serial novels returned regularly. Another is from a wily hanger-on of the rajah of Durbunga, written in the most delightful Baboo-English, pointing out that it might be well to propitiate the rajah's entourage (including himself) by appropriate gifts of English goods, ranging from a double-barrelled sporting-gun down to a stereoscope.

My Grandmother Sarah Oman, her sons being all settled down—with more or less success—to the planting business, and her three daughters all married, had returned to her native London, where she lived to a great old age in South Hampstead, with two devoted servants and an amusing family of cats. As

she did not die till I was sixteen, I can well remember her ; she was a very placid old lady of strong evangelical tendencies, much given to reading her Bible and to needlecraft : I have a book or two which she gave me for birthday presents—they are on biblical archæology—Egyptian temples, Nineveh, etc.—probably chosen as suited to my known tastes. The dear old lady was rather short than tall, which makes it all the more curious that her children were all over the average size—my father was six feet two, and his elder sisters, Sarah and Helena, both tall for women of the early Victorian period. It may perhaps be well to mention here the marriages of my three aunts on the Oman side. Sarah, the eldest, married Frederic Peile, then a captain in the Bengal Engineers, and afterwards a full general R.E. and secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. She had two sons, the elder, Colonel Solomon Frederick Peile, a year or two my senior, served in the Leinster regiment for some years, and then was head of the Burmah Military Police for the whole of the rest of his military career. The younger, Frederick Kinsey Peile, was for some years in the Welch regiment, to which he reverted during the Great War, but spent most of his time as a playwright and dramatist. Both of my Peile cousins left issue surviving.

My father's second sister, Helena, married in 1852 Matthew Lisle Ingram, a Calcutta merchant. She had many children, but both her two sons died young and unmarried. From her daughters descend two or three branches of my second cousins—with names Cantlon, Henderson, Davidson, etc.

The third daughter, Emma, much younger than the two others, married in 1855 Captain James Corfield of the Shropshire Light Infantry, who fought through the Second Sikh War and the Indian Mutiny. He died comparatively young, and without issue, and my aunt, for some years after, kept house for her aged mother in London. After Sarah Oman's death in 1876, Emma married for a second time Arthur Say, a banker in South Wales, by whom again she had no issue. She lived to a good old age, and became a Plymouth Sister. I best remember her by her magnificent voice—she was no mean singer, and was also a very skilled pianist.

My father's prosperous life as an indigo-planter at Hattowrie had a sudden break in 1857, owing to the ' Devil's Wind ' of the Great Sepoy Mutiny. As every one knows, who has cared to look into that rather mysterious cataclysm, the main military

feature of it was that when the first open rebellion flamed up at Meerut and Dehli, the whole of the wide region between Oude and Calcutta was practically destitute of any garrison of British troops. There were precisely three white battalions between Meerut, the spot where the trouble first began, and the sea. One was at Dinapore, one at Calcutta (with it was my uncle James Corfield of the 53rd), one at Lucknow. In the whole of the vast provinces of Bengal and Bahar the scattered English, civil servants, planters, and merchants were at the mercy of the twenty millions of natives among whom they were dwelling. With one exception all the Sepoy battalions in Bahar and Oude burst into mutiny sooner or later—there was a singular want of combination in their rising—if there had been simultaneous and organized action the whole countryside would have been at their mercy. However, except in certain districts in Oude and South-Eastern Bahar, the rebels got no support whatever from the masses of the population.

When the cavalry regiment at Sagauli—the nearest cantonment to my father's plantation—joined in the rebellion and murdered its officers. The scattered planters gathered themselves together and shut themselves up in hastily-fortified defences. My father, however, had no such lurid experiences as fell to that other band who defended the famous billiard-room at Arrah, in the southern end of the district. There was only one midnight alert, a torchlight attack—my father happened to be on 'sentry go', and fired. The enemy dispersed at once, leaving dozens of torches on the ground. The rebel cavalry infested the countryside for some time, and finally rode off to join the main body of the insurgents in Oudh. The isolated parties of English were often threatened but never attacked. It was not till the next spring that normal order was re-established.

Meanwhile my father, like many of his neighbours, had been much shaken in health by being intermittently blockaded, and subjected to constant alarms all through a hot summer and a monsoon : the worst affliction was a permanent obsession of ague. His factory had, by some marvellous chance, not been wrecked or plundered, and having handed it over to his assistants, he resolved to take his first visit to Great Britain since he left Edinburgh in the winter of 1838-9—just nineteen years back. He was able to travel not by the long voyage round the Cape, by which he had come out to India, but by the 'Overland Route', across

Egypt from Suez to Alexandria, which had been opened up and organized by Waghorn of the Indian Navy—a distant relative of mine on my mother's side.

On reaching home my father, I think, visited his aunts in Edinburgh, both surviving still, though old ladies by now—but probably made his headquarters with his mother in London. It must have been through her that he fell in with my mother's family, for my grandmother Sarah Oman, was niece to Mary Chadwick, my mother's grandmother, and therefore first cousin to my grandfather William Chadwick. William Chadwick was dead six years back, but his widow and daughters, then residing in Montagu Square, were of course in touch with my grandmother Oman. How matters of courtship went I do not know—but by the autumn after his arrival in London my father and mother were engaged, and on November 11, 1858, they were married at her parish church, St. Marylebone, he being then thirty-three and she twenty-six—just the same difference of age that there was between myself and my wife when we were married in 1892. The wedding was apparently a spectacular affair: there is a twelve-line notice of it in the *Court Journal* of November 13, 1858, with remarks on the beauty of the bride and the eight charming bridesmaids—after the effusive fashion of Victorian reporters.

My parents started for India before 1858 was out, travelling across France and then by the 'Overland Route'—there are full accounts of the journey in some of my mother's carefully kept letters. They arrived at Hattowrie early in 1859—for no long stay as it turned out.

Postscript.—Before passing away from Oman genealogy, I must mention the curious chance by which a generation of us seems to have drifted, without any connection between the branches, into the professorial line. A few years ago there were three of us professors simultaneously—myself in Oxford, John Campbell Oman (son of my grandfather's half-brother, Dr. John Oman) at Lahore, and another, John Oman—a much more distant relative—branching off the Orkney tree a hundred years back—at Cambridge. I have frequently been mistaken for Professor Oman of Cambridge. Oddly enough one of the only three other Omans that I have met—a much more distant connection—was Director of Education in Nigeria. A still remoter link, going back to the

early eighteenth century, or even the late seventeenth, only came under my notice a few years ago, when I met that admirable old sailor Admiral Joseph Oman of the United States Navy, whose Orkney ancestor had migrated to Pennsylvania about the time of Queen Anne. As he spells the name in the same way as my own people, he must probably come from that Richard Oman of Savedale, who first shortened the name and dropped the terminal 'd'.

II. CONCERNING MY MOTHER'S FAMILY—CHADWICKS AND WAGHORNS

Joshua Chadwick was a mill-owner in Knaresborough about 1760–80 : there is a tablet to his memory in the parish church there. His second son, John Chadwick, migrated from Yorkshire to London, and became a contractor and builder. He married Mary Judde of Bloomsbury, sister to Philip Judde, who was the father of my paternal grandmother, Sarah Judde the wife of Charles Oman I. Philip Judde's portrait—showing a high-complexioned old gentleman in a snuff-coloured coat and a copious cravat—came to me from her.

John Chadwick had two sons and a daughter : I am only concerned with his eldest son, William Chadwick, born on January 1, 1798, who was a notable person in his time. He followed his father's business as a contractor in his younger years, but was also a competent engineer and architect. When railways first came to the fore, he was one of the group of far-sighted captains of industry who threw themselves at once into the new movement. He surveyed and built large sections of the Great Western line, including the Didcot-Oxford-Birmingham main route, whose construction he superintended from Radley Manor—then a derelict mansion of the Bowyers, but destined not long after to become a public school. He then specialized on a new line in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis—the Richmond-Staines—Uxbridge railway. He was the chairman of this line, in which he ventured a great deal of his capital. Its completion involved a good deal of litigation. But he carried through the whole matter with success, built the line, and then negotiated its transference to the S.W.R. on the most favourable terms. The shareholders received £15 for every £10 share that they had invested, and were so pleased with their chairman that they

presented him with a notable service of plate. The presentation was made at a public dinner at the London Tavern, of which there is a large wood-block engraving in newspapers of 1847, representing sixty gentlemen in very large white ties, with an M.P. and an alderman on each side of my grandfather. I possess a certain fraction of this plate, including the whole tea and coffee set, and some entrée dishes, which came to me from my mother. But the big centre piece of 120 ounces, with palm tree and allegoricals in the early Victorian style, and all the rest, went to my Uncle Alfred Chadwick's share when the family divided the spoils.

This was only one of William Chadwick's successful railway ventures—he had many more not only in Great Britain, but on the continent. All through the 1840s he seems to have had a finger in the pie in every big venture, and he prospered exceedingly. He lived in some state in a big house, now long vanished, on the borders of Dulwich and Camberwell, then quite rural resorts and well outside London. It was called Grove Park, and had been built by a Dr. Letsom, a well-known medical man of the eighteenth century, who was so enamoured of it that he produced a book of engravings showing its exterior and interior avenues, summer-houses, pagoda, and apiaries. The park is now lost under a score of uninteresting streets. For after my grandfather's death his sons sold it acre by acre to builders, as Dulwich grew. Nothing remains now of Grove Park save the names of one or two streets—of which Chadwick Street still, I believe, survives.

My grandfather was a very busy man, always on the move, as his old passports, which happen to have descended to me, sufficiently prove. He often took my grandmother with him, leaving their children stacked at home under the charge of her sister, my aunt Jane Slee, then a young widow. The perpetual travel was not altogether to the taste of my grandmother, who preserved to the end of her life a delightfully British contempt for foreigners and their habits. One nightmare-journey remained very vivid in her memory. In 1846 my grandfather went very far afield. One of his projects took him to Madrid and Valencia—I have my grandmother's diary of their travel over the Sierras of Castile in snowy weather, and the wearisome plains of La Mancha. Many of the notes are quaint—some as to the unpleasing interiors of wayside *ventas* and *posadas* where horses or mules had to be

changed—others as to the table manners of the Spanish aristocracy. At a banquet with the Minister of the Interior, the Conde de Santa Ollala, the guests, mostly Spanish Grandees, *gargled* out of their finger-bowls, to the intense horror of the British matron. Oddly enough I have the passports used on this long pilgrimage. Every leaf is stamped with the seal of the *Jefe Politico* of some town. This journey, in 1846, led to no results. But a later one in 1847 did have results of the most disastrous kind. My grandfather and some associates had a great project for a main line for Italy, by Florence, Rome, and Naples. This involved negotiations with the Tuscan, Papal, and Neapolitan governments, and the disbursements of large sums for concessions—probably also of about equally large ones for the private gratification of important personages in all three courts. All seemed going well, and a start was just going to be made, when the whole of Europe was shaken by the outbreak of the series of revolutions—French, Hungarian, and Italian—which made the year 1848 famous. Not only did my grandfather's scheme crash for the present, to his grave financial loss, but when at last things settled down in Italy, Pope Pío Nono utterly banned railways, which he had come, since his recent misfortunes, to regard as symbolical of Liberalism, and all other evil. It was only at the end of his time that the shriek of the engine was allowed to be heard on the Tiber. So my grandfather's money had been thrown away so far as Italian schemes were concerned. He was also hard hit by the general slump in railway construction all over Europe caused by the widespread wars and revolutions of 1848–9. His English railway-ventures were also in a bad way—some of them crashed completely, one involved unhappy litigation and some unpleasant interviews with a Parliamentary Commission.

For the last three years of his life my grandfather seems to have been working on a minor scale. But when he died suddenly of an apoplectic fit in December 1852, aged fifty-five, he was still a fairly wealthy man, owning the Grove Park estate on the hillside above Dulwich and Camberwell, where he had been wont to reside, and a number of scattered pieces of house property in various parts of London.

William Chadwick had married twice. By his first wife, Mary Winter, the daughter of a naval captain, he had three children, Mary born in 1823, William born in 1825, and Emily born in 1827. Two years after his first wife's death in 1828 he was wedded

again, to Ann Waghorn, daughter of James Waghorn of Ewell. By her he had four children—Anne, my mother, born in 1832, Matilda born in 1833, Emma born in 1835, and Alfred born in 1837. All the children of the first marriage died without issue—William, unmarried, in 1862, Mary, also unmarried, in 1881, and Emily, the wife of James Anderson Rose, in 1907. I cannot, of course, remember William Chadwick II, my eldest uncle, for he died when I was only two years of age. But I owe a kind memory to my Aunt Mary, who lived for thirty years very happily with her stepmother, and often gave me a tip or a handsome present when I was a boy. And of Aunt Emily Rose I cannot speak without a testimonial of affection. She and her husband were most interesting people : they had been close friends with the whole Pre-Raphaelite School—especially with Rossetti and Maddox Browne, and also with that strange being Whistler. Their home was full of pictures by one and another of them. I have only got one or two myself, for the collection was dispersed at my uncle's death, and I was only able to buy Maddox Browne's 'Romeo and Juliet', a minor Whistler, and a Burne Jones. I had many an anecdote of the old artistic world from my uncle-by-marriage, and many a good dinner. I shall not easily forget his accounts of the difficulty of buying a picture from Rossetti, who had the pleasant habit of selling his works by verbal agreement to more than one buyer : there were sometimes three claimants ! James Rose died while I was still a young man : my aunt survived him for fifteen years, living placidly in his charming little house on Wandsworth Common, among the wrecks of departed greatness, for the best of his collections had been sold after her husband's death. But what remained was interesting if not very valuable—there are a number of intimate letters from Rossetti, Whistler, and (oddly enough) Sir Henry Irving.

My mother was the eldest child of William Chadwick's second marriage with Ann Waghorn, the daughter of James Waghorn of Ewell. The Waghorns were an old Sussex and Surrey yeoman family, holding land back to the time of Elizabeth, or further ; the earliest traceable member of the stock is a Thomas, who died in 1587. My Great-grandfather James Waghorn, was a man of substance, owning property both in Cheam and in Ewell. He married Ann Andrew, an Oxfordshire girl from Wychwood Forest, who came to him by a pure chance. The Guildford coach was upset in Ewell High Street in 1806—a young passenger from

it was carried into James Waghorn's house, badly hurt, with injuries that afterwards turned out to be mortal. His sister, hastily sent for, came to nurse him : the young man died, but the young lady was prevailed upon to remain permanently at Ewell as my great-grandfather's wife. She bore him six children, three sons, James, Richard, and Charles, and three daughters, Ann, Jane, and Catharine. Richard, Charles, Jane, and Catharine died without issue, but from my Grandmother Ann Waghorn, who married William Chadwick, and from her brother James, there are numerous descendants surviving.

One of the few Waghorn relics which chances to have descended to me is the bound-up music book of James I and Ann I Waghorn ; they were both, as the book shows, addicted to instrumental as well as to vocal music, and I found several duets for piano and flute (I fear that my great-grandfather must, like Frederic the Great, have been addicted to that shrill instrument. There is a tremendous screed of MS. setting for the famous ' Battle of Prague ' for two pianos and a fife player ! But the real interest of the collection lies in the vocal music, all of pieces dating from 1805 to 1814, when my great-grandmother died, and my great-grandfather's music came to an end. It is surprising to find that nearly all the famous songs of their period which still survive in memory, are from old English operas, whose names have perished. For example, the ' Bay of Biscay ' is a solo from *Spanish Dollars*, or *The Parson of the Parish* : ' Home Sweet Home ' is from *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, ' My Pretty Page ' from *Henri Quatre*, ' 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, or England, Home, and Beauty ' from an opera called *The Americans*.

Of my Grandmother Ann Waghorn II, I have something to tell in the screed that describes my own earliest reminiscences, and the story of my Aunt Jane Slee is mixed with hers. Their brother, James Waghorn II, deserting Ewell as a residence, made himself a prosperous career in the old East India House, the London head office of the ' Honourable East India Company '. He had a family of no less than twelve children. In their descendants I have quite a host of Waghorn second-cousins, though by now only a few of them bear the Waghorn name, and the history of the more recent generations of them is in many cases unknown to me. General Sir William Waghorn, recently commanding R.E. in India, is the son of Albert, the eldest of three sons of James Waghorn II. Of other children of his there

are descendants from Eliza who married Admiral Thomas Moore, R.N., and possibly from Kate, who married Alexis Vladimiroff, an attaché in the Russian Embassy. But whether any of the Vladimiroff issue, of whom we had not heard for many years, escaped the Russian Revolutionary troubles of 1918 I cannot say.

When James Waghorn I of Ewell died in 1846 his very considerable estate was split up among his six children. Most of them sold their fraction at once, the eldest son and chief legatee, James II, being well settled in London and not wishing to live at Ewell. My Grandmother Ann Waghorn, was the only one who decided to keep her portion of the lands, and her two houses and the adjoining fields passed in 1891 to her daughter Ann Chadwick, who had married my father, and thence in 1907 to myself. My mother built over the whole of the ground, which now is divided up into the buildings of six villas and four cottages, lying along the Epsom-Ewell high road—the scanty remains of what had once in my great-grandfather's time, been an important piece of property. Three generations of Waghorns lie buried in Ewell churchyard—how many generations before them lie at Cheam I should not be prepared to say. But the name has quite died out in their part of Surrey, where it endured for some three centuries.

Of my Grandmother Ann Waghorn's four children by William Chadwick, the third, Emma, was drowned as a child of six in the Thames, in front of her father's house at Basildon. The other three children all grew up and wedded in due course—hence my Chadwick cousins, who come from my maternal uncle, Alfred Chadwick, and half of my Peile cousins, who descend from my mother's younger sister Matilda, who married in 1868 Colonel James Peile. There is a genealogical complication here. For my father's sister, Sarah Oman, wedded General Frederick Peile (the elder of two brothers) as I have explained in the 'Oman' Excursus; while my mother's sister, Matilda Chadwick, wedded Colonel James Peile (younger brother to Frederick Peile). So one line of my Peile cousins, Colonel Sol. Peile and his issue are paternal cousins to me, and the other line, Colonel Alfred Peile, R.A. and his sisters and issue are maternal cousins, while both lines are (of course) first cousins to each other.

From a calculation of these tedious genealogies it appears that I have had only fifteen first cousins, eight on the Oman, seven on the Chadwick side, a figure which contrasted marvellously with the sixty-one first cousins whom I found, at marriage, that

my wife could reckon up. Each of us, however, owned some of these relations on whom we had never set eyes ! But none of my own little stock bore the name of Oman, since none came from my paternal uncles, while my wife *can* count up a modest number of Maclagans, the issue of her uncles on the father's side. As to second cousins, we neither of us know exactly how many we have, or have had, for families drift easily apart in these days of rapid changes of domicile and constant wanderings around the Empire. When the elder generation dies off, the younger branches soon get out of touch with each other.

POSTSCRIPT I

When these genealogies were written, I little thought that I should have to add a mournful note about the graves of my Waghorn ancestors. On September 15, 1940, when Hitler delivered his venomous random air-attack on London and all Surrey, a bomb fell on Ewell churchyard—many miles from any military objective, of course—and destroyed the tombs of my Great-grandfather James Waghorn I, his wife, and several of his children, among them that of my Aunt Jane Slee, of whom I have written so much. Shattered fragments of their memorials only survive. The church-tower barely escaped.

POSTSCRIPT II

Just as this proof was passing through my hands I learnt with sorrow of the death in London of my distant relative, Admiral Joseph Oman of the U.S.A. Navy (see page 277). He stayed in London, which he refused to leave, all through its bombings, though in bad health. He died in July 1941, not by direct enemy action, but of long stress which wore him out : he was aged 81.

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